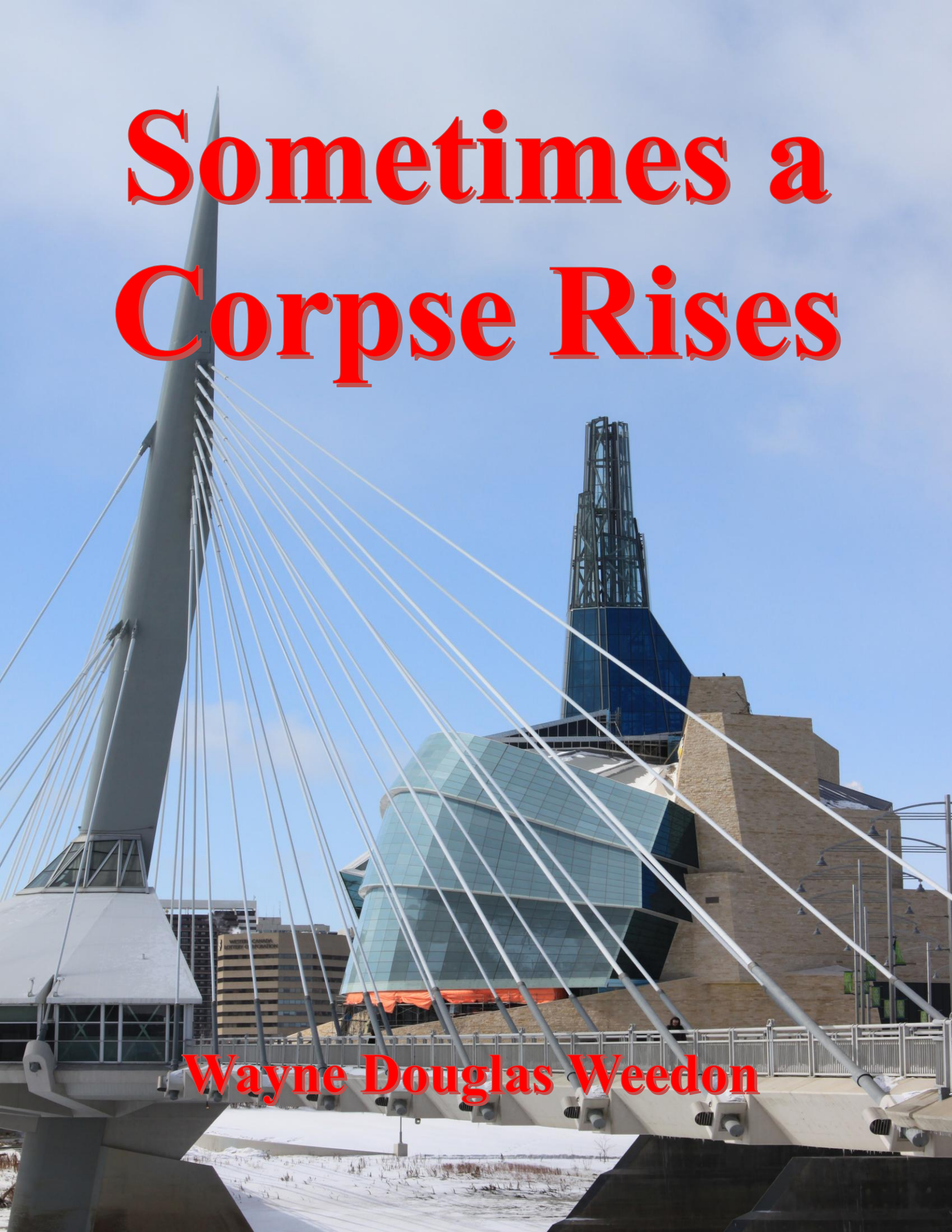
Sometimes a Corpse Rises



Wayne Douglas Weedon

Sometimes a Corpse Rises

A Novel

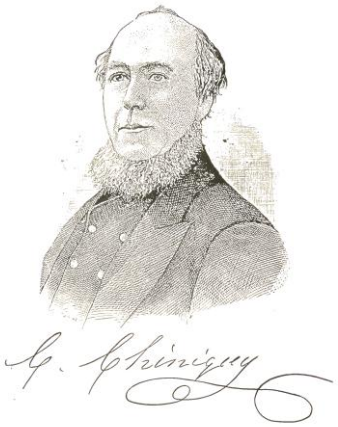
Wayne Douglas Weedon

Minnegaffe Publishing House

To attain their object, the priests have persuaded their millions and millions of slaves that they were mere corpses; that they must have no will, no conscience, no intelligence of their own, just as corpses, which allow themselves to be moved and led in any way, without any resistance. When this has been once gained, they have made a pyramid of all those motionless, inert corpses, which is so high, that though its feet are on the earth, its top goes to the skies, in the very abode of the old divinities of the Pagan world and putting themselves and their popes at the top of that marvelous pyramid, the priests say to the rest of the world: " Who among you are as high as we are. Who has ever been raised by God as a priest and a pope? Where are the kings and the emperors whose thrones are as elevated as ours? Are we not at the very top of humanity?"

Yes! yes! I answer to the priests of Rome, you are high, very high indeed! No throne on earth has ever been so sublime, so exalted as yours. Since the days of the tower of Babel, the world has not seen such a high fabric. Your throne is higher than anything we know. But it is a throne of corpses!

- Charles Chiniquy



Background

This is the story of one corpse which, through the help of others, manages to wake up from a zombie like state and begin planning and living her own life despite years of brainwashing and programming by a controlling society. Slaves who are made to believe they are free are the most valuable slaves, they easily join a herd which "shepherds" have no trouble controlling. A rose by any other name is still a rose and a slave by any other name is still a slave.

At a bullfight, a crowd of corpses, while sadistically screaming for more vicious torture and gore, work themselves up into an insane frenzy, with many experiencing an uncontrollable sexual urgency. To a civilised, intelligent, and educated alien, this scene would seem bizarre, but these programmed corpses are convinced their conduct is sane because it is the normal behaviour in the grandstands. The crowd does not understand, normal is not necessarily sane. Individuals have no idea they can just walk away and begin to live their own lives as they so choose. But, if they do, the herd will try to pull them back, but a slight tug on the chains will easily break them and the individual may easily walk away to live their own life and set their own destiny.

The post-war years from the 1940's into the 1970's are considered a period of prosperity and growth when most citizens were told they were free, that they were allowed to live their own lives according to their own choices. Anybody could afford to purchase a home and a brand-new automobile along with many luxuries they could previously only dream about. However, life was not like this for many in our society. Not only in England and Ireland but also in Canada and throughout the world there was forced slave labour in laundries, boarding schools, and other institutions sanctioned by governments and run by mega-churches. In essence these were prisons where adults and innocent children were abused, coerced, and indoctrinated into cults which are referred to as religions. Outside these institutions many were mental slaves who believed they were free citizens making their own choices but were and still are being coerced by propaganda and advertising to purchase luxuries they could not afford with money they did not have and to always envy what others have no matter how much the already had. Corpses do not think, and they are easily led, easily coerced into doing things which may be detrimental to them.

Just like what we have witnessed with Jimmy Savile, Brian Epstein and Peter Nygård, police, government authorities and the news media have been aware of what has been going on, but nothing has been done about atrocities which have been occurring. There have always been coverups. One blatant example in Canada is the destruction of the verbal testimonies of residential school survivors.

Was Murray Sinclair reconciled with the knowledge that Truth would be joining him in the grave? The decision has been made to bury Truth by destroying the recorded testimonies given by residential school survivors.

Sinclair has referred to what happened at residential schools as being horrendous. Are individual stories too horrendous for the world to hear? Hiding these testimonies is the erasure of evidence of Truth. Stories from survivors give specific details of one of the darkest chapters in history when Canada, Britain, and various religious institutions participated in torture, abuse, and genocide.

Psychologists explain to us, the main goal in these schools was to prevent children from maturing into independent and responsible adults. The deliberate physical, sexual, and mental abuse was effective in maintaining students as immature beings who are afraid to make their own judgments and fight their own battles. This ensures these victims will perpetually be dependent on the system. They will always be slaves.

The Truth Commission into Genocide in Canada is stating, Canada's "hidden history reveals a system whose aim was to destroy most native people by disease, relocation and outright murder, while 'assimilating' a minority of

collaborators who were trained to serve the genocidal system." After reviewing government documents, this commission estimated more than 50,000 children died in various residential schools in Canada.

If the Canadian federal government had not prevented the class action suit by residential school survivors from proceeding, transcripts of survivors' testimonies, being official court documents, would now be available to anyone who requests them. Along with these stories, the public would also have access to defence statements given by government officials and the various religious institutions. Our government has allowed those who ran these schools to bury their guilt and get off scot-free.

Historians tell us Truth does not easily die. We may not get all the stories from Canadian residential school survivors, but there are enough books and documentaries from not only Canada, but also from many other countries, which expose the abuses of children by various governments and religious institutions. The historical evil done in the name of religion is coming to light, and the malevolence of megachurches is being exposed. Evidence given by some of our most highly educated scientists such as Neil deGrasse Tyson and Richard Dawkins, are giving us sufficient proof that all religions are fairy tales and there are no gods.

There are many court documents, official investigations, and Grand Jury reports from around the world which give details of not only physical, mental, and sexual abuse; but also enforced slavery, torture, and outright murder. Not just Ireland, but information is easily obtained about the abuse of children and the use of slave labour in Canada at Good Shepherd Laundries. Documentaries such as *Spotlight* and *Sinners*, as well as books such as William Lobdell's *LOSING MY RELIGION*, and books by Naomi Klein, Sam Harris, Bertrand Russel, Charles Darwin, Joseph Atwill, Gerald Massey, Robert G. Ingersoll, Ria Croll, Richard Dawkins, and Christopher Hitchens are pushing Truth out of the grave despite governments and megachurches trying to keep Truth buried. All over the world, more and more people are throwing off their chains of religious beliefs and superstitions and finally freeing themselves, physically, and mentally. More and more corpses are rising and taking control of their own lives and their own futures.

In his books, Alfred Adler, one of the founding fathers of modern psychology, tells us religion is a form of mental illness. He describes religion as delusion and paranoia. Deep down inside, religious people do not have a true belief in gods, heaven, nor hell; the truth is, these people are so afraid not to believe, they make futile efforts to convince themselves that they do believe. Trying to convince themselves of something that does not make logical sense is driving them crazy.

Over the years, cries for help coming from children in government backed institutions continually fell on stopped-up ears. Government officials, church authorities, and the police repeatedly denounced these victims as liars and troublemakers. These children came to see themselves as powerless chattels who do not matter to anyone, not even to their parents who never came to save them. No wonder they developed inferiority complexes with feelings of worthlessness. Many have a wish to die, but with the threat of everlasting hell, there are those who are afraid to commit suicide. Falling into a spiral of self-destruction, many will strike out at innocent individuals whom they see as being weaker than them.

To accentuate how powerless these victims are, charity feeds and clothes them, and philanthropists confirm they cannot do it on their own. These do-gooders provide for them and run their life for them, and these philanthropists are given the title of Saint.

The 272, a book written by investigative journalist Rachel L. Swarns, describes how the Roman Catholic Church built its massive fortunes in North America on the backs of slaves. This book is not available in local libraries and is not being reviewed by major publications such as the Winnipeg Free Press. One wonders if this book is being passively censored.

In North America, the Roman Catholic Church has owned more slaves than any other group or individual. In

Maryland, as an anti-slavery movement was picking up speed, to avoid losing their property, the RC Church began moving their slaves to the south. Two of these slaves, Isaac Hawkins and Susanna Queen, were newlyweds of only four months when they were forced to endure a monthlong journey of over a thousand miles by foot and flatboat along the Ohio River from the church's tobacco plantation in White Marsh, Maryland, to Florissant, Missouri.

After arriving in Florissant, Isaac and Susan settled into a crowded, one room log cabin that doubled as the kitchen and laundry. They shared this cabin with two other enslaved families who had accompanied them on their journey, Thomas and Molly Brown, as well as Moses and Nancy Queen.

These six slaves, along with other slaves on the property, were forced to commence the difficult work of creating what would become a Jesuit seminary. Besides working on the construction of new buildings, they were forced to do other work, including, farming, sewing, laundering, and cooking for the Jesuits.

On May 8, 1824, Susan Hawkins gave birth to a son, Peter, who, during his lifetime, experienced the brutality of enslavement at the hands of his Jesuit masters. Peter was present when Jesuits had enslaved men flogged and he also witnessed a woman slave who, having refused to remove her own clothing, was forcibly stripped naked, tied down, and thoroughly whipped while the other slaves, as a lesson to them, were forced to watch the proceedings.

At the end of the Civil War, when slaves were emancipated, Peter's title was changed from slave to indentured servant, and he continued to work and live at the seminary until his death in 1907.

It wasn't just the Catholics; many different Christian denominations not only condoned slavery but also owned slaves and profited from the slave trade. This is all part of our hidden history which schools have failed to teach students, and human rights museums ignore.

Princeton University was founded as the College of New Jersey to train ministers for the Presbyterian Church. Researchers are now digging into Princeton's archives. Soon we should have a better idea of the number of slaves who lived and worked on this campus, what their living conditions were like, and what eventually happened to these slaves.

Carter Dowling, a former slave, described how he had escaped from his owners, the Baptist Theological Seminary in Northern Virginia. With the help of the notorious abolitionist, William Still, Dowling eventually made his way to Canada and to freedom.

Frederick Douglass, a former slave, in his autobiography, describes his experiences with Christianity, "In running thither for shelter and succor, we have only fled from the hungry bloodhound to the devouring wolf — from a corrupt and selfish world to a hollow and hypocritical church." Douglass preferred to have an atheist for a master, stating, the more religious and pious a slaveowner is, the more vicious and abusive he is. The law backs his actions, and his southern religion sanctions them.

The astonishing thing is, many former slaves who were owned by various Christian institutions, as well as the descendants of these slaves, have clung to their religion which has a god who not only condones slavery, but also has commanded his followers to apprehend their enemies and force them into slavery. Former slaves have passed on this fear of a vindictive god and the fires of hell to their descendants, despite scientific evidence that it is all nonsense. As Seneca stated, "Religion is regarded by the common people as true, by the wise as false, and by our rulers as useful." Indeed, many slaveholders found religion to be a very useful tool for brainwashing their slaves; to make them believe they are inferior beings who are unable to learn how to run their own lives.

Alfred Adler, the founder of Individual Psychology, tells us these former slaves and their descendants have an inferiority complex which makes them afraid of making decisions and taking charge of their own lives. They continue to look for a master, natural or supernatural, who will make decisions for them, and who will run their

lives for them. By clinging to religion, they continue to be slaves. They continue to be corpses.

To keep people as corpses, our society is continually pushing religion and false information onto our children. This is why Richard Dawkins is against having the Ten Commandments displayed in public places where children may come across them. Dawkins tells his readers, publicly displaying the Ten Commandments is a form of child abuse. Anyone who reads the Bible will soon come to understand that the Ten Commandments are hypocritical and meaningless. In other parts of the Bible, God gives other commandments which completely contradict the ambiguous Ten Commandments.

Thou Shall Not Kill! Kill what? Imagine a seven-year-old child reading this. This phrase has no object. Would an impressionable child feel guilty for having stepped on an ant or for swatting a mosquito?

The Bible tells us, God commanded Moses to kill the Midianites. Obviously, God did not include Midianites when he commanded, thou shall not kill. The Bible states, "They warred against the Midianites, as the LORD commanded Moses; and they slew all the males."

Thou Shall Not Steal! This another confusing commandment. Whom shall we not steal from? The Bible tells us that the children of Israel, "took all the women of Midian captives, and their little ones, and took the spoil of all their cattle, and all their flocks, and all their goods. And they burnt all their cities wherein they dwelt, and all their goodly castles, with fire. And they took all the spoil, and all the prey, both of men and of beasts. And they brought the captives, and the prey, and the spoil, unto Moses, and Eleazar the priest." Was this not stealing? God not only condoned these acts, but He also commanded they should be done.

Thou Shall Not Commit Adultery! What is adultery? God's definition of adultery is not in line with most peoples' definition. God not only condones having many wives and concubines, but He also commands Moses, Joshua and their soldiers to rape underage girls. Is this where Peter Nygård was getting his ideas from?

Several years back, before Canada's blasphemy laws were repealed, Richard Dawkins came to Canada to promote his then new book, The Greatest Show on Earth. Canadian authorities did not arrest Dawkins even though he was contravening Canadian blasphemy laws. Our authorities knew very well, Dawkins would make a laughingstock of them if they ever took him to court. Dawkins had listed his arguments against the truthfulness of the King James Bible in his books, and Canadian authorities knew that any fair and just judge would have no choice but to accept these arguments. Rather than going to court and making complete fools of themselves, authorities quietly removed all blasphemy laws from Canadian criminal codes.

Scholars the world over have verified, Richard Dawkins, in his books, gives the reader the truth and nothing but the truth. Every one of the statements Dawkins gives is backed up by evidence and proofs. Canadian authorities realised there are no valid arguments against what Dawkins has written in his books and that is why they never charged Dawkins with any crime.

Throughout history, the common excuses for going to war have been race and religion. In his books, Dawkins debunks both these reasons. He proves that race is fictional, and all human beings are of the same species, ALL-ONE. Dawkins also gives plenty of evidence and proof that all religions are fictional and false. All the people and stories in the Bible had been passed down for thousands of years before Moses, Noah, and others were allegedly born. These stories may be compared to modern fiction such as Superman, Wonder Woman, and Harry Potter. A few thousand years from now, will people be stating our current superheroes were real life prophets and gods? The truth is, there are no gods nor any supernatural beings. Nature is supreme and there are natural laws which Man must have knowledge of if Man wants to survive and continue to live on earth as a species. Dawkins agrees with the founding fathers of modern psychiatry who have stated religion is a form of paranoia and delusion, a form of mental illness.

Superman, Wonder Woman, and Harry Potter have been described as bubble gum for the brain while books written by Richard Dawkins have been defined as good nutrition and proper exercise for the brain. Dawkins invites the reader to rationalise and to think when he discusses every discipline: Zoology, Biology, Mathematics, Geography, Archaeology, History, Palaeontology, Geology, Nuclear Science, Astronomy, Literature, Philosophy, Religion, et cetera.

Dawkins has proven, we cannot rationalise war because of religion nor race. Are we going to come up with new excuses to go to war? Do we love war that much?

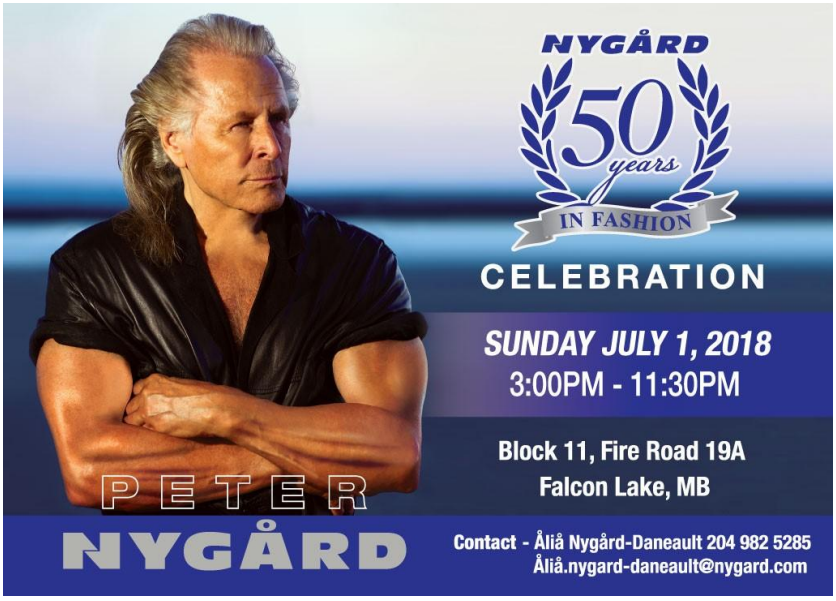
Besides the Ten Commandments, children are being continually told they must believe outright lies and fairy tales. As Mark Twain stated, if you do not read the newspaper, you are not informed; if you read the newspaper, you are misinformed." Does mainstream news publish false stories? For young children, they obviously do. We are annually given details on how NORAD tracks Santa Claus. Recently, we were told the Easter Bunny and Tooth-Fairy are considered essential services, unaffected by epidemics such as Covid-19.

Am I a "Grinch" for questioning fake news? Should reporters publish what is not true, even if "Everybody" knows it is not true? What other "adult, tongue in cheek, jokes" appear in newspapers? Do animosities between various groups begin at a very young age when some children berate fellow schoolmates for their "stupid" belief in Santa Claus? Are adults having a laugh at the expense of naïve, innocent, and gullible children? Some psychologists assert that these type of "innocent white lies" do children no harm, while other psychologists believe this behaviour does extensive injury. Richard Dawkins tells us it is a form of child abuse.

Reporters knew what Peter Nygård was up to thirty years before his arrest but chose to turn a blind eye. Nygård was involved with members of the British Royal Family. The Royal Family was also involved with Jeffrey Epstein and Sir James Wilson Vincent Savile OBE KCSG (Jimmy Savile). For more than forty years Doctor Kevin Annett, a former United Church minister, has been alleging that Canada has several pedophile rings run by influential men. Annett also alleges, for more than a dozen years now, all media in Canada have been banned from mentioning Annett's name or printing any of his articles.

British newspapers are now admitting, for over fifty years, they, as well as the British police, were turning a blind eye towards Jimmy Savile's activities. Seven national British newspapers refused to publish a story from Miles Goslett, a freelance reporter, before *The Oldie,* a small little known British publication, printed Goslett's story which exposed Jimmy Savile's atrocities. It was only then, when other reporters admitted that Savile's activities had long been discussed in their press circles but never published. Johnny Rotten, of the Sex Pistols, claims that, as far back

as 1978, he was banned by BBC, and silenced with threats of libel lawsuits when he tried to expose Jimmy Savile.



Recently, world-wide newspapers were printing stories about pedophile cover-ups by all levels of governments, various religious institutions, as well as mainstream media. Do we have cover-ups in our society? If I provide police with a video of a man illegally soliciting sex on the street, I am considered the criminal. Authorities accuse me of invading this man's privacy and harassing him as if he is a victim. Winnipeg police admit their mandate is not to arrest johns, they claim they are out to help the young girls whom these men are exploiting. Male police officers pose as johns to apprehend these girls who are then branded for life as sex workers. The Canadian Women's Foundation recommends, "Reverse stings, where female police officers pose as women engaged in prostitution" to arrest johns.

When Winnipeg police arrest underage girls, they claim they take them to a "safe place", a euphemism for a gaol of one sort or another. Police, occasionally, will pick up a few johns and send them to a one day "John School". No criminal charges are brought against these johns and no records are kept. This goes against The Canadian Women's Foundation recommendations of "shaming" by "publicizing the identities of arrested johns through news outlets,

police websites, and/or billboards." They also recommend cameras should be used, "to discourage sex buyers and to provide evidence against them."

In Winnipeg, girls as young as eleven, and possibly younger, have been forced into prostitution and are working the streets. They are being exploited. They are the true victims who will eventually end up either behind bars or dead. If there were no johns, there would be no prostitutes. Why is Manitoba not following the Canadian Women's Foundation's recommendations for getting these johns off the streets?

The following story is fiction but is based on true stories of people who have suffered and of people who genuinely tried to provide aid as well as making efforts to expose what was and is still happening today.

As well as being an exposé, this book is both a mystery novel and a romance.

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Two Men, Winnipeg 1960

Two men seated on a wooden bench, leaned back and enjoyed the warmth of the morning sun. The house was blocking the cool breeze from the north. Despite having a week of warm spring days, there were still a few patches of snow on the north side of buildings, which added to the chill in the air.

Late last fall there was a scandal on the street. Today, in the twenty-first century, there would be no scandal. It now seems silly that anyone would be indignant about the sex life of a fifteen-year-old girl. However, in 1960 people had a different view when it came to morals.

The newspapers never mentioned the fact an underage girlfriend was sleeping in the house. They did not even print the fact this underage girl's actions saved the family from certain death. The newspapers never brought up any questions about the long-term health effects of carbon monoxide poisoning. However, all along the street the neighbours gossiped.

The previous November, at about ten thirty in the evening, Mrs. Braun, sitting at her kitchen window, noticed a fifteen-year-old girl exiting from the side door of her next-door neighbour's house. The girl was obviously intoxicated as she staggered from the doorway. She fell to her knees, crawled several yards, and began vomiting before collapsing into a stupor. There were no lights on in the neighbour's house and no signs of life.

Mrs. Braun admitted, if it had been a warm summer day, she probably would have ignored the situation. However, the girl was only wearing a nightdress and despite the fact there was no snow, it was below freezing outside. Mrs. Braun went to the girl.

This girl was the girlfriend of her neighbour's oldest boy who was nineteen at the time and despite the fact the girl was only fifteen, she often slept over at her boyfriend's house. Mrs. Braun was not a prude. She could turn a blind eye to illicit sex and underage drinking, but she would not allow the girl to freeze to death.

Mrs. Braun banged at the front door of her neighbour's house, but she got no response. She then went to the side door, which was ajar. Mrs. Braun entered the house and called out but received no response. She flicked on the hall light and proceeded to the living room. She started to feel somewhat woozy. As she backed out of the house, she felt nauseous. She called across the street to her neighbour, Mister Alphonso, who was witnessing the commotion. As the neighbour ran over to investigate, it became obvious, he knew what the problem was. He yelled to Mrs. Braun to phone for an ambulance and then, holding his breath, he ran into the house and started throwing open the windows. He then began to drag the inhabitants out of the house, one by one. Soon eight people were lying on the lawn.

The police arrived first, and then the fire department, along with ambulances, which took the family, and the girl, to hospital where they spent several days recuperating. It was too late for the cat, a fireman found it lying dead in the living room.

The previous summer, Greater Winnipeg Natural Gas had run a gas pipeline down the street and many of the residents replaced their oil space heaters with natural gas furnaces. A contractor had installed a gas furnace in a back room which was originally a coal shed attached to this wartime house. The contractor had neglected to install a fresh air vent on the furnace. As the nights

cooled off and the furnace began operating frequently, the flames consumed the oxygen in the house and instead of the flue gases going up the chimney; they were forced downwards, resulting in carbon monoxide filling the house.

Mrs. Braun was credited with saving the occupants' lives. Neither her name, nor any other names, or the location of the house, appeared in the newspapers. On the seventh page, one paper mentioned the occupants of a Winnipeg house were suffering from carbon monoxide poisoning and they were now recuperating in hospital. However, everyone on the street knew the whole story as told by Mrs. Braun and Mister Alphonso.

"It was lucky the young girl was sleeping over at her boyfriend's house, otherwise they may have all died. Gertie said the girl got up in the middle of the night because she was hot and thirsty. She went to the kitchen to get some water. When she was there, she opened a window a bit to cool off. That's when she started feeling sick. I guess she was half-asleep and, being in a groggy state, she left the house thinking she would walk home."

Hank was listening. He turned and looked at Jock, "What's the big deal? She was fifteen, so what. My grandmother married at thirteen and she had ten children before she was thirty. In those days it was common. Today if you marry before eighteen people think there's something wrong." The two men sat in silence for several minutes before Hank continued, "What about Warner? Didn't he get the same furnace?"

"Yes, but Adeline always sleeps with her window open. Apparently, that's what saved them, and Jack next door had removed his old brick chimney, but he never repaired the ceiling, so air was coming in from the attic. Do you think there's any permanent effects from carbon monoxide which doesn't show up right off the bat?"

"I don't know. So far, they seem okay. What did they say in the paper?"

"Not much, they didn't even mention the installer came back and put fresh air vents on all of the furnaces."

Jock knew Hank had his own problems, sometimes Hank worried about his daughter, who at that time, was also fifteen. Hank was concerned she may come home pregnant. She had been dating the same boy for two years. Besides his concerns about pregnancy, Hank admitted he did not agree with his daughter's choice of a boyfriend. In fact, after two years, it was now coming to a head. Hank was a Hong Kong veteran, and his daughter was dating a Japanese boy. Hank had told Jock, "I don't mind if I see them on the street, but I have trouble having one in my house."

Jock tried to explain to Hank, these people were not the enemy. The government had relocated them from British Columbia, and they too had suffered. Jock emphasised, "They are Canadians."

When Jock said this, Hank jumped up and shouted, "Jock! The Kamloops Kid was a Canadian, a Canadian I knew very well." Hank stood staring down at Jock for several moments before sitting back down. Hank then continued, "You speak about Canadians. I would like to remind you, many of the nuns and priests in residential schools were Canadian."

Jock had little knowledge about residential schools, but he believed they could not compare to the Japanese concentration camps, "Residential school couldn't have been that bad."

Hank turned and looked into Jock's eyes, "Jock, you have no idea. I was five years old when they took me, and in many ways, it was worse because I was too young. In Japan, when I witnessed the guards beheading two men who tried to escape, it had little effect on me. Many of

the men had nightmares after seeing that, but I never did. I had nightmares when, at residential school, I witnessed two boys beaten until they were comatose. But the beheading never bothered me."

"After the war you never went back to the reservation. Was that because of the treatment at school?"

Jock laughed, "Are you kidding me? I couldn't go back. The Indian Act clearly states, any Indians who leave the reservation for more than four years, lose their status. It's as simple as that."

"Yeah, but you were in the army, in a prisoner of war camp! How could you go back?"

"There is no such thing as justice in our society. Our bureaucracies always go by the book."

Hank asked Jock a pointed question, "We discussed it. You were supposed to come with me to join the Grenadiers. What happened? Why didn't you join up with me?"

"I ran into Albert. He was going to join the air force. I wanted to fly a plane, so I decided to go with him."

"But you ended up in the Signal Corps, training in Scotland."

"That's right. The air force wouldn't accept me. I didn't have enough education to become a flying officer."

"John was a pilot, and I know he only had grade eight."

"That's right. After a while, they lowered their standards. They couldn't get enough educated men to train as pilots and the way planes were being shot down, they couldn't keep up with replacements for dead pilots. They started taking whomever they could get."

"Jock, you were lucky. You would never have survived Japan." Jock felt somewhat insulted by this statement, but he remained silent. Later he would wonder what Hank meant by that comment. After much thought, he believed, maybe Hank was right. He realised he would always fight back and in such a situation as Hank was in, by fighting, he would only have destroyed himself. Jock was certain residential school had taught Hank how to survive. He knew when to shut his mouth, smile, and do as he was told.

Hank, although having only a rudimentary education, was well read. After the war, he spent over two years in the Deer Lodge Hospital recuperating. During his hospital stay, a nurse introduced him to books. Besides fiction, she made sure to bring him all kinds of factual books. Hank became very interested in psychology. Did she give him these psychology books because she was aware of the stress Hank had suffered?

Hank told Jock about a young doctor in Montreal who was causing a stir in the psychiatric community. This doctor compared life to a game much the same as football or baseball in which the players could play different roles, but they never changed games. For example, a baseball player could play pitcher, but he could also be an outfielder. This doctor theorised a person could be an oppressor, but also, at times, be the victim. One may change his role in the game, but the game is always the same. Hank asked Jock, "Do you think I'm just playing a game? In Japan, I was a victim. Now with Belinda's boyfriend am I the oppressor? Don't I have a right to feel angry?"

Jock thought for a few minutes before answering, “I know men who are as nice as pie with the boss, but they go home and terrorise their wife and children. Isn’t that the same kind of thing?”

“Well, look at Arnold. He was a piss-tank for years and his wife wouldn’t touch the stuff. One day he decides to quit drinking, and he climbs on the wagon. So, what happens? His wife takes up the bottle and now it’s his job to keep an eye on her. Did they just switch roles? This Montreal doctor, in one of his books, states there is no such thing as an alcoholic. It is all just part of a game. Quit the game and you quit being an alcoholic. If you stay in the game, you may switch roles, but you are still a player in the game of Alcoholic.”

Jock wondered aloud, “Does one always have to play a game though? Can’t we just live the way we want to?”

Hank answered in a perfunctory manner, “I don’t know. I really do not know. This doctor I was telling you about states we can quit the game anytime we want, and he gives examples of heroin addicts coming off heroin with no symptoms of withdrawal. With my daughter’s boyfriend, am I playing a game? I don’t know.” It was obvious he was deep in thought, and that night his mind went back in time. It is strange how short conversations, or even a small comment, can jolt the memory and bring on reminiscences.

The Mystery Girl, Winnipeg 1952

Lying quietly on her back, with her eyes closed, she was resting easy. The nurse folded and drew the covers to just below her chin, she then stood back to observe her young patient who was breathing slowly and evenly, with her small breasts barely rising and falling.

The nurse, a woman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a white starched uniform, leaned over the girl’s bed. As the nurse moved the girl’s head, the moonlight, shining on the nurse, highlighted a stern profile, which seemed to be starched like her uniform. She had her white, but peppered hair, tied in a bun, and topped with a stiff nurse’s cap. She wrung out a facecloth, folded it in four, and gently laid it across the young girl’s forehead. A man stood at the foot of the bed. He surveyed the girl’s face as the nurse proceeded with her duties. The man scanned the girl’s smooth olive complexion, the beauty of her fine features, as well as her long dark eyelashes, which were resting peacefully under her delicate, almost translucent eyelids. He wondered what colour her eyes were. He noticed a hint of perspiration above her upper lip. He was thinking she has been through a lot, and she should rest. Standing beside this man, Doctor Redpath looked up from the clipboard he had been reading. He motioned to the man to follow him out of the room. Nurse Rebel looked over and nodded as if to say, “I’m in charge. Leave me to my duties.”

Doctor Redpath was a middle-aged man, short, slightly overweight, and balding. His glasses drooped under his eyes, and he had the habit of looking over the lenses as he spoke to someone. As Doctor Redpath quietly closed the door behind the two of them, he looked up to the man’s face. Putting his finger to his lips, he motioned to be quiet. Noticing the man had a worried look, he assured him in a lowered voice, “She will rest quietly now. She has had a great shock. I’ve given her something to keep her sleeping quietly for several hours.” He motioned to the man to come over to the sitting area where they could sit down.

Doctor Redpath looked into the man’s dark eyes and requested, “Now Cassius tell me what

happened."

Cassius took a deep breath and exhaled. He then related the tale. Of course, he did not know the whole story. He could only begin at the point when he saw what was taking place. However, I will fill in the blanks. Our story begins with what appears to be a scruffy looking youth standing just outside a hardware store. His clothes were too big, and they hung loosely on his slight frame. The peak of the greasy, and too large, flat cap hung over his eyes and obscured his face. The little bit of face one could see under the peak of the hat, seemed dark and dirty. A tuft of dark hair protruded from the back of the hat.

Five intoxicated and unruly men exited from the Empress hotel. As they stumbled along the sidewalk, one of them bumped into the youth, causing him to stumble and fall to the sidewalk. The assailant stepped forward and cuffed his victim across the head while shouting; "Watch where the fuck you,re going, you cock sucking asshole." The youth's head flew sideways causing his hat to flip onto the ground. A head full of dark hair, cut in a pageboy style, fell alongside the brown face, revealing this youth was a girl.

The assailant stepped back, and shaking his head as he waved from side to side, exclaimed, "Why it ain't no kid. It's a fucken squaw!"

The group of men circled around the obviously terrified young girl, who was crouching with her knees up and her back pushed against the wooden wall of the building. She appeared to be fourteen or fifteen years old. There was a tinge of red on her soft, light brown cheeks which were framed by the dark hair, cut in what is commonly referred to as a bowl cut. However, on the bangs, and along the sides, one could see a smooth wave. This, along with the lighter complexion, and green eyes, were evidence of a mixed breed. She had fine features, and the tips of white, strong, teeth showed through her slightly parted lips, as she tried to back into the wall. There was no escape. The laughing and jeering men had her surrounded.

These five men, ranging in age from twenty-five to forty, all wore the cotton clothing of railway and iron workers. Their clothes were dirty, greasy and tattered in spots. None had shaved for a few days, and their hair needed a good wash and cut. One could not tell whether the mop on their head was oiled with hair tonic, or greasy from neglect. It was probably both. These five co-workers had spent several hours guzzling beer in the hotel. The hotel had closed its beer parlour for supper hour; however, this group were not intending to go home; they were heading for the local grill for a bite, and then back to the beer parlour where they would remain until closing time. Tomorrow was a scheduled day off for them and they would be sleeping it off.

One man stood out from the rest. He was six feet tall and stood three or four inches above the others. He was obviously the leader. He had the attitude that he was a real man who could take care of himself. He bent over the girl, and as he swayed from side to side, he spat out at her, "What you need is a good fuck." He then added, "I've a good mind to give it to you. I'll give it like you never had it before." He then straightened up and looking around at the others, "Those fucken Indian bucks can't fuck worth a piss-fart. She don't know what a good fuck is." Then grabbing his crotch with one hand and waving his other hand he bellowed out, "Come on let's get the cunt into the fucken alley and show her who's got the balls, eh." He jeered at the girl in a half laugh, "Hey, hey hey, we're gonna fuck you silly." He then added in a louder voice, "Come on cunt."

All this time the girl tried to cower closer and closer to the wall. This was impossible as she was

pressing right up against it. She looked like a doe caught in a car's headlights; the terrified eyes blankly searched the faces as if asking for compassion, of which there was none.

The men leaned over in unison and circled in closer and closer. One member of the group reached in. He grabbed the front of her jacket and yanked her up onto her feet. She pulled away and tried to scream but no sound came out. Another grabbed her jacket collar from behind and pulled her towards the back alley. This jolt seemed to relax her vocal cords, and a weak call for help came from her lips. Immediately, a closed fist crashed onto the side of her face, along with a reply to her frantic plea, "Shut the fuck up bitch." This blow knocked her sideways, half-unconscious; the rush of grabbing fists kept her from toppling over. Blood started to trickle from her cut lip, and tears ran down her cheeks, as the men shoved and pulled her into the alleyway.

Two police officers, on their beat, strolled by the entrance to the alley. Upon hearing the commotion, the younger cop turned to enter the alley. The older one set his hand on the other's shoulder and stopped him. He gently pulled the younger officer away and, as they walked past the storefront where the girl, moments before, had cowered in terror, he stated to the young rookie, "It's a squaw; no concern of ours. They get what they're looking for." He continued, "You'll learn. They're like dogs. They'll do it anywhere. They don't care who's looking." The two strolled on side by side.

Back in the alley, the young girl was on her knees. The men had ripped her shirt open to reveal small and firm virginal breasts. Two men, one on each arm, yanked her to the ground and flat onto her back. Another two held her legs down and wide apart, as the leader pulled out a jackknife. He opened the blade and sliding it under the waistband of her pants, he cut the pants wide open at the front. With the help of the two leg holders, he managed to slide the pants down and past her feet. He now proceeded to cut her undergarment off in two clean slices of the knife.

"The leader now stood up and gazed down at the girl's lower bare body. As he undid his belt buckle, he ejaculated to the leg holders, "Spread them wide boys. She's gonna get fucked by a real dick." He pulled his pants down below his butt to reveal an erect member, which he waved back and forth sideways with one of his hands. As he leered and grinned, the young girl could see the discoloured and coated teeth with spaces where some teeth were missing.

One of the arm holders grabbed a hand full of hair at the top of the girl's head and pulled, "Maybe she wants to suck first?" he spat out as he looked up at the leader with a grin on his face. The leader laughed, "She prefers the real thing. Don't you babe," as he fell to his knees in preparation for penetration.

None of the five can remember clearly what happened next. As the grinning leader knelt before the girl with his erect member in his hand, suddenly, a black blur obliterated the view of his hand and its contents. This black blur seemed to be travelling at the speed of light as it came down onto the head of the erect penis. The leader, with a scream of pain and terror, fell forward towards the girl; however, before his head could touch her chest, a powerful hand grabbed his hair and yanked him backwards.

One of the arm holders looked up into the face of a dark, gigantic man. He had never seen the likes of this one before. He was well over six feet tall and had hands twice the size of any of these men. He was dark brown with a wide face and nose. His high cheekbones and penetrating eyes were like no one else's. The eyes were a strange hue of brown and green, which seemed to flash fire.

Everything was a blur as the black stick swung in all directions. Men fell, and blood spurted here and there. One of the men managed to escape. However, as he ran to the exit of the alley, a foot appeared from nowhere. Tripping over this foot, the culprit landed nose first onto a galvanized garbage can.

The black stick, the big brown man, along with an accomplice, and the girl, disappeared as fast as they had arrived. The scene suddenly became quiet. Bodies lay in heaps. An arm and a jaw lay in curious unnatural ways, indicating they had been broken. No one stirred. It was quite a while before one of five became conscious and crawled to the street to call for help.

The morning papers detailed how a gang of fifteen or twenty Indians had ambushed five men who had been minding their own business and not provoking anyone. The five men had been surprised as they took a shortcut through an alley. All the Indians brandished lead pipes as they attacked the five innocent, hardworking, family men from behind. The reporter stated robbery was not the motive, and he noted two police officers, who were walking the beat, heard and saw nothing.

Cassius started to relate his side of the story, “I won’t say this is as bad as what I have seen in Mississippi, but it’s getting pretty damn close.”

Doctor Redpath frowned. Cassius was aware; Doctor Redpath did not like strong language. However, he had purposely used the word *damn* to emphasise the seriousness of the situation.

Cassius then went on to relate how he and his accomplice had rescued this young girl from being brutally gang raped.

Changing the subject, Doctor Redpath explained the girl had a great shock and she must rest. “Physically she has some bruises and a few cuts and abrasions. Other than that, bodily, she is all right, however, mentally, that may be a different story.”

Doctor Redpath explained, in cases such as this, no one knows for sure how the person will react to the violence. A person may have nightmares about the incident. In their dreams, they may re-live the event repeatedly. This leads to sleep deprivation. They may have a hard time falling asleep, and once asleep, they may wake up several times during the night. In many cases, the person may push the memory of the event deep into the sub-conscious mind, so, consciously, they will not be able to remember the event in detail, or possibly not at all. Psychiatrists have indicated, suppressing the memory may have a detrimental effect on a person. Something, which triggers a reminder of the event, may cause severe anxiety in the person, but they may not know why they feel anxious, since they have no memory of what happened.

Doctor Redpath stated he had been involved in a similar case. A man had been molesting his niece on a regular basis. These sexual attacks regularly took place in the barn on a pile of straw. When this child grew up, she could not remember the abuse; however, the smell of straw or hay brought on panic attacks. At times, these panic attacks were so severe she became physically ill.

The other thing Doctor Redpath mentioned was the fact, the sub-conscious mind never sleeps. He stated it is like your heart; it never quits. He also told Cassius there is a heightening of our five senses while we sleep. Even though a person could not hear a whisper across the room while awake, they may understand every word while in a deep sleep. When this person wakes up, they may not remember the conversation; however, the sub-conscious brain has registered the entire conversation, as it has perceived it. Doctor Redpath recommended, there should be no men allowed in the girl’s room while she is recuperating. The sight of a man may be distressing to

her. Nurse Rebel was to stay with her and attend to her needs. Doctor Redpath assured Cassius he would make certain Nurse Rebel would have the female assistance she needs. He went on to say Nurse Rebel was fully aware that everyone involved should only be speaking about positive and reassuring things while in or near the girl's room. Nurse Rebel would arrange to have soothing music softly played and female volunteers would quietly read to her as she slept. This would give her a feeling of security.

Doctor Redpath asked, "Have you noticed the crude bowl style hair cut? She may be from one of the residential schools. I fear, if we are not careful, the authorities may come to know she is here. If that happens, they will apprehend her and take her back to the school. They will make her pay for her escape. For this reason, we must do everything in utmost secrecy. This is why I am arranging for us to transfer her to the compound. This infirmary is too public. If there is an inquiry into the incident, I do not want this girl to be discovered." Turning to Cassius, he continued, "You, Cassius, must not venture out of the compound. Do you understand?" Cassius nodded and the doctor continued, "I am taking full responsibility for this girl, and to the best of my ability, she will come to no harm." Doctor Redpath immediately arranged to have the girl moved as soon as possible to the compound before she had a chance of regaining consciousness.

Doctor Redpath informed everyone, Cassius must not leave the compound, and he asked the staff to move the girl to the house, which sits in the middle of their compound. This compound, which is in the Point Douglas area of Winnipeg, is surrounded by a twenty-foot privacy fence. No unauthorised person is allowed to enter. The compound may be entered either through the hardware store at the front of the compound or through a secret tunnel which runs under the street to an apartment building owned by Doctor Redpath and inhabited by members of this secret society which Doctor Redpath had started with the mandate to better the lives of downtrodden people who have been unjustly treated by society and authorities.

Within the Compound

Doctor Redpath looked over at Cassius. This man had loose curly hair and a wide nose on a round face with high cheekbones. His complexion was mid-brown, and his eyes were most unusual, in a certain light, they were a deep green, speckled with brown. However, as he turned his head one might catch a glimpse of blue. Although huge in size, to many women, Cassius was an attractive man. He normally had a quiet and calm demeanour, with a slow and easy way about himself. One could not meet a more gracious and considerate person.

His friends, undoubtedly, because of his size, referred to Cassius as Mountain; he was six foot seven, broad and muscular. There was not an ounce of fat on this man. His arms seemed far too long for his body and in his younger, more violent days, people knew him for his long reach. When his fist was crashing into his opponent's nose, his poor adversary could barely reach past Cassius's elbow. Cassius's size was a definite asset on his missions, but because of his size and colour, it made it almost impossible for him to conceal himself.

Doctor Redpath now took a deep breath, exhaled slowly and deliberately and continued, "You know that violence cannot be condoned."

Cassius looked straight at Doctor Redpath, "This was a different case. This mob of savages were about to brutally ravage an innocent lamb. I acted instinctively."

"I know all that. However, you cannot know the repercussions. We cannot afford to reveal our place of hiding. Word may get out that you are here, in Winnipeg."

Cassius looked down at the floor. He knew Doctor Redpath was right. However, would Doctor Redpath have acted differently. Cassius asked himself, if anyone in his group would have done anything differently. Cassius only knew one thing, he, personally, was not sorry for what he did. He would do it again. As he looked up into Doctor Redpath's eyes, he also knew Doctor Redpath was right, it would be disastrous to reveal his whereabouts, especially now, when he was about to make another trip to the south. This could jeopardise his mission. If they knew his whereabouts, they could be watching and possibly, they could tail him southwards. That would be disastrous.

In less than a fortnight, Cassius was to leave Winnipeg for the Deep South. In 1952, it was easy to cross the border between Canada and the USA. Open boxcars took vagabonds north in summer and back south in winter. Throughout various "Hobo Jungles" Cassius was well known. This included the one at the forks of the Red and Assiniboine rivers in Winnipeg. Crossing the bridge from the Tourist Hotel, and walking along the riverside path, past the crude scrap lumber and sheet metal shelters, the bums looked upon Cassius as one of them, leftovers from the Great Depression. Occasionally, to keep up appearances, Cassius would sometimes sleep in one of these little scrap lumber and cardboard shacks by the river. His hope was that nobody would recognise him as the agitator from the south. Now, Cassius must remain in hiding. None of his hobo friends new where his real place of residence was.

"You know," Doctor Redpath started again, "Some people think the heart and soul of this brotherhood which we are fighting against lies in the South. I, for one, am certain that the centre of this cabal is in Europe. "This heart," Doctor Redpath paused and thought for a minute, "This heart of the cabal is in realty the nucleus of a cancer, a cancer with tentacles reaching across the globe, encircling the globe. Here in Winnipeg, these tentacles connect certain people to the cabal. Who these people are, we do not know, we can only guess. These tentacles could be direct lines to the South."

Again, Doctor Redpath paused before speaking, "Tell me your story. Over the years, you've told me bits and pieces of it. However, I do not know your whole story. You were recruited by our group in Europe during the war, I was told that when you were referred to me."

Doctor Redpath was taking a chance on his friendship. He knew Cassius was naturally a reticent man. He kept his feelings and his thoughts to himself. He could resent this intrusion. But then again, Doctor Redpath was certain a catharsis, a good purging of the soul, would do Cassius much good.

Cassius, leaning forward in his chair, stared blankly at the floor. He looked up at the doctor, "I first started to "think" when I was in Italy. It was before the war. I met a young girl who was anxious to come to America. She was desperate to leave Italy. Her words still haunt me. She stated, *'Here, we are born, we suffer and then we die. That is all there is to our lives.'* That is what she said. I thought about the South about Alabama and Mississippi. Was it any different there? Was it any different anywhere? What the hell are we living for?"

Cassius noticed the slight jerk on the doctor's upper lip when he used the *H* word. That was the doctor. Out of respect, Cassius declared to himself that, from now on, he would cease using any slang around Doctor Redpath.

Doctor Redpath cut in, “It doesn’t have to be that way. Life could be good if everyone would just take control of their own lives, mind our own business and just live and let live. If we had reverence for each other, reverence for everything. That’s what attracted me to this group, the philosophy of open mindedness and non-violence. We try to open people’s eyes, but we do not dictate, nor proselytize.”

“When I was in Europe,” Cassius continued, “I saw survivors from the concentration camps. People were asking how the free world could have ignored their pleas for help for so long. They asked how people could treat others so inhumanely and how could anyone commit the atrocity to treat another human being as an animal. How could this be?”

Cassius paused before continuing, “I realised these people were being treated very humanely because the treatment that they were receiving is how humans commonly treat other humans. It is normal behaviour for humans to abuse, humiliate, and degrade, and to make other people feel like a lesser creature, to feel less than a dog, less than a rat, less than a common bug on your skin. I saw it in Europe. I see it in America, I see it in Asia.” Cassius then looked the doctor straight in the eye and became so emphatic that the words came out hoarsely, “Did you know that in the caste system in India, the caste on the bottom rung is so low they aren’t even on a rung? People refer to them as *“Untouchables”*. If any unfortunate person should accidentally touch one of these *“Untouchables”*, he believes he would never be able to wash himself clean, ever again.”

Cassius jerked around and breathing deeply, while rubbing his hands around and around, he paced back and forth. Then he stopped in front of the doctor, “We travel halfway around the world to right these wrongs, to stop these atrocities, and back at home, we ignore this, and much worse, in our own back yard. Why can’t a black man piss in a white man’s toilet down in beautiful Birmingham? Why are children raped, abused, and murdered in boarding schools by, so called, men and women of God?” Cassius turned and sat down while still rubbing his hands.

It was now the doctors turn, “Cassius, I am fully in agreement with you. Our group exists to make this world a better place to live. Unfortunately, the megalomaniacs of this world always seem to rise to the surface. They are obsessed by their power to frustrate others and to destroy what they cannot equal or understand. Should we blame the masses who allow their abusers to rise and have power over them? It is human nature to gravitate towards power. Sub-consciously the masses are seeking security. Unfortunately, it is natural to seek security in the one who has power. Power dictates whether one lives or dies so one tries to appease Power. However, by appeasing Power, people are guaranteeing that Power continues to have control of their lives. To make a change, the masses must be educated, they must be educated on how they must take charge for their own lives, to plan their own futures, to decide what they want out of life. They must come to realise, they can do it. They must come to understand there are no superior people in this world. We are ALL-ONE, we are all the same, all equal.”

Doctor Redpath smiled, “I’m getting too serious. Let’s plan what we can do, what we have control over. Do you remember how Gandhi, through non-violence, helped to free India? I agree India, despite being officially free, still has the caste system. However, we will take one-step at a time. That is all that we may do. How can we change human nature? In the words of Niccolo Machiavelli, *‘Men, when they receive good from whence they expect evil, feel the more indebted to their benefactor.’* This is how the good cop; bad cop system has worked for governments, religious institutions, and others in power, for centuries. The Jesuits have gotten it down to a

science. Swoop into an area, massacre, torture, and enslave the people. When the people are crying for mercy, the good cops, the Jesuit Priests, come in with a few crumbs. The people feel so indebted for the crumbs; they become and remain slaves to their oppressors. They hand over control of their lives to the Jesuits. They become corpses."

Cassius thought about his place in this group. It all seemed so stupid. He would slip down to the South under the cover of darkness, moving from one safe sanctuary to another, "Just like the French Resistance," he stated aloud.

The doctor replied, "I beg your pardon. What did you say?"

"Nothing, nothing, I was just thinking to myself," returned Cassius and he carried on with his thoughts. He would be told where and when to go. Twice he had to go to Georgia, but normally it was to some place in Alabama or Mississippi. They would give him his orders. This could be to drink from a 'for whites only' water fountain, use a washroom restricted for whites, or possibly sit down on the front seat of a bus. Often the police came, but he would always make his escape before they arrived. Because of his size, nobody ever tried to stop him. However, he knew if they ever caught him, he would become *'Strange Fruit'* like many others.

Doctor Redpath spoke, "If there are enough incidences, eventually the media are going to get involved. People in England and in Europe will begin to hear things. When we can get enough publicity, things will begin to come out. We need publicity and we need support from the North. It is your job to keep agitating so more and more people will be talking about what is going on. This cabal will eventually begin to make mistakes." Doctor Redpath now became quiet. He knew what Cassius was thinking. Many people will have to die before the northern media takes an interest. However, Cassius knew whenever he agitated things, there was always retaliation and someone always paid.

Nurse Rebel came to Doctor Redpath, "She is very restless. She is jerking like a soldier with shell shock."

Doctor Redpath nodded and followed her back to the girl's bedside.

Gina

Who was this girl? How did she end up in men's clothes on a Winnipeg street? It took a while, but eventually the whole story came out, and when it did, Doctor Redpath, as well as Cassius, knew they would probably be hiding this girl for the next few years, and this could prove to be very difficult.

Many of the Métis in Canada have never owned land. However, people commonly have accepted that they, legally, could squat on vacant federal land as one of their traditional rights. These Métis would build shacks on road or railway allowances. Winnipeg boasted a very large Métis community on the south end of the city which people referred to as Rooster Town. However, all the land which dwellings had been built on belonged to the federal government, and the inhabitants paid no taxes, even though some of the shacks were quite luxurious with several rooms. However, none of the dwellings had electricity nor running water.

Sainte Madelaine was a Métis community built on Crown land. Due to living in a remote area, men from Sainte Madelaine would leave the community in the spring to work in Winnipeg, or

western Ontario, until the fall to spend the winter at home with their wives and children. During the summer, the women and children would tend to the gardens and look after the animals, which consisted of a pigs, cows, sheep, goats, ducks, geese, and flocks of free-range chickens.

Beginning in the 1930's the various levels of government began reclaiming government lands. With the aid of police, the residents of Sainte Madelaine were forcibly removed from their dwellings and herded onto the open prairie while the buildings were burned to the ground. Many possessions which had been left in the houses, and some of the animals, were consumed by the flames.

Since there were no breadwinners present, and the women had no visible means of support, the authorities took the children into custody, stating the children were now wards of the Crown. Some children were taken to orphanages, and many others were sent to fill empty beds in Indian residential schools. The federal government allocated monies to the residential schools according to how many beds the school had. However, to receive monies, the beds needed to be occupied. Many of the deaths at the schools were not reported so government funds would continue to be paid for an empty bed. Whenever empty beds came to light, it was difficult to fill them. Schools, along with the government, were very willing to take Métis children in lieu of status Indians. Nobody seemed to care who occupied the beds, as long as government monies were keeping the system going.

The girl who was now in Nurse Rebel's care was one of these Métis children from Sainte Madelaine. Her name was Jeanne Eva Petite. However, most people called her Gina. Gina had little formal education. However, in the tradition of her family, she spoke French, Michif, Cree, and English. Her community spoke Michif, but her father and mother conversed in French. Her maternal grandmother chose to speak English, telling her children and grandchildren that they would never get along in the world if they could not speak English. Since the Métis paid no property taxes, the municipalities commonly denied public education for children. Gina's grandmother was Gina's tutor. She taught Gina how to read and write and Gina became a great reader. Gina spent much of her time on the Indian Reserve that was adjacent to their community. These people spoke Cree and Gina easily picked up their language.

One-one-eight

When government workers and police arrived at the Métis settlement, the people in the community, including Gina, were in shock. The police were pushing and pulling the people from their houses. It was unbelievable what was happening. It was chaos. Dogs barked until they got a bullet in their head or a club between the eyes. Chickens were scattering in all directions. The police opened the animal pens wide and searched all the houses for inhabitants. They pushed and dragged everyone to the open pasture. Finally, they set the houses on fire. Women fell to their knees in tears, screaming and wailing. One police officer grabbed Gina by the collar and pulled her over to a police car. He looked over at a man in a dark suit and said, "This one should do," as he shoved Gina into the back seat of the car.

Sister Geraldine had asked for strong, capable girls. They had too many young ones at the school, and they needed help with the younger children, as well as to do the heavy work. The police officer thought Gina looked like she would do. She was thin, but she looked healthy and agile.

Later, as the police officer dragged Gina into the school, he explained to Sister Geraldine, “We have no information on her. She has not said a word. She could be deaf and dumb for all we know.”

The police officer left, and Gina stood in front of Sister Geraldine, who was ignoring her new charge. As Gina turned her head, she recognised a girl from Sainte Madelaine, and she called to her. As fast as lightning, Sister Geraldine’s fist caught the side of Gina’s head, and Gina flew across the hallway, her head crashing into the wall as she tumbled to the floor. Sister Geraldine was standing over her with a face red with anger, she screamed, “English, English only.”

As was the custom in this school, they gave Gina a number and took away her name. They stated she was one-one-eight, and they hung a cardboard on a string around her neck so everybody could see what number she was.

That night, as she lay in bed, Gina felt like a penned animal. She decided, from now on, it would be best if she said nothing in English, nor in any other language. She would be mute, and she would act stupid.

She had heard about these places. When she visited the Cree reserve, people would sometimes talk about residential schools. They told her, in these schools, it was against the rules for residents to speak their own language. However, the nuns did not teach the students proper English. Most of the nuns could barely speak English, since English was not their mother tongue. As a result, the caregivers usually spoke in monosyllables, “Eat, Sit, Bed, Barn, Garden, Weed, and Milk Cows.” The nuns, for the most part, speak in this manner. Since the recruitment of nuns mostly happens in small French communities, or Europe, the typical nun speaks only their idiomatic French but little English. What little English they do speak; they cannot speak properly. They have strong accents, and they never speak in complete sentences. At this school, Sister Superior spoke excellent English, and very little French. In addition, two nuns spoke a Slavic language and broken English. Occasionally, as she was scrubbing the floors, or washing the clothes, Gina would overhear a pair of nuns conversing in French. They had no idea she could understand what they were saying. It was in this way; Gina learned many of the secrets in the residential school.

In the morning, the children had catechism. They learned from books with a lot of pictures and few words. They understood little but they understood enough to learn, God loves them, despite them being less than human. The nuns also taught them that sinners go to hell. They were told Indians were no better than animals, they had no souls, so they could not go to heaven. However, if an Indian child happens to be good and follows the rules of the nuns, and the church, they may grow a soul, albeit a very small one, and then, if they are lucky, they could go to purgatory instead of hell.

In the fall, after they had cleaned out the garden, and taken the produce to the root cellar, they would have daily classes, beginning with catechism and then an hour of ‘learning’. Gina had learned to read and write from her grandmother; however, she knew it would be best if she feigned stupidity. She pretended she did not even know what an alphabet was, or what numbers were. The nuns were quite happy with her ignorance. The nuns had been well taught that Indians are naturally stupid, and they could never learn very much. How could these Indian children learn; there was little time for ‘learning’ which consisted of memorising what nuns dictated and reciting it back before the class. This was a difficult task for students, who were always in fear of being smacked with a stick whenever they mad an error. Added to this, there was always time for

housework, farm work, catechism, and prayers which added little to the children's education.

There were 375 beds at this school. As we have stated, only occupied beds received government funding. The church hierarchy expected the schools to be self-sufficient. This meant the small farm with pastures, gardens, and animals had to supply all the needs of the school. Since any funding from the government goes directly to the church coffers, and does not trickle down to the schools, the church authorities expected the schools to sell produce, or do fundraising, to support themselves. In essence, each resident became an indentured servant, with a ten-to-twelve-year contract.

Sister Yvette had worked in schools for more than thirty years. Over the years, she learned to be very observant of what is going on around her, and she had sharpened her intuition through practice. Sister Yvette noticed Gina seemed to be listening whenever two nuns were conversing. They had assumed none of the children could understand French. However, could this one understand a conversation in French? Sister Yvette decided to warn the other nuns. However, on second thought, she decided to make a test. While Gina was on her hands and knees scrubbing the hallway floor, Sister Yvette quietly moved in behind the girl and yelled, "Feu! Feu! Sortez!" She then added in a very loud voice, "Tout de suite!"

Unbeknownst to Sister Yvette, Gina had seen a figure in a black and white penguin suit approaching. The wainscoting on the hallway wall had a high gloss enamel finish. This finish acted like a fogged mirror displaying a faint nun's reflection moving in on Gina. Consequently, Gina was prepared. She had witnessed other nuns quietly sneaking up on students before. She also knew this action resulted in a swat, a loud shout, or both. Gina was prepared. When Sister Yvette began to shout, Gina quietly turned her head and looked up to see a face slowly turning red. She gave the nun a puzzled look and Sister Yvette turned quickly, mutely walking away. From then on, Gina was especially careful not to act interested in any conversation.

Gina overheard many stories, which gave her a better understanding of the situation. "Judas Goats are the key," Sister Yvette would say. "You must have one or possibly two Judas Goats. By having two goats, you will stimulate competition between these two goats. This way, one gains more control. The goats you pick should be ones who have a little bit of confidence and someone with enough intelligence to understand you. You start by giving them a mild punishment for something that is not important. Then you take them aside and tell them you must have made a mistake. Tell them you are sure they would never do anything bad, and it must have been someone else. If they agree with you, you know you will have a good relationship with them. If this child does not agree with you, then you must discard that child and you must look for another goat. The desired goat must be willing to pass blame onto others. After you choose a goat, you must give the goat special favours. You will find that a goat will keep the herd in better order than you ever will."

Another time she overheard Sister Yvette discussing scapegoats. "I find that two scapegoats in a herd work best. They will always look back and forth between the teacher and the other goat hoping the teacher will put the blame on the other goat. They know, and the whole class knows, one of them will be receiving punishment. No matter what happens, you must be sure to punish one of the scapegoats. Eventually the herd will gravitate towards teacher because teacher has the power, and these children would rather have the teacher's blessing than her punishment. Teachers have the power to make a student a goat, a scapegoat or to ignore them. A good teacher always rules with fear. When people live in fear, they will become obsequious to the one who

has the power. They see security in power because the one with power controls their fear."

Most of the students at the school spoke Cree. The nuns forbade anyone to speak '*Indian'* at the school. The students spoke their native tongue only when none of the nuns or lay brothers were in hearing distance. However, it was easy to tell if the students were conversing in Cree, even from a distance. The average student knew only rudimentary English, so if they were the least bit animated, or if they appeared fluent in their speech, the nuns, even at a distance, would know they were speaking Cree. If one of the nuns suspected that students were conversing in their native tongue, she would be sure to punish them. Therefore, any conversations in Cree would be furtive and usually short.

The school strictly segregated the boys from the girls, so Gina never had a chance to talk to any of the boys. However, she saw groups of boys daily, but only at a distance. One of the girls told her about a hole in the barn wall. This hole is large enough so that someone could talk to the boys when they were attending to the animals. One had to be very careful though.

Because there were not many older girls at the school, some of the younger girls sought out Gina and looked upon her as a substitute mother. Gina knew from eavesdropping on the nuns, deprivation of physical contact with the children caused these children to crave attention, and they would physically latch on to anyone who gave them the tiniest bit of encouragement. The theory was, the more one deprives the children of physical contact, the easier these children could be controlled. Father Metallier would take advantage of a child's need for touch. What seemed strange to Gina was, if the nuns were aware of the need of physical contact, why would they purposely deprive themselves of this need? Possibly, the nuns saw themselves as martyrs, suppressing their physical needs. The thought did not occur to Gina, possibly they were filling their need to be touched in private. Many years later, Gina would think back and wonder if all of this was a discipline of a masochist with a need to be a martyr. Were the nuns playing a game where they continually switched roles? All the nuns were extremely obsequious with a bishop, but very authoritarian with the students.

One-zero-eight, a girl of eight or nine years of age, told Gina how Sister Angela would sit on her bed as she tried to sleep. Sister would slip her hand under the covers and along this young girl's bare leg to her crotch. If One-zero-eight moved or tried to protest, Sister would admonish, "Shh, shh, be still and sleep." However, the nun would continue with her caresses. "Why does she do this?", One-zero-eight would ask Gina. Gina answered she must not protest, she must just lie there and let Sister have her way. However, in her private thoughts Gina swore, when she grew up, no one would ever control her again.

Gina remembered her conversation with One-zero-eight when Doctor Redpath was explaining his beliefs to Gina. "Self-confidence, self-discipline, knowledge, and morality, these are the four keys to a happy and successful life. Remember, oppressors will try to take these four disciplines away from you. They know, if you possess these four keys, they will never have power over you. This is why you must develop these four characteristics. If you develop them, nobody can ever again have power over you. This is why these four keys are the basis of our beliefs." Doctor Redpath explained, we all have a choice when we are enslaved. No one can make a person obey. The enslaved person chooses to obey or disobey, realising, if they choose to disobey, they also choose the consequences. It is this ability to choose that gives the slave power over the oppressor.

One-one-six talked to Gina about her brother. She said she spoke with him through the hole in

the barn wall. He had just spent a day in bed and the nuns were especially nice to him. On the previous afternoon, a nun sent him to Father Metallier's rooms. Father Metallier took him out on an excursion. They went into a building in town. Besides him and Father Metallier, six men were there. Apparently, this group gets together once a month for a lodge meeting. The men were looking at pictures. All the men were smiling and patting One-one-six's brother on the head. They all said how beautiful he was. Some of the things they said, he could not understand. He recognised one of the men, Doctor Slie, who looked after the children if they got sick. One-one-six told Gina; Doctor Slie had told the men he would give her brother *two why lye.* Her brother remembered the name of this substance because it sounded like a phrase in his native tongue. The doctor pulled out a needle and injected the *two why lye* into the boy's arm. She said, after that, he remembers nothing until he woke up in his own bed the next morning. However, his bum was very sore, and it was bleeding. The nuns let him stay in bed all day.

Nine-seven-nine was fifteen years of age when they buried her. There was no service, but the children knew the brothers had buried her. After a child died, children could always see two brothers in the burial field. After this, the children could see a mound of fresh dirt and one could tell by the sickly-looking grass that someone had dug it up and tried to put it back, so it looked natural over the newly formed mound. Nine-seven-nine had spent the last few days on the third floor of the school. Everyone knew, when the nuns took someone to the third floor, that child did not appear again. However, a day or two after any noises on the third floor stopped, the children could see two brothers in the burial field, and then there were always signs of a fresh grave in the unmarked field.

Gina had overheard the nuns talking about Nine-seven-nine's condition and Gina was old enough to know, Nine-seven-nine's growing belly meant she was pregnant. Everyone was in the dining hall when Sister Superior confronted Nine-seven-nine. It seemed Sister wanted public humiliation for this fallen girl. After everyone had taken their seats, with the boys on the far side, and the girls close to the kitchen, Sister Superior told Nine-seven-nine to stand and face her. In a very loud voice, she asked, "Who did this to you. Who is the father?"

With her head down, Nine-seven-nine meekly replied in a barely audible voice, "Father!"

Sister Superior replied, "Yes that is what I say, who is father, father, who is father?" The nun then shook Nine-seven-nine so hard, her teeth seemed to rattle.

There was a long silence and finally Nine-seven-nine looked across the room and said softly but clearly audible, "Father Metallier."

The words barely came out of the child's mouth before Sister Superior's closed fist caught her on the side of the head, sending her crashing into the table. She rolled and ended up on the floor. Sister Superior kicked her savagely on the side of her body and screamed, "Liar, liar. I will not tolerate lying." She then yanked Nine-seven-nine up onto her feet, and while holding her with her left hand, she slapped her across the face. She leaned in so close to the trembling girl their noses were almost touching as she screamed, "Who, Who, Who."

Nine-seven-nine sobbed and wailed, but she gave no answer. Sister Superior then shoved the girl in the direction of two junior nuns and yelled (in French of course), "Take her to the upper floor."

That night, when the girls went to bed, as they all covered their ears desperately trying to block out the sounds from the third floor, each girl wondered to herself, "What are they doing to Nine-

seven-nine? Were the nuns making the sounds of beating, screaming and crying, just to scare the other girls, so they would not do the same as Nine-seven-nine?" They could only guess.

The noise went on for a few days, and then, all was quiet. The day after the noise stopped, two brothers appeared in the burial field, and the children saw signs of a grave in the grassy field. Gina knew they had buried a body.

It was several weeks later, when Gina overheard two nuns talking. One of them stated, "He has his eye on her," as she nodded towards Gina. Gina knew whom the nun was referring to, and she knew she had to get out. She wondered how.

Reverend Dodgson

Reverend Dodgson felt depressed as he sorted out the pictures and put them away. The monthly lodge meetings were not as satisfying as they once were. The group appreciated the pictures. They once belonged to Reverend Dodgson's great uncle who had been a minister in England. They were obviously old and Victorian in appearance. The pictures displayed nude children in various poses. They were nice but in today's age, they really were not anything special. The prim-and-proper Edwardian upper classes commonly owned some nude pictures of pre-pubescent children. This was the other side of their lives. They usually only revealed this side of their lives in France or on the Isle of Capri.

Reverend Dodgson was feeling antsy. While visiting Father Metallier at the school, he had seen a young girl in the hallway. He had casually brushed against her and then looked at her upturned face as she smiled a slow and warm smile. She was maybe ten or twelve years old. She had brown hair, indicating some white in her background. Her skin was very light brown, and her eyes were large, bright, and chocolate in colour. Middle-aged women commonly loved to cuddle a girl like her. As he stood there daydreaming about this girl, he knew what he was going to do.

The joy was in planning. He loved savouring the fact someone might witness the act, which was not likely, since he was always extremely cautious, but, still, there was that chance in a million, which made the act extra titillating. However, what were the chances that anyone would catch him? That was why he enjoyed doing it in the open. There was always that little bit of a chance someone might see what he was up to. Someone may witness the act. Even if they did catch him, what would be the consequences? He has always gotten away with things, and nobody would ever guess he was capable of such things. In the past, as far as anyone could tell, the children just disappeared. Had Doctor Slie ever refused to fill out a death certificate, even when there was no body. On the death certificates, pneumonia was the usual diagnosis. He began to plan his next caper. He daydreamed about the girl in the hall, the one with the big brown eyes. He knew she would be his next conquest. However, to intensify his desires, he had to prolong the event to build up his anticipation until he could no longer control himself. The anticipation was the delicious part. The actual act was inconsequential. However, without the fantasy coming to fruition, there could be no real anticipation. It had to happen, but how long could he avoid making his move before his inner voice would tell him he was a coward who would never do it. He realised, if he wanted to get a few more done this year, he had to act quickly while there were still some nice warm sunny days left before winter set in.

Doctor Redpath had discussed the kind of personality Reverend Dodgson had. Doctor Redpath would say, "Keep to the middle of the road. Nature intended for us to all to keep to the middle of

the road. Most people are opposite to what they really are. What does this mean?" and he would go on to explain, "Nature abhors a vacuum and nature abhors extremes. If one puts ice in a bucket of water, the ice will melt, and the temperatures will equalize. The moon stays in its orbit because the earth's pull is equal to the pull of centrifugal force. If man tries to pull to one side, to become righteous to an extreme, nature will pull him back. The harder he pulls, the harder nature pulls back, until, one day, he weakens, and nature has her way. Unfortunately, if he pulls too hard, when nature pulls him back to the middle of the road, the motion is so intense, he overshoots, and like a pendulum swinging, the man ends up on the opposite side of the road." Doctor Redpath gave the example of Edwardian aristocrats fornicating with children in the Mediterranean where they could get away with it. At home, they appeared to live an exceptionally chaste life, but nature kept pulling at them. He went on to explain how Stevenson shows this in *Doctor Jekyll and Mister Hyde*. The opposite of righteous is heinous. The opposite of mean is philanthropic. If one understands this philosophy, then one may understand how a cheat could lose his fortune. The two opposites do not reside in the man simultaneously. He swings from one side to the other. However, the opposite of the middle of the road is still the middle of the road. The key is to stick to the middle of the road in everything, and nature will not try to pull you one way or the other.

People knew the Reverend Dodgson as a righteous man, and that is how people often spoke of him. He carried on the family tradition by training to be a minister of religion. He volunteered his time religiously. He was available to his parishioners seven days a week, anytime of the day. One could not find a more upstanding and righteous man. Is it any wonder then, he did what he did? Was it any wonder nature would pull him back to the middle of the road, and for the pendulum to swing all the way to the other side into complete evilness? Nature always pulled him to the heinous side, the side of complete debasement.

It took Reverend Dodgson a long time to fulfill his wishes. Most of all, he enjoyed the planning, the anticipation, the dreaming of how it would transpire. For him, the journey and not the inn is the reward. However, he realised, if one knew he would never arrive at the inn, the journey would lose its savour. Now he savoured every minute of the planning. He thought, "maybe I could be caught?" However, he was certain this to be impossible. He was much too intelligent. He was much too smart. Nevertheless, he did savour the risk, and he always wanted to push his luck just a little more. This added to the thrill of the game.

It was a warm and sunny day when he finally got her. She was naked in a field on the edge of a bush. The closest house was over a mile away. The closest road was a quarter of a mile east of where he was alone with the girl. He thought to himself, "If someone stood on that hill over there, with a pair of binoculars, they could see us."

He had given her candies and as she was sucking on one, he caressed her hair lightly. She enjoyed the physical touch. No one had stroked her hair like that since she had been taken away from her home. No one cuddled her since those men had taken her from her grandmother's arms. No one talked to her in a soothing way since mother, with tears in her eyes, wished her goodbye. Now, she could feel the love again as the Reverend Dodgson held her. However, this was not to last very long. Her pleasure would soon turn to pain.

He exposed his member, "It has never been so erect," he thought to himself. He could feel how engorged it was. The extreme stiffness was almost painful. He laid her on the grass. She had no idea what was happening. He could feel her flesh tearing. She tried to cry out, but his hand

covered her mouth. His weight crushed her. She could not breathe.

He collapsed, very disappointed. He had been too excited. He had ejaculated before he had planned. Nevertheless, he had done it, and he was happy. He lay with his full weight on her.

He rolled off and lay on his back. He turned and gazed fondly upon her. To his surprise, she was still breathing, ever so slightly. “That’s a stroke of good luck”, he thought to himself, and he rolled onto his back to regain his energy. When he felt rested, he rolled over and looked at her again. As he gazed upon her closed eyes, and gently rising chest, he could see how peacefully she was breathing. He got on top of her and proceeded to do it again. She gasped but to no avail, he was holding his hand tightly over her mouth and nose. When he had finished the second time, he lay on her for a long time, and, when at last he rolled over, he could see there was no more movement. She was dead.

He covered the body with a few spruce branches to keep the animals away. He gathered her clothes and put them into a sack. On each of the next three days, he revisited the body to repeat the act. On the last day, the maggots were already growing, and they oozed from the flesh as he inserted his penis. He would close his eyes as he copulated with the corpse, to re-live each delicious moment of that first day. He felt like the most powerful man in the world. On his last visit, he did not cover the body. He pulled it more into the open, onto a patch of tall grass that conveniently hid the body from view. He knew the animals would find it. In a few weeks, there would be only a few bones, which the rodents would carry away before winter set in.

Reverend Dodgson was a friend of Father Metallier, which explained why he frequented the school on a regular basis. No one would question his appearance in the evening. At the school, he managed to dump the little girl’s clothes into the laundry without being seen. However, when he was visiting with Father Metallier, Gina saw her opportunity.

Each evening, after the girls had cleaned up in the kitchen, Gina took some leftover vegetable peelings and scraps of food to the pigs. That evening, as she carried the bucket to the pigpen, she saw Reverend Dodgson as he parked his car by the laundry shed. After she had fed the pigs, she left the empty bucket close to the pen and she cautiously made her way to the Reverend’s four-door sedan. Gina quietly opened the rear door, which was on the far side of the school. She slipped into the car and closed the door as quietly as possible. She then quietly yanked on the door handle until she heard the latch click. She laid herself on the floor as close to the front seat as she could get. Luckily, the school uniform was black. It helped to conceal her.

Gina did not have long to wait; the Reverend left the building and made his way to his car. He opened the driver’s door and slipped behind the wheel. Luckily, the Reverend was pre-occupied, and he noticed nothing out of the ordinary. Except for an odd little snicker from the Reverend, everything was quiet on the five-and-a-half-mile ride to town. The Reverend parked his car and went into the house.

Gina waited for what seemed an eternity before she saw the lights in the house go out. She waited for what she thought was an extra fifteen minutes before she quietly opened the door and slipped out. Staying in a crouching position, she made her way to a nearby vacant lot. Furtively, she crept up and down the back lanes until she found what she was looking for. From a clothesline, she picked out a young man’s shirt and a pair of pants. The clothes would hang loose on her, but she thought they would do. In a shed, a block away, she found a greasy jacket, a sloppy hat, and a pair of muddy work boots someone had left. What a stroke of luck, there were a

pair of heavy woollen socks left in the boots. She rummaged around the shed and found a piece of rope, along with a rusty knife. From the rope she fashioned a makeshift belt. She now had her outfit.

On a railroad siding, by a grain elevator, she found a string of boxcars. One was empty except for a pile of straw on the floor. She curled up on the straw and fell asleep. When she woke up, it was daylight, and the train was just pulling into Winnipeg.

Resurrection

Gina opened her eyes. She had been dreaming she was on the third floor of the school. From experience, she knew any inmate they took to the third floor ended up in the gravesite along with Nine-Seven-Nine.

Nurse Rebel noticed the young girl's eyes were open. She was lying flat on her back looking straight up at the ceiling. Nurse wondered, "Is she lucid? Could she see? Is she aware of her surroundings? She is not moving. Could she move?"

Softly Nurse spoke, "So you have come out of your sleep, Ma Petite." She moved up to the bed and placed her hand on the girl's forehead. Immediately the girl winced but she did not otherwise move, "You are safe now my little girl."

"She sounds like my grandmother," thought Gina. "I don't know this nun. Is she a new one? How did I come to be up here?" Then Gina started to remember. She had hidden in Reverend Dodgson's automobile.

"You are safe here," continued Nurse as she walked to the wall to push a button. On her return to the bed, she went on, "Do you feel well enough to talk? We have been very concerned about you. You have slept for so long. You shall have a bite to eat, and a nice cup of tea and you will feel so much better."

During all of this, Gina was motionless. She continued to stare straight up at the ceiling, trying to remember, "Where am I?" she thought, "This is not the third floor. Who is this woman? She seems nice."

The door opened and a young girl entered. Nurse's head turned, "Bernice, could you bring a little of the chicken soup and a nice cup of tea." As Bernice was about to exit, Nurse added, "Bernice, also bring three cups and a few biscuits please." Bernice nodded and left.

Nurse pulled two chairs over to the bed. Gina continued to lie motionless and quiet, quite relaxed. Nurse sat down close to the head of the bed. She reached over and stroked the top of Gina's head, "You will have a nice sponge bath after you eat. Then we will change your nightdress and bedclothes. This will make you feel so much fresher, and you will feel a lot better." All through this, Gina lay without moving.

The door opened and Bernice entered. Nurse rose and pulled a small table on wheels over to the bedside. Bernice placed the tray on the table and both Nurse and Bernice sat. Bernice folded her hands in her lap and smiled towards Gina. Gina turned her eyes towards Bernice. She saw the face of a young girl, soft and smooth with a light friendly smile on a tender mouth, along with a hint of white teeth behind her smile. She noticed, even though her skin was dark, she had large deep blue eyes, and soft wavy light brown hair that showed some blonde tints. These waves hung

loosely over her shoulders and fell several inches down her back. Gina gave a slight smile back.

Nurse rose, “Help me, Bernice. We will raise her head, and she shall eat some soup.” Gina did not resist as they raised her upper body and adjusted her pillows to prop her up. Nurse took a spoon of soup. She touched the bottom of the spoon to the back of her hand, “Ah, it’s not too hot.” She moved the spoon to Gina who opened her mouth and accepted the offering.

Gina ate the whole bowl of soup. She managed a half-cup of tea and a few bites of a biscuit. She was mute as Nurse fed her, and afterwards, she closed her eyes and again she slept like a small baby.

Several hours later when Gina opened her eyes, she seemed more alert. She turned her head and gazed about the room. The sun shone through the large windows. Above each window was a pane of stained leaded glass. The colours were bright, and even though there seemed to be no meaning to the design, it was very pleasing to the eye. Gina smiled. She felt very relaxed and calm. However, she still wondered where she was. She said nothing when Nurse Rebel approached and began to talk.

“Ah, Ma Petite, you are again up. Are you not?” As she spoke, Nurse softly moved towards the bed. She stroked the girl’s head and went on, “Now, tell me how you feel.” As she leaned over and smiled into Gina’s face, Gina said nothing, but she did smile ever so slightly, “I am Nurse Rebel, but you may just call me Nurse if you care to, as everyone else does.” She leaned a little closer, “Now, my dear what may I call you.” Gina was about to say One-One-Eight when she caught herself, “Gina,” she whispered.

“Gina. What a pretty name. How did you come by such a nice name?”

Gina smiled and replied, “It is actually Jeanne Eva, but everyone has always called me Gina.”

“How very nice,” replied Nurse who then went on to talk about her herself. She told Gina about how she was once married but had no children and she has been a widow for many years, “My husband was run over by the train.” She explained, “He worked for the railway and one cold and snowy night he was working in the yards. Somehow, he slipped under the wheels. Nobody knows how it happened. Maybe he jumped on the boxcar ladder and slipped. Nobody knows.” She then changed the subject and told how, after the accident, her relatives in the States suggested she come and live with them, which she did. While in the States, she trained to be a nurse, and that is what she now does, besides being the housekeeper in this big house.

After Nurse had finished relating her history, she cautiously asked Gina about herself, “Have you lived far from here?”

Gina looked puzzled, “I don’t really know. How did I get here? Where are we?”

Nurse told Gina they were in the central part of Winnipeg, “Winnipeg, I’m in Winnipeg?” Gina asked, “I have never been to Winnipeg before. However, my father has worked here. It is quite a distance from Sainte Madelaine. How did I come to be in Winnipeg?”

Obviously, Gina did not remember a thing about her assault or her journey to Winnipeg. Nurse decided not to push it. She would discuss the matter with Doctor Redpath.

Nurse gave Gina a sponge bath, changed her nightdress as well as her bed sheets. She then let Gina sleep again. Tomorrow will be another day.

The New Day

The next morning Gina woke early to see the sun shining through the stained-glass window displaying an array of colours on the wall by the doorway. What a beautiful morning. She felt so good, and she felt hungry. Looking over at Bernice who was quietly dozing in a chair by the bedside, Gina gave a big yawn, which startled Bernice who opened her eyes and sat up while exclaiming, “And good morning to you, how do you feel this morning?”

Gina smiled, “I feel very hungry.”

“Now, that is great news Gina. Come; let me help you to the washroom. You do what you must do, and I will be right back with something to eat.” She then added with a wink, “I’ll bring something for both of us.”

Bernice helped the recovering patient to sit up in bed and she then slipped a pair of slippers onto Gina’s feet. She supported Gina and, when they came to the bathroom door, she told Gina she would be back in two shakes as she left the room.

They each had soft-boiled eggs, a small bowl of oatmeal, and they were just finishing their second piece of toast with jam when Nurse entered the room. Other than a good morning, Nurse said nothing. She just quietly walked over and started changing the bedclothes. She ripped off the cotton cover as well as the two sheets and the pillowcases. From the closet, she pulled out the clean bedclothes and re-made the bed. When she was finished, she opened the windows a little further and turned to the two girls who were on their second cup of tea, “We will air the room out a bit. It is always pleasant to do that on a sunny day like this.” Turning to Gina she stated, “Bernice is to get you a set of clothes to wear. You look the same size. Why not go with Bernice to her room and pick something out? When you return Bernice will help you with a bath and you can get dressed. I will see you later.” Nurse left the room with the soiled bedclothes in her arms.

The house where Nurse and the others lived was sitting in a compound that consisted of an entire city block in an area known as Point Douglas. This district was once a more fashionable part of Winnipeg, but most of the affluent citizens had moved to newer sub-divisions on the South Side. Point Douglas was part of the original city, which, when the railway arrived, sprouted up on bald prairie. Besides industrial and commercial establishments, there was an affluent residential area. Some of the original houses were quite large, mostly of the Victorian style. They originally had very spacious grounds, which, many subsequent owners subdivided into small lots to build a few small shanties surrounding the mansions. Gina was in a compound surrounded by twenty-foot fences and a lumber and hardware store on the front street. The Red River ran behind the compound. The centre of the compound consisted of spacious lawns, trees and gardens, with comfortable benches and chairs surrounding a three-story house. Gina and Bernice sat facing each other on one of the benches talking and laughing when Doctor Redpath strolled along a pathway towards them. It was quite clear to Doctor Redpath that Gina immediately tensed up when she happened to look up to spot him.

“Good morning, ladies,” was the greeting Doctor Redpath gave as he nodded his head and strolled right by the girls without looking back. He walked directly to the front door of the house. It was obvious to him Gina was much traumatised. Thinking she had a fear of men, he decided it would be best if he waited a little while before he saw her again.

Before Gina had a chance to open her mouth, Bernice spoke up, “That’s Doctor Redpath. He

owns this place, and he looks after our medical needs." Gina gave Bernice a puzzled look but said nothing, "Oh, he's quite a nice man, really," Bernice added while noting the apprehension on Gina's face. Bernice reached over and placed her hand on the back of Gina's hand.

As the two girls sat in silence, Gina surveyed her surroundings. She noticed the large house with two columns on the front steps and large bay windows on both sides of the steps. As she looked over the reddish brick and white trim, she thought she had never seen a more welcoming and warm looking home. However, as her eyes circled the plaza, she noticed one strange thing. The twenty-foot wall had no windows nor doors, and it surrounded the plaza. "What is on the other side of that wall?" asked Gina.

Bernice answered, "It's the store. We run a lumber and hardware business here. The wall gives us our privacy. It separates us from the noise and bustle of the world. It's like our own little sanctuary here. Is it not grand? Don't you think?"

Gina did not know what to think. The sight of the doctor annoyed her for some reason. She did not know why. She added, "Am I in prison here? Is it like residential School?" She looked questionably at Bernice.

"Well," Bernice hesitated and then began again, "Well, I guess it's a prison in a sense. However, the design is to keep people on the outside from getting in. The people on the inside may go out if they so choose."

"If I wanted to," Gina went on, "could I leave right now, if I so choose?"

"Of course," replied Bernice, "where would you like to go?"

Gina looked down at the ground and in a soft voice, barely audible, "I would like to go home. However, they burnt our home and scattered all the people in the settlement. I don't know where to go." Gina then related the story to Bernice about the authorities burning all the houses and taking the children away, mostly to residential school. She started to cry as she told how, as the police officer carried her to the car, she stuck her arm out and held her mother's hand. She held tight, but she lost her grip as two men pulled her mother away. That was the last time she saw her mother. Burying her face in her hands, she wept. Bernice placed her hand on Gina's back and waited patiently for her composure to return.

Following Doctor Redpath's advice, Bernice and Nurse would eat their meals in Gina's room. Later that day, after eating quietly together, when they were having their tea, Nurse looked over at Gina, "You look very tired. Maybe you should clean up a bit and lie down for a while? The men are going to find your mother." Gina looked up at Nurse with an inquiring look on her face. Nurse went on, "Later on when you feel a little stronger, we will talk about your family. I will pass this information on to the men. They will find your mother." With the receipt of this news, Gina began to cry. Nurse took her into her arms and hugged her. This caused her to cry even more. Her body shook with emotion. Eventually Nurse could feel her go limp. Nurse moved Gina to the bed, laid her down, removed her shoes, covered her lightly, and let her sleep.

The Search

Across from Doctor Redpath sat a young man. He appeared to be in his early twenties, slim and very wiry. His dark hair and brown skin, along with the almond eyes, supported by high-pronounced cheekbones, revealed his native ancestry. He leaned forward in his chair, poured a cup of tea from the pot, scooped in two spoons of sugar, and topped the cup up with cream, while vigorously stirring. He then leaned back and took two noisy sips from the cup. After placing the cup back on the table, he exhaled loudly. “Ahhh, that’s good tea, must be Fort Garry?”

Doctor Redpath gazed at the young man with a look of annoyance, “Okay Matt, let’s get down to the nitty-gritty. What exactly have you found out?”

The young man started to relate the previous week’s quest. To Matt, everything he did was an adventure. He then related how he went straight to the Cree reservation when he first arrived in Sainte Madelaine. I met an Elder who has seen much in his day. In English, people refer to him as Timothy, never Tim, but Timothy. He doesn’t like truncation.”

“That’s understandable.”

Matt smiled at the doctor and answered, “Yes, Timothy is a man of about seventy or maybe ninety. It is hard to tell with some of these Elders. I asked him about his age, and he replied that one day he would talk to me about the fountain of youth. He never did tell me about his age though. I think it was his way of telling me to mind my own business.”

“Then again, he might be serious. But let’s get on with it.” The doctor was anxious to hear the story.

At the Métis settlement of Sainte Madelaine, Timothy had personally witnessed the authorities evacuating the houses and subsequently burning them down to the ground. His grandfather had told him about similar incidences in the past. “Did you know?” Timothy asked Matt, “When the Yankees took over California; they found it to be a great hunting ground. Do you know what the number one game was? It was Indians. They made a law, which made it illegal for an Indian to live in California. They killed the Indians by the thousands. It was great fun for them. They killed them off just as they killed off the antelope and the bison on the plains. They paid a bounty for Indian heads, and that is why you can still find coins with an Indian head on them. Each coin was worth one Indian head.”

“Yes, I have heard similar tales about California, as well as other areas of North America, now, get to the point.” The doctor was getting antsy.

“Well Doc, you asked for the whole story. I spent two days with the old man and this old man was in no hurry. Everything he told me was somehow related, but you don’t see the connection until the end.”

“I know and I’ve been through this many times before. I just don’t have time right now.”

“Doc, you have stated to me on more than one occasion, there should be no rush. You, yourself, are always preaching about the slow, methodical, and well thought out way.”

“Yes, yes, you’re right, continue if you please.”

Matt thought to himself, “How can Doctor Redpath preach one thing and do the opposite.” He

then continued with the story. However, he skipped over a few parts, but he could not resist relating a few incidences that seemingly were unrelated to the tale that Doctor Redpath was so anxious to hear. “Anyways, it seems this elder is not a status Indian. He was born into a non-status band that lives in the Interlake area. When his status Indian partner died on the trail, he took the dead man’s identity. The band chief went along with the ruse, and he became *‘Status’* overnight.”

“It seems that this non-status band that the Elder was born into came up from the United States several generations ago, and they have never returned. Before the white man came, this band travelled between Canada and Mexico with the seasons. When the newcomers had decimated the bison, the Yankees tried to push these Indians into Indian Territory. That year, the band did not return to the United States when fall came. They stayed in the part of the Northwest Territories that is now Saskatchewan. They were not used to the cold. However, they learned to survive. It was tough, especially when the Europeans raided their caches, and they had little to eat all winter.”

The doctor looked at Matt with some annoyance in his face, but he kept quiet and listened as the storyteller continued. “Just before the snow came one year, maybe eighty years ago.”

“Eighty years ago!” Doctor Redpath’s impatience got the better of him and he could not hold back this outburst.

Matt held the palm of one hand up towards Doctor Redpath to ask for quiet. The doctor flopped back in his chair as Matt went on, “You know the old trick of the Yankees to infect blankets with the smallpox and then give them to the Indians? Well, as I was saying, just before one winter, our government issued blankets to this tribe of non-status Indians. Did these blankets come from the Yankee government through our government or was our government the perpetrator of this dirty deed? The old man did not know the answer. Well, the Indians were reluctant to use the blankets. They had heard about how smallpox had decimated other groups of Indians. The blankets were left in their bundles just as they came.”

Doctor Redpath poured himself another cup of tea. He was resolved this would be a long session, and he may as well try to enjoy it. He looked at Matt in a questioning way, as he held up the pot. Matt waved his hand to indicate no thanks. However, Matt did continue his tale, but not as quickly as Doctor Redpath would have liked.

“It seems there came a group of white settlers, apparently from Iceland. They settled on the shores of Lake Winnipeg.” As he told the tale, Matt tried to tell it exactly as the Old Man had told it to him.

“I will relate the tale with all the details the Old Man gave me. These settlers were not prepared for our harsh winters. They could not believe it when our people told them the big lake would freeze over in winter. They thought it was too far south to freeze. Our people knew, as everyone did, the white man is immune to smallpox, so they gave the blankets to these people. For some reason these people were not immune. That winter many got sick and died. Our Elder said it was because these people were not real white people. These Indians believed, these were white Indians, much like the Mandan. The government came with police and doctors to administer to the sick settlers. The police then went to the Indian settlement and burned it to the ground. They told the Indians to scatter. They said that they would be back in two days, and they would shoot any Indian they found. So, you see history repeats itself.”

Matt now looked directly at the doctor. “Does this mean that the Old Man is a fatalist, and he has lost all hope for his people? Does he expect this to be repeated over and over throughout time?”

The doctor was now looking at the floor. Without looking up, he replied, “I don’t know what the answer is.” The doctor had lost his impatience.

“What is he thinking?” Matt thought to himself.

There was a long silence as the doctor kept staring at the floor.

Matt decided to go on with the tale, “The old man told me about what happened in Sainte Madelaine. He told about how they scooped up the children. He believes they took them to residential school. They told the women to disappear. The authorities left them standing in the field with nothing but their clothes and a few personal belongings. The Cree took these women into their homes. In a few weeks, the Métis men started coming home with plenty of money from their summer’s work.

The Métis decided they had no choice but to look for a new place to live. Gina’s father returned to find his wife living with the Cree. After a few days, he told her they were leaving for Winnipeg. They had relatives living there, in Rooster Town. Gina’s parents put the maternal grandmother on a train to Saskatchewan where she had relatives, and they took a train for Winnipeg.”

Matt sat up straight and began to give his opinions, “Of course from what we have read in the paper a few weeks ago, the government is planning to have Rooster Town bulldozed for a housing development. Winnipeg, being a large city, they would never get away with burning Rooster Town down, they need to first jump through all the hoops and make it look like they are only doing what is best for the community. A quick burn would not go over very well, they have to be very careful about clearing out the Métis in Rooster Town.

“Have you checked to see if her parents are there, in Rooster Town?”

“I go this evening. An acquaintance informed me there is a Nurse Petite living with relatives. I believe she is Gina’s mother.”

Rooster Town

That evening, Matt strolled into Rooster Town. He wore cowboy boots, a black shirt with a western tie and black pants with a black belt displaying a large shiny solid silver buckle. He looked like a well-dressed young Métis man. However, how many times did people tell him he was not a real Métis, since his family came from the east? In some people’s opinion, to be a real Métis, one had to be from the west. “Louis Riel came from the east,” was his usual comeback, which they usually answered with, “If you say so? But that don’t matter, he was still a man from the west.” Matt did not argue even though he was aware most Métis originally came from the east.

A casual observer would take Matt for a regular resident of Rooster Town as he strolled along in his Saturday night clothes. As he walked up the dirt path which passed for a road, he looked around the cluster of shanties. Obviously, some of the residents had been living there for years. He understood people had been squatting in Rooster Town for at least seventy years. Many of the houses were shacks with tarpaper tacked to the exterior walls. The outside walls of the bigger

houses boasted wood siding or faux brick. Some were nicely painted. Of course, since all these people were squatters on government land, they had no rights to municipal sewer, water, or electricity. Chickens and dogs roamed freely throughout the settlement and most shacks had animal pens holding cows, pigs and an odd goat or sheep. No one had a car, so a dirt pathway was sufficient, even though, during the spring and rainy weather, the mud demanded one to wear rubber boots.

"Never trust a Métis; they will play both sides of the fence. They work for the white man and pretend to be a friend of the Indian." How many times did people say this? They gave him many examples of backstabbing half-breeds. "That was many years ago," Matt would reply. "Once a fox, always a fox," was the usual retort. However, as Doctor Redpath pointed out, "People say that a Métis is a Métis is a Métis. This is not true. A Métis may have a Scottish, Spanish, English or other European background. Most so-called Blacks in North America have some Indian blood. That is common knowledge. People forget, for the first century and a half of their existence; more than fifty percent of the workers employed by the Hudson's Bay Company were slaves. There were many black slaves, but people have mostly forgotten, the English looked upon the Irish and the Scottish as *white niggers*, and the English commonly kept these whites as slaves. The Company needed strong labour to do the backbreaking work of hauling goods and cutting timber for buildings. When the English abolished slavery, they kept some slaves as contract workers, or indentured servants. In addition, many of these slaves took up with native girls, and their offspring were Métis. Take Cassius or Esau for another example; do you not see the thick curly hair, wide noses, and full lips of the Negroid?"

Matt asked about the Black Indians of the South. Doctor Redpath agreed, of the two thousand or more tribes of people in the Americas before the fifteenth century, there were many light-skinned people, but some were quite dark and Negroid in appearance. He agreed, possibly Esau and Cassius could be descended from these groups of Indians.

Esau was born in Northern Alberta. It was true, the people in the settlement that Esau came from were darker than most Métis, most had curly or wavy hair, and some had facial features of the Negroid.

Where did Doctor Redpath come by his many so-called facts of history? People spoke about the original manuscripts and journals he owned which were written by people who lived a long time before Canada, or the United States of America, came into existence. Doctor Redpath would say, "Popular history is mostly untrue. The victors have the monopoly in writing it and the winner always gets to tell the story. The loser's story is lost with the passage of time."

Besides these documents, Doctor Redpath had a library of personal journals of various people. He had one journal, which dated back before the coming of Christ, written in ancient Greek, "In Homer's Odyssey, the star sightings would take one from Greece to Newfoundland via Normandy, Brittany, Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, and Greenland. I do not believe the sailors and slaves on the Greek ships did not leave a few children behind in Newfoundland, or elsewhere in the Americas. In fact, there are indications, natives sailed back to Greece on the ships. Ships from every one of these places frequented Newfoundland for well over a thousand years. Christopher Columbus was a cabin boy on a ship when it sailed to Newfoundland in 1480. That was twelve years before his famous adventure in 1492. After 1492, Columbus was a marked man. The coterie that ran a profitable trading and smuggling business along the east coast of North America put a price on his head. He had to keep well south to avoid encountering any

ships from Europe."

Whenever the doctor went into one of his lengthy tales, Matt would always throw one of the doctor's frequent sayings into the doctor's face, "There is no such thing as reality, only one's perception of reality and there is no such thing as history, only how one interprets historical events." Whenever Matt did this, the doctor would often grunt, turn and walk away.

Matt, so as not to raise suspicions that he knew anything about Gina, would need to make his inquiries very general. He stepped into Uncle's, which was a small store in the front room of a middle-aged man's house. Here one could buy a few of the basic food items. Most people in the Rooster Town shopped here because Uncle gave credit. When Matt walked in, a small bell attached to the door frame rang out to announce Matt's entrance. A man walked through the curtain which separated the little store from the rest of the house. This man, simply known as *Fatty*, was well overweight, with a huge loose belly hanging over, and hiding, his belt buckle. He wore a soiled undershirt with baggy black plants, along with loose fitting and well-worn moccasins on his feet.

"Good day Monsieur. What can we do for you?"

"Players if you please," answered Matt while pulling out a handful of change from his pocket.

Fatty reached behind, pulled out a blue and white package of cigarettes, and laid it on the counter that separated the two men.

"Will there be anything else?" Matt shook his head. "Thirty-five cents Monsieur." Matt handed the man three dimes and a nickel.

As he was picking up his cigarettes, Matt questioned, "Do you know which house Omer Champagne lives in?"

"Bien sur Monsieur, exactly one block north you will find an ouse with a purple door. That is the home of Omer."

"Does he live by himself, Omer?"

"That, Monsieur, is not my business."

"Merci, Monsieur," replied Matt as he opened and walked out of the door.

"This man does not like to chat," thought Matt as he strolled up the pathway. Maybe he would have better luck with Omer. He knocked politely on the purple door. As the door opened, he could see the outline of a middle-aged woman standing in the dim yellow light of a kerosene lantern.

"Yes. Can I help you?"

"Maybe. My name is Mathew Richard. I am a friend of Omer Champagne. Is this his residence?"

"Yes, Omer lives here, but he is not at home."

"Will he be home this evening?"

"Peut être? He may be. It would be very late though."

Matt tipped his hat, "Thank-you, could you tell him I called. Again, my name is Mathew Richard. Thank-you," and he added, "But you're not Madame Champagne?"

"No, I am Monsieur Omer's sister-in-law. I will be certain to tell Monsieur Champagne you called." As she said this, she started to close the door. However, Matt held the door open with one hand and asked, "Are you Madame Petite from Sainte Madelaine?"

The woman looked Matt straight into his eyes while showing no emotion. She said nothing.

There was a long silence. Finally, Matt took a chance, "I may have news about your daughter."

Before answering, the woman remained silent for a few seconds, "What daughter do you speak about?"

"Jean Eva," he paused, and then added, "Gina."

As she pushed the door against Mathew's hand, she firmly stated, "My daughter is dead, monsieur."

Matt held the door open with his foot, "No Madame, she is alive, and I am bringing you news of her."

The woman slumped forward. She continued to hold onto the door to keep from falling. Matt lunged forward. He scooped the woman up in his arms. Being of slight build, like Gina, he easily carried her to the couch, where he laid her down. He went to the kitchen and got a dipper full of water from the open crock sitting on the counter. He pulled the woman's head forward and tried to get her to take some water. She took a couple of sips, but she began to choke. After a coughing spell, the woman gained her composure. She looked up a Matt, "We were told our Gina had died. We have not seen nor heard from her in two years. Where is she? Tell me your story."

"I can assure you, she is safe and in good health, as well as good spirits. I can arrange for you to see her."

"What happened? No one would tell me what happened. Where has she been?"

"I don't know the whole story, but I can make arrangements for you to see someone who will fill you in on all of the details."

"When may I see her?"

"Tomorrow, where will you be?"

"I am staying here with Omer and my sister. The police watch the house. My husband is a fugitive. The police are waiting for me to lead them to him."

"Where is your husband?" As soon as he asked this question, Matt knew he had made a mistake. She will think he is working for the police, and he is using the tale about her daughter as a ruse to trap her into revealing her husband's whereabouts. He immediately held up his hand to quiet her, "Never mind, I don't have to know." He then rose from the floor where he was kneeling. He began to pace while rubbing his hands in a demonstration of his nervousness. Finally, he spoke, "We have a bit of a problem. Your daughter has run away from a residential school. We would like to prevent the authorities from taking her back. I can assure you, and your daughter can verify the fact, that residential school is not a pleasant place." Matt was unsure how he should proceed. He wanted Doctor Redpath to talk to Madame Petite. He felt he would not be a suspect if he came to attend to a sick woman. However, how could he arrange a meeting between her and her daughter without exposing Gina to the police?

"I have spoken to Timothy Grant. He told me much of the story. The authorities took Gina because you have no visible means of support for yourself or for Gina. As far as I can see, you still do not have a visible means of support. Added to this, is the fact your husband is a fugitive. Gina will certainly be returned to the school if she is discovered."

"This is too much for me to handle. I am going out of mind."

Matt again knelt before the couch and putting his hand on the distressed woman's shoulder, he tried to reassure her, "Listen to me carefully. It is very, very important that you listen to me."

Madame Petite opened her eyes and looked at Matt in a questioning way.

Matt continued, "You must say nothing to Omer about your daughter. We feel we may not be able to trust Omer. Just tell him that I came by and that for some strange reason you fainted. Tell him I volunteered to bring a doctor to see you."

Matt thought for a minute, "Better still; tell Omer that tomorrow I will come by to take you to see the doctor. I will make the necessary arrangements for you to see him in his office." Matt then leaned in closer, "I am sticking my neck way out by doing this. I hope that we can trust your discretion in keeping this all a secret." Then he added, "For your daughter's sake, we must all be very cautious. Will you be alright until tomorrow?"

Madame Petite nodded.

Matt opened the door, turned, and looked at a very tired looking woman. She was like a helpless, sacrificial animal gazing back at him. Matt then added in a very soft and compassionate voice, "If anyone asks, I am a cousin come to visit. I will be back tomorrow at about ten in the morning. Remember say as little as possible."

Cassius Returns

At four in the morning, Bernice, still in her nightdress, called Doctor Redpath from his bed. She looked extremely agitated, but she spoke calmly, "It's Cassius. He's hurt. We have him in the lower sitting room. Please come."

The doctor was used to receiving calls in the early hours of the morning. Without even thinking, he quickly rose from his bed and slipped on a pair of pants and slippers. He grabbed his black leather bag which always sat on his chest of drawers and followed Bernice to the sitting room.

Cassius was lying, face up, on the settee. His face was dripping with perspiration. He had his eyes closed. He gasped for breath. The doctor quickly looked him over. His clothes were tattered and dirty and he had, what appeared to be, an old, formerly white towel knotted around his right thigh as a makeshift tourniquet.

The doctor automatically jumped into action. He turned to Bernice, "Get Esau, and have Cassius moved to the infirmary."

By the time Nurse Rebel arrived, the operation was over. She found the doctor flopped back in an armchair. A cold and untouched cup of tea sat on the small end table next to him. He had his eyes closed. Without checking to see if the doctor might be sleeping, she started right in on him, "Why did you not call me? He could be dead, and I wouldn't know."

The doctor slowly opened his eyes, "He's fine, Bernice helped me," and he added, "Good girl

that one." He looked straight at Nurse who was glaring at him, "Nurse, you are tired. You do enough around here. You need your rest." There was a long silence, in which the two seemed to be having a contest to see who could out stare the other. The doctor was the first to concede. He looked down as he pulled himself out of the chair, "Besides, the young need to learn. One day Bernice will be taking over from you."

The nurse clearly took this as a slight, "I have many good years left in me yet, Doctor."

The doctor barely turned to walk away when Nurse caught up to him. She laid her hand on his shoulder, "I'm sorry Doctor, I'm forgetting myself. May I inquire as to the patient's condition?"

It was all business now. The doctor slowly turned, "Yes, Nurse Rebel." He smiled, ever so slightly, "The patient had a forty-five-calibre slug in his right thigh. The wound was dirty, and infection had already begun to set in. The patient had lost a lot of blood. We removed the bullet and cleaned the wound as best as we could, and we applied a clean dressing. The slug had struck the femur. Luckily, it came from a distance, so it was travelling relatively slow when it struck the leg, and the bone was only slightly marked and bruised. However," he added, "a bruised bone is sometimes worse than a broken one. He needs plenty of fluids and we must monitor him day and night. Esau will have him moved to the compound. It is too dangerous to have him in the infirmary. He'll be staying in the centre lower bedroom."

"Thank-you Doctor, I'll attend to everything." Nurse then added, "I'll speak to Cook; the patient will need fresh chicken soup when he wakes up. He will not be able to take anything else for a while. I will relieve Bernice. She must be tired." Nurse turned and marched straight out with her freshly starched and ironed white tunic swishing with each step.

The Reunion

Doctor Redpath looked up at the clock. It was seven-thirty. He had no time to waste. He was to see Madame Petite at ten o'clock in his office. He caught Bernice as she was leaving Cassius's room, "Bernice, could I ask a favour of you?"

Bernice nodded, "Of course you may."

"Sit down please," and the doctor motioned for her to sit in an adjacent chair, "I had a visit from Matt last evening. He has found Madame Petite."

Bernice almost leaped from the chair with excitement, "This is wonderful."

"Yes, it is exciting news. I am planning to bring her to the house this morning to see Gina." Bernice started clapping her hands together while she bounced with excitement. The doctor held one hand up to her, "Now listen carefully Bernice. Please do not overexcite Gina. She is obviously still in shock. I want you to have a quiet breakfast with her. Do you understand?" Bernice nodded in the affirmative and the doctor continued, "After you have eaten, and you are relaxing with your cup of tea, you will mention to Gina that her mother is in Winnipeg. However, do it in a very casual way. Tell her I will bring her here." The doctor then added, "Tell her I will be coming here this morning to speak to her." Doctor Redpath paused and then he continued with an explanation, "If I thought it was for the best, I would break the news to her myself, but I can clearly see she is not over her shock, and talking to a strange man may be too stressful for her."

Bernice knew the doctor was putting a lot of faith and trust in her. She would not disappoint him. She suddenly felt very grown-up. She smiled and looked into Doctor Redpath's eyes, "Don't worry, I know what to do. I will wash myself and prepare for breakfast. Gina should be up very shortly." She briskly walked from the room. To the doctor, somehow, Bernice looked taller, and he noticed how she held her head high, but not in a snobbish way. She reminded him of Nurse Rebel twenty or so years ago. The doctor smiled and he left for a hot shower and shave.

Doctor Redpath arrived at his office precisely at ten. As he walked into the waiting room, he furtively surveyed the waiting patients. There was Matt sitting with a woman in her thirties, but Doctor Redpath noticed there was a man, who did not look familiar, sitting in the corner chair. This man was not one of his patients. Doctor Redpath walked through the door to his private office. Nurse Dobson followed him and quietly shut the door, "Good morning doctor."

"Good morning, Nurse, who do we have this morning?"

Nurse Dobson laid the clipboard with the list of patients on the doctor's desk. The doctor, surveying the list, stated, "We will clear up these first," and, pondering histrionically, "Who is this Mister Peters?"

"I don't know. He has never been here before. He is complaining of a sore throat. Should we see him first?"

"No, clear up the list which I checked, and then send this Mister Peters in. I will see the lady sitting with Matt last."

When the nurse called Mister Peters to go into the office he politely suggested, while pointing to Madame Petite, the woman could go ahead of him. He was in no rush. Madame Petite started to rise from her seat, but Nurse Dobson stopped her, "No, that will not do. This gentleman is to see the doctor next." Mister Peters hesitated but reluctantly conceded. He followed the nurse into the doctor's office.

The doctor did not look up as Mister Peters walked in. Mister Peters stood in silence in front of the desk. Finally, the doctor looked up, "What seems to be your complaint?"

"I've had a sore throat for the last few days. I'm concerned that it may turn into something."

The doctor pulled a tongue depressor from a container and stood over the man, who held his mouth wide open. As Doctor Redpath peered into the man's mouth, he said nothing. He then sat back down behind his desk, "It's nothing to be concerned about. Gargle with a bit of salt and water morning and night. It should be okay in a few days." The doctor now looked directly at the man. He was around thirty-five, tall, slim, and clean cut. Doctor Redpath thought he looked very much like a cop. The doctor now looked serious, "Has anyone ever looked at that mole above your left eye?"

Mister Peters (If that was his real name.) looked a little concerned, "No, is there a problem?"

"Possibly not, but I think it should be checked. I could refer you to a dermatologist." Doctor Redpath could see Mister Peters was a bit puzzled, so he added, "A skin specialist should look at it. It may be nothing, but it has the appearance of a pre-cancerous growth."

Mister Peters now had a worried look on his face. Obviously, he did not know how to answer.

As he stood up the doctor said, "I know this may be a bit of a shock. This is probably nothing serious, but I suggest you think about it, and if you want a referral, please see my nurse. She will

arrange it."

Mister Peters mumbled something as he got up. As he walked through the door, which the doctor held open for him, he noticed that, besides Nurse Dobson, the waiting room was empty. He looked over at the door to the right, marked examination room. He hesitated as he looked at this door. However, he turned and left.

Doctor Redpath closed the door behind Mister Peters. He went to the back of his desk and into the back door, which led to the examination room. Matt was sitting in the room with Madame Petite. He walked directly to the very worried and distraught looking woman, "Madame Petite, I am Doctor Redpath, thank-you for waiting." Seeing the anxious look on her face, the doctor added, "Let us go directly to your daughter, we may talk later."

The doctor then led the way into a small room which housed a sink, toilet and counter with cupboards above and below it. He opened a small door at the back of the room, which revealed a narrow spiral stairway leading down. As the doctor stepped on to the stair landing, he looked at the woman and in almost a whisper he added, "It will be okay, we'll soon be stepping up into the sunlight where your daughter is waiting. You understand why it is necessary for such precautions?"

Thinking of her fugitive husband, Madame Petite nodded, and they proceeded. The stairway led to an underground passageway which was perhaps three feet wide and six and half feet high. A few dim, naked light bulbs lighted the way. When they reached the far end, they came to another stairway which led into a larder which was behind the kitchen in the house which sits in the middle of the compound.

As they entered the plaza, Madame Petite immediately saw and recognised her daughter. She ran to her. It was a very emotional reunion. No one said anything while they hugged, kissed, and cried in each other's arms.

Doctor Redpath walked in on Nurse Rebel, who was sitting by the bedside where Cassius was sleeping peacefully. He lifted the sheet and looked at the leg. He felt the toes, squeezing them a bit, while examining them intently, "He seems to be doing fine. The infection is easing. However, he has lost some blood. He needs plenty of rest. We'll keep him sedated for a while longer."

He then turned to the nurse, "Gina's mother is here. Perhaps the best thing would be to have her stay a while within the compound. The police are looking for her husband, and they are closely watching her. Taking her in and out of the compound may be too much of a risk."

"I understand Doctor. I'll see that a bed is made up for her," and she went on in a different vain, "Cassius had a bad night. He seemed to be having nightmares. However, he has been sleeping soundly since nine-thirty this morning."

The doctor checked his watch. It was now eleven-thirty. He thought he would have some lunch and then go to the infirmary.

Doctor Redpath joined Bernice, Gina, and Madame Petite on the plaza, "We'll have lunch out here," he suggested. The three quietly smiled at the doctor and Madame Petite answered, "Yes, thank-you, that is very kind of you."

The Decision

Lunch was a quiet affair with much small talk. It would take a while before serious talk, and tales of the stressful events over the past few years, would come to the surface. Gina and her mother would have plenty of time for intimate conversations.

After lunch, Bernice and Gina got up and went for a stroll over the paved pathways in the enclosure. The doctor and the mother silently looked at each other in a contented way, as if saying, "Everything is fine with the world." The mother reached over and touched the back of the doctor's hand, "I cannot begin to tell you how happy I am. I cannot begin to tell you how grateful I am to you and your friends."

The doctor smiled in return, "You may show your gratefulness by being my guest here for the next while." Madame Petite slowly began to pull her hand away as she started to lean back in her chair. The doctor flipped his hand and held on to the mother's fingers. He then continued, "Your daughter has had a great shock. She needs to have rest," he stressed this next point, "and she needs you."

They looked at each other for a moment before Madame Petite answered, "I have prayed for my daughter's safe return. I must go to mass and give thanks. I must tell Omer and my sister that we are all right. They will be worrying. I must find my husband. I cannot do these things while I am locked up in here."

"Neither you, nor your daughter, are locked up in here. You are free to go anytime you wish. Within this compound, we try to keep outsiders out, but anyone in the compound is free to leave. People living here may go whenever they so choose. However, as you must realise, we are very careful about who we allow into our sanctuary." The doctor tried to be very calm, "Please think of your daughter. The police could take her back to the school, if they knew her whereabouts. She has not told us the story, but she has run away. There must have been reasons. Let us wait for a few days before we do anything. It will give us a little time to think."

"I must go to Father Donnelly. He was searching for Gina. He told us that she was dead. I'll have to tell him she has been found, and she is alive."

"How long ago did you talk to Father Donnelly about Gina?"

"It was about five or six months ago. It was as soon as we arrived in Winnipeg. We did not know where Gina was, and I felt Father Donnelly could help to find her. He told us Gina had died while at school. Daily, I have been attending mass, ever since we came to Winnipeg. My prayers have now been answered."

"Madame Petite, I can easily see you have a strong faith, but I implore you, do not put your faith in Father Donnelly. I am positive Father Donnelly knew all along that Gina has run away, and she did not die. They have chosen not to tell you."

Madame Petite looked at the doctor with a look of disbelieve, shock, and possibly disgust, "Why would they do that?"

"The school that Gina was living in is part of the same organisation as the church that you have been attending. A priest here should be able to easily find out what has happened to one of the students at the school."

The doctor could see the look of disbelief on her face. Being fed up with arguing, and with putting up with stupid ignorance; he spontaneously added shock to his argument, “Father Donnelly is a wolf in a priest’s frock. He’s a liar, and a cheat, and not to be trusted, especially around your daughter.”

A flame came to the woman’s eyes and a flush to her cheeks that showed anger because someone was touching a sore spot, “What do you mean, he’s a wolf? He is a priest, a respected member of this community. I can clearly see; you are not a Catholic. You are anti-Christ.”

The doctor calmly continued, “You ask how I know he is a wolf. Let me explain.” The doctor took a deep breath and went on, “Every few years, the church transfers this priest. In his last parish, this priest has impregnated three girls that we know about. How many more he molested, we may only guess. The church has threatened the parents of these girls with excommunication if they complain to the authorities. Now, I want you to listen to me. If this priest honestly believed in what he preaches, that there is a heaven, and a hell, and that he will spend an eternity in hell for his deeds; do you honestly believe, if he believed what he preaches, he would continue to act as he does?”

She looked at the doctor and with a very innocent look on her face, she answered his question, “He will confess and receive absolution.”

Doctor Redpath threw his hands up and walked away in exacerbation. However, before he could get to the door he turned around and walked back to Madame Petite. She was sitting calmly staring at her folded hands, resting on her lap, “Madame Petite,” she looked up, “Matt will take you to mass whenever you desire. If you choose to leave altogether, Matt will take you back to your sister’s place. However, I ask only one thing, that you tell no one about this place. In addition, if you choose to take your daughter, she will be in danger. She will be taken back to the place she ran away from.”

Madame Petite had a very uncertain look on her face. The doctor wondered what her thoughts were, “I have an idea Madame Petite.” She looked at him in wonderment. The doctor continued, “If you can live outside of this compound, you could have all the freedom you want. Gina could remain in the compound, and I could arrange for you to visit as often as you wish.”

Madame Petite went to say something but hesitated. She bit her bottom lip and then decided to speak, “What would I have to do?”

“Just give me two days. I will make the necessary arrangements.”

Madame Petite sat with her head down as she kept staring at her folded hands before she answered, “Maybe you’re right. I agree to wait the two days. However, I must send word to my sister that I am alright, and that Gina has been found.”

The doctor held his hand up, “Give me two days before anything is done.”

“But my sister will worry.”

“All will be made up. We must wait. Believe me; it is too dangerous just now.”

Madame Petite remained quiet. It was evident she was not happy with the doctor’s suggestions, but she decided to trust the doctor. She asked herself, “What other choice do I have?”

The doctor became more serious, “Tell me.” He waited to receive her full attention before continuing, “Tell me about your husband. Maybe we could help.”

Madame Petite then related the following. Her husband returned to Sainte Madelaine about two weeks after the settlement was burned. She and her mother, Gina's grandmother, were living on the Cree reservation. Her husband came back, and they left for Winnipeg to live with her sister and husband Omer. Everything was fine when they first arrived in Rooster Town. His anger seemed to have subsided. However, he went to the authorities to find out the whereabouts of Gina. He could get no answers. He became frustrated and assaulted a civil servant. The police were now looking for him.

"Where is he now?"

Madame Petite turned to him, "I don't know. I expect he went to Ontario, to the bush. He could always find work there."

"Madame, I have an idea. If you wrote a note to your sister, I could have this note hand delivered. You could tell her not to worry. Explain you are staying with friends, and you will contact her in a few days. She will probably think you are with your husband and are trying to avoid the police."

"Yes, I can do that."

"Remember; please say nothing about your daughter until we can figure out how to prevent her from being returned to residential school." He squeezed Madame Petite's hand and went on, "Your daughter will have a lot to tell you. It will do you both some good when she does."

Cassius Awakes

The next morning, when Doctor Redpath stepped into Cassius's room, Nurse Rebel was feeding Cassius broth from an invalid's cup. A broad smile broke out on Cassius's face, "Good-day Doctor."

The doctor smiled at Cassius, "I can see there isn't much wrong with you today. How does the leg feel?"

"Good, the swelling has gone down, and it isn't quite as stiff. I plan on doing a jig after lunch."

All three laughed at this joviality, and the doctor quite seriously stated, "You shall have solid food for your next meal then." The doctor sat down as he waited for Cassius to finish his soup.

After Nurse Rebel left with the tray, the doctor reached for Cassius's hand. He squeezed it tightly, "It's good to see you back. I was a bit worried you know." They both smiled. The doctor then got down to business. As he rose from his chair, he stated, "Are you well enough to talk?" Cassius nodded and the doctor asked, "Tell me all about your trip."

Cassius related the following as he looked straight into Doctor Redpath's eyes, "Are you certain nobody knows that there are chapters of our organisation in Canada?"

The doctor hesitated before answering, "We can never be fully certain. To prevent any reprisals or persecution, we have done our best to keep our Canadian chapters secret, and I believe, so far, we have been able to do this. However, I sometimes wonder if we have been fully successful. Certain characters who frequent our hardware store make me suspicious."

From Winnipeg, Cassias had gone straight to a member's house in Montgomery, Alabama, where he received his orders. In the centre of Montgomery was a small open area with benches,

wrought iron railings, and large shade trees. Flowers bordered the paved walkways. People would bring small picnic lunches and lazily eat under a shade of a tree or in the full sun during the cool days of spring, before the heat of summer set in. There was a large white porcelain drinking fountain under one of the shade trees where thirsty people could quench their thirst. Built into one side of the fountain was a set of short steps so small children could climb up and have a drink. A three-foot shiny black iron fence, with just one entrance, surrounding the park. This gateway consisted of an elaborate portico made from the same black iron. On the portico hung a large sign, *This Area is Reserved for Whites Only.*

It was Cassius's mission to walk into this little park, take a seat on one of the benches, and when he had the attention of a few dozen people; he would casually walk over to the fountain, and, looking as nonplussed as he could, take a drink of water. For this event, Cassius was dressed in an expensive, celery coloured suit with a white, neatly pressed, shirt, and a silk necktie.

As Cassius stopped in front of the sign at the entrance, he felt something was wrong. He could see a chubby little white man behind a tree. As Cassius entered the park, out of the corner of his eye, Cassius could see this man pull a gun out from under his suit coat. Cassius realised, somehow, someone knew about this planned event. Cassius turned and walked casually out of the park towards a busy storefront area across the street from the park. He thought he could disappear into the crowd. They would not risk firing a shot into a crowded area. Kitty corner, and further down the street from him, two men started to run towards him. Cassius had no choice but to take to his heels. As he started to run, he felt something strike him in the thigh. It did not immediately hurt. However, Cassius knew it was a bullet. He just kept running despite his hurt leg.

His orders were to take the second alley from the park. At the end of this alley, he was to find a man who would give him directions to a safe house. His gut feeling was to ignore this advice. He followed his intuition and cut through a crowded store. On the second floor of the store, he found an open window. Looking out of the window, he could see a wooden shed directly below. He slid through the window and onto the shed. From the shed he jumped to the ground and made his way through a labyrinth of paths that led through alleys and narrow walkways between buildings, and finally to the edge of a hobo jungle by the railway yards. He crawled under a large bush at the edge of a dirt lane and hid himself. It was evident, someone had taken shelter in this spot on a previous occasion; There were various pieces of cardboard and rags strewn about. Shoved into the centre of the bush was a soiled poplin raincoat which someone had rolled up to use as a pillow. Cassius put his head on this makeshift cushion and tried to regain his composure.

He was sweating profusely from exertion, as well as excitement. He could now feel his leg. It was sore and getting stiff. "Luckily, it didn't shatter a bone," he thought to himself. He pulled his slacks down and twisted his leg to reveal the wound. It was bleeding but not too badly. He pulled out a clean white handkerchief which he had in his pocket. He folded the handkerchief several times and placed it over the wound. He then pulled off his necktie, which he wrapped around his thigh to hold the handkerchief in place. He tied the necktie tight but not too tight to cut off all circulation. He pulled his pants back up. He thought, if he did not move too much, it would not bleed badly.

With his head resting on the old raincoat, Cassius closed his eyes and thought about his options. He would be safe in Louisiana but how could he get across the Mississippi? If he tried to take a freight train, likely, they would apprehend him. He was certain they would be watching for him.

However, he was positive they would not expect him to take a train south. Maybe he should chance that.

As his reverie continued, without realising it, Cassius fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke, the sun was low in the sky. He could hear the faint sound of a siren, and there were people talking. He tried to sit up and immediately remembered his leg. It seemed stiff enough to be dead. He felt the thigh. It was not wet. There was no fresh blood. However, to prevent his leg from getting stiffer, he would need to move.

As he rolled onto his side, he recalled a market garden on the edge of the city, which the hoboes frequented. There was an unwritten rule, if one did not damage anything, and if you just took for your immediate needs, you could help yourself. The garden backed onto the river, and along the river there was a heavy growth of trees and bushes. It was a perfect place to hide for a few weeks, until things cooled off.

Cassius raised himself up to survey the situation. He unfolded the soiled raincoat. It was stale, smelling of urine and who knows what else. He checked the pockets. One pocket had an old dirty baseball cap stuffed into it. Cassius pulled off his clean and shiny shoes and scuffed them up as much as he could in the dirt and gravel. He rubbed dirt on the lower part of his trousers and on his hands, face and hair. He then he put on the soiled cap as well as the raincoat. The sleeves were short, but the coat itself was too big. “It must have been some short fat man who wore this,” he thought to himself. It was dark now, so he felt somewhat safe. He crawled from under the bush and stiffly stood up and stretched. He bent over and thought, “If I hobble like an old man no one will notice my stiff leg.” He pulled the coat collar up to hide his face, bent his head down, and proceeded to shuffle up the street. He looked and smelled like an old *rubby-dub*. To add to the enactment, he swayed a little and faked a slight tremor in the arms.

It took several hours, but by keeping to the side streets, and back alleys, he made his way to a country lane on the outskirts of town. By this time, it was quite dark, so walking on the rutted road proved difficult, especially with his stiff leg. He could hear the hiss of steam on the other side of some bushes. He pushed his way into the bushes, and in the moonlight; he could see a water tower. An engine was taking water. As he proceeded to the far edge of the bush, Cassius looked at the engine and then down the line of rail cars. He could see the engine was pulling a long train. He crossed back over to the road and backtracked to where he thought the middle of the train was. He then pushed back through the bushes and peered along the train. There were a few boxcars and flatcars close to where he stood. One boxcar had an open door.

Cassius cautiously looked up and down the length of the train. The moon was in its first quarter and was therefore not overly bright, and the trees along the road shaded this side of the train. Cassius made his way to the open boxcar. With difficulty, he hopped in. In one corner, he found some loose straw where he laid his head down. His leg was sore and stiff, and it was starting to swell a bit. Because of his strenuous long walk, it was not long before he fell asleep.

Cassius woke with a start. Someone had kicked him in the ribs, “Get up nigger.” He could hear the shout from what seemed a long way off. He opened his eyes and stared at the wall which faced him. He slowly rolled over and shaded his eyes to protect them from a strong flashlight, which someone was pointing into his face. This unseen man was yelling for him to get up. Cassius slowly rolled completely over and bent his good leg so that the knee pointed straight up as if he was about to stand. His bad leg was stiff and lay straight out in front of him. Whoever held the light walked around by Cassius’s foot, but he kept the light pointing straight into

Cassius's eyes. Suddenly, the train lurched forward as it started to pull out. This motion caused the torchbearer to lose his balance, and he spread his legs wide while holding his knees bent to prevent himself from falling as the car rocked and started to pick up speed. Cassius could see the shadow of the man's crotch as he shaded his eyes from the strong light. In a flash Cassius kicked as hard as he could. His foot went up and in between this man's legs. The flashlight flew up and there was the sound of a gun. Cassius could feel a tickle on his ear as the bullet whizzed past his head. The antagonist landed on top of Cassius who managed to grab his assailant's two wrists, one in each hand. The gun went off again, but the bullet flew way past Cassius's head. Holding the wrist of the hand bearing the gun Cassius let go of the other wrist and ploughed his fist into the man's jaw, knocking him out cold.

Cassius rolled the prostrate man off him. He tried to stand up, but his bad leg felt like it was asleep. Holding onto the wall of the car, he finally managed to stand up. He shook his injured leg to try to get some circulation. He bent down and picked up the pistol, which he shoved into his pants at the belt line. He then picked up the flashlight which still worked, having fallen onto the soft straw. Cassius switched off the light and put it in his pocket as he walked to the door which was open only a few inches. "I guess he wanted to prevent me from escaping," thought Cassius. Cassius slid the door wide open and looked out. He looked at the moon. Cassius spoke aloud, "It looks like we're moving north." The train was picking up speed quickly. It was doing about fifty miles-per-hour and still accelerating.

Cassius stood in the doorway, with hands gripping each side of the doorframe, to keep from falling out. "With this bum leg," he thought, "I'll need to wait until the train has completely stopped before I can get off." He kept his weight on his good leg as he swayed with the movement of the train. The cool fresh air felt good. He felt tired but the breeze felt so refreshing that he thought he could stand gripping onto the sides of the open door all night, while balancing on just one leg.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught a movement. His antagonist was waking up. Cassius turned his head towards the front of the train so he could more closely watch the man, without further turning his head. He did this by straining his eyes as far to the left as possible. With the noise of the train, and the wind, Cassius could not hear any sound coming from his attacker. He watched intently as the man sat up and then as he stood up. The stranger shook himself off and then he looked up at Cassius. The man stood motionless for a minute or so, just staring at his victim. He then backed up as close to the wall as he could. Cassius could see he wanted to lunge at him, and to try to push him out the door. The man suddenly plunged forward. Cassius was ready for him. Just before he was to strike Cassius's back, Cassius dropped to the floor. The stranger flew out of the door, tripping over Cassius's body on the way out. The attacker's mouth was wide open, but Cassius could hear no sound, just the noise of the wind and the wheels on the tracks.

Cassius stood up and looked out of the door. He looked at the rocks flying by and thought, "At this speed he'll be a dead duck." He then looked down at the gun stuck in his pants. "If they catch me with this, I'll be a dead duck. However, I may need it." He decided to hold onto it for the time being.

Cassius stayed up all night. He was nervous and he could not relax. Because he did not want his leg to stiffen up, he continually moved it. He stood at the open door for what seemed like hours. Finally, he realised the train was pulling into a city. He believed it must be Indianapolis, and he

now felt safe. He had travelled this route through Chicago, Minneapolis and up to Winnipeg on many, many, occasions. Also, he had friends on this route. He breathed a sigh of relief. As the train started to slow down, he reached down and withdrew the revolver from his waist. He carefully wiped off any fingerprints, wrapped the pistol in a rag, and threw it into the ditch. He then looked down at his leg. He rubbed his thigh. It was even more swollen and stiff. He seemed to be losing feeling in the leg. He thought, "That slug has to come out."

Cassius took a deep breath and said to the doctor, "Well that just about winds it up. You know the rest of the story. I did not dare see a doctor in the States. One never knows whom to trust. I hoped I could last until I got to Winnipeg. I had lost some blood, but I found, if I didn't use the leg too much, the wound didn't bleed badly."

The doctor then related to Cassius all about Gina and Madame Petite.

The New Doctor

The next morning, a beautiful sunny day, Doctor Redpath walked out onto the plaza with his new partner. It was warm and there was no wind due to the twenty-foot walls. Nurse Rebel was pushing Cassius in a wheelchair to join Madame Petite, Gina, and Bernice for breakfast. Doctor Redpath noted Gina, at first seemed very uncomfortable with Cassius. However, she calmed down considerably once Bernice explained to her, this was the man who had saved her from her attackers. Gina was beginning to remember the attack and she had told Bernice, as well as her mother, what she could remember. Talking about it had a calming effect on Gina. However, she remained somewhat jumpy, and sudden noises easily startled her.

Doctor Redpath greeted the group as the two men approached, "Good morning." Everyone looked up and Gina could not hold back a slight gasp as she looked into the eyes of a strikingly handsome man standing next to Doctor Redpath. She could feel the blood rush to her cheeks, "I would like you to meet my new partner, Doctor Tyrone Heath. Cassius you met Doctor Heath last year did you not?"

Everyone, except Cassius stood up and shook hands with Doctor Heath. Cassius reached over and gave the newcomer a firm handshake, "Yes," Cassius spoke up, "we met last year." He then added, "In fact we had lunch together."

Bernice spoke up, "There's Cook's bell, let's all go over and fill our plates." Doctor Redpath smiled, and he thought to himself, all will be well.

Gina felt so very uneasy all during breakfast. She kept her head down, but somehow, she felt the new doctor was watching her. Was it her imagination? She had never felt anything like this before. She imagined herself lifting her head and joining in the conversation. However, she could feel a lump in her throat, and she was certain, if she tried to talk, she might croak like a frog. What was the matter with her? She furtively raised her head a bit and snuck a glance at Doctor Redpath's new partner. He was terribly good looking, with deep blue eyes which reminded her of precious gems. Tall, dark, and handsome, would describe him perfectly. In addition, look at those hands. He must be a surgeon with such long and slender, but strong, looking fingers. She felt an urge to reach over and touch the back of his hand, "How stupid." she thought.

Meanwhile the young doctor was nodding and smiling as he answered all the questions in a succinct manner. Yes, he had just recently interned in Montreal and now he has moved to

Winnipeg. Yes, he will be living in town. Yes, he is moving into a house. No, he was not married. Yes, he is looking for a housekeeper. Yes, it would be appropriate for a bachelor to have a female live in housekeeper, as there was a guesthouse on the property. He will be taking two weeks off before he starts working in the office. Somehow, all during this conversation, the young doctor could not help looking up at the young girl who sat quietly eating her breakfast. "What an angel," he thought, "dark and mysterious, but so soft and sweet. Who is she?"

It was as if Doctor Redpath could read the younger doctor's mind as he moved his hand towards Gina and said in a loud voice, "Gina is our young patient. She has had a rough experience and Nurse Rebel is making sure she rests and recuperates. Also, she is proving to be a good companion for Bernice." This was Doctor Redpath's method of stating emphatically that Nurse Rebel was in charge. It seemed to work as Nurse Rebel sat up straight and smiled without saying a word. Bernice also smiled but with her head down as she continued to cut a piece of ham. As for Gina, she knew that politeness forced her to look up directly into the deep blue eyes belonging to the young doctor whenever he spoke. Whenever she did this, she felt a flush. She managed to smile which she covered with her hand, as she tried to swallow a mouthful of food.

After breakfast, Doctor Redpath asked Madame Petite to walk with him along the plaza pathway. They strolled along making small talk. The doctor finally came to the point, "You heard Doctor Heath has moved into a house. It is a large house for a single man. He needs a housekeeper. There's a guest house on the property which has two bedrooms, a kitchen, and a large sitting room." He then stopped, and looking directly at Madame Petite as he declared, "What I am trying to say is, would you like this position as housekeeper and cook?"

"Wouldn't it be up to Doctor Heath to ask me?"

"Doctor Heath and I have discussed the matter, and he is in full agreement with my choice." Doctor Redpath failed to mention to Madame Petite that he, himself, was the owner of the house and that he was allowing the young doctor to live in it. It seemed like the older doctor had everything in full control.

"What about Gina?"

"I think it would be best if Gina stayed here for a few days. After you have settled into your new house you may come for Gina."

"Will she be taken back to the school?"

"I don't think so. She is not a Status Indian. Status Indians in Canada have no rights. They are all wards of the Crown and have no say in what the Crown does to them or with them. However, legally, and theoretically, Métis have the same rights as all Canadians. There should be no problem as you have a visible means of support, and a place to live. If necessary, we will get a lawyer involved."

Madame Petite seemed satisfied with this, "I think it will be alright."

"I suggest you go back to your sister's house in Rooster Town and tell her that you ran into an old friend who had news of your husband. It turned into a false alarm. You have been staying with friends and had no choice but to send her a quick note telling her that you were all right. Wait for a few days and give some excuse for going downtown. When you return from your trip downtown, you can tell her you noticed an ad for a housekeeper, and you have applied for it. You may move in as soon as you like."

Madame Petite knew her sister and husband would have their suspicions. However, she felt she could talk her way around any questions or concerns. She told the doctor she would do as he advised.

The doctor looked intently at Madame Petite, “I ask one thing of you Madame Petite. Do not mention anything to anybody about this place. Many lives depend on your discretion.”

Madame was about to say, “Monsieur, I can’t believe it is all that serious.” However, when she noticed the look in the doctor’s eyes, she knew, Doctor Redpath considered their situation very grave. She simply nodded her head and replied, “Yes, I understand.”

Doctor Redpath broke the long silence that followed, “Why don’t you seek out Gina and explain to her, in a day or two, she will be able to join you in town. But don’t go into too much detail.”

The Story

Doctor Redpath found Bernice and Gina sitting under a Russian olive tree in animated conversation like two giddy schoolchildren. He asked, “What are your thoughts about my new doctor?”

Both girls stared at Doctor Redpath. They both blushed but remained silent. Finally, Bernice stated that he looked very young. She went on to add, “It makes one wonder whether he’s too young to be able to do a proper job of doctoring.” This broke the ice and everybody laughed in unison. The doctor then continued, “Yes, I agree he is young, but I assure you, he is quite capable. I would like to make Doctor Heath feel very welcome here. I am having a little impromptu get together after supper this evening. It will be a welcoming party for our young doctor. Would you ladies be kind enough to join us?”

The girls looked up with open mouths. They both remained silent for a short while, and then, in unison, they replied, “We would love to.” It was as if they could read each other’s mind. The doctor could not help but wonder if they weren’t already discussing the young doctor before he arrived.

Doctor Redpath normally consumed very little in the way of alcoholic beverages. He did like a glass of wine with a meal, and he liked to sip on a fine Port. Today was a special day, so he wanted to share a bottle of wine from his special reserve. He had known Tyrone Heath’s parents for many years, and he had worked with them. Besides this, he had the same beliefs and lines of thinking as they did. In short, they were warm friends of his. He now had his old friends’ son working with him. This young doctor would be a great asset to the group. Doctor Redpath was in a mood to celebrate. He was drinking a little more than he normally did. He had two glasses of red wine with dinner, and he was now sitting back in his easy chair enjoying his third glass. He took a sip of the fine wine and then he looked up at Tyrone who was looking at pictures on the mantel. Tyrone picked up one of the pictures. It was a picture of a man. By his dress, he looked like a Central American Native. He turned to Doctor Redpath, “Who is this fine-looking gentleman?”

“His name is Luke, a good friend of mine. He lives in Ecuador.”

Tyrone shook his head slowly, “It’s remarkable; he could pass for the brother of a fellow I know.”

"Well, that's not so remarkable, I'm sure that someone in this world looks like your brother."

"The remarkable thing is, this fellow is an Indian from Ecuador, and the fellow I know is a native of Southern Italy. They could not possibly be related."

"On the contrary, my good man, they could very well be related." Tyrone turned as Doctor Redpath continued, "As you are aware, I consider myself to be a bit of an expert on American history. When people in the Americas think of slavery, they automatically think of the kind of people Europeans imported from Africa. However, in the first place, Europeans in the Americas enslaved American Indians for hundreds of years before Africans were imported, and secondly, the European ships travelled in two directions. On the return voyages to Europe, ships did not travel empty. Commonly, cargoes on the return voyage were often human beings. American Indians, besides being part of the return cargo, often worked as deck hands on the ships. These Indians, upon arrival in Europe or Asia, often became companions, servants, labourers, and slaves to anyone who could afford them. Christopher Columbus, himself, returned with American Indians on board. The Indians on the east coast were exceptionally good sailors. They had no fear of heights and climbed the rigging freely. Another thing, they did not usually suffer from mal de mer. Some of these Indians became part of the regular crew, and they travelled back and forth across the Atlantic repeatedly."

The older doctor smiled. The wine had a lubricating effect on his tongue, and he continued to speak, "During the Baroque period, there was a big demand in Europe for natives from Central America. These people, as well as most Amerindians, had a natural talent for music. In fact, the Central American Indians taught Europeans all about harmony. Before American Indians influenced European music, it was simple, usually employing one instrument or possibly one instrument and one voice. The Europeans learned about the beauty of harmony from these so-called *savages.* In fact, the Central American Indians came up with what we now refer to as Baroque music. Monks and nobles passed off this plagiarized music as their own. Composers in Europe quickly learned to mimic the style of this music which the Indians were playing. If you go to Peru today, you will hear natives playing music that sounds remarkably like some well-known Baroque pieces."

When the doctor came to the end of his diatribe, the room became remarkably quiet. Doctor Redpath blushed slightly and then got up, "Well, I'm up early in the morning. I must be off. I would like to thank you all for joining me in welcoming Doctor Heath to our little group. May I walk you home Doctor."

The two doctors left together. They walked quietly for several blocks. Doctor Redpath was the one to break the silence, "I suppose you think me a bit of a fuddy-duddy?"

Tyrone immediately answered, "Not at all."

Tyrone was about to add to this statement when the older doctor continued, "The American Indian, and especially the Central American native, have always been of special interest to me. When I was a young doctor, a priceless document came into my hands. A Spaniard, when he lived in the Americas, wrote a journal that covers over seventy years. I have always had a passion for learning, and I have never enjoyed idly passing time or killing time as some people say. If I had any spare time, I would always be looking for something new to learn. One day I got the idea to learn Spanish. I wanted to read Cervantes in the original. A friend of mine, upon hearing about my new endeavour, and knowing how passionate I was about true history,

presented me with this ancient manuscript. It had been in his family for centuries. I became absorbed in the book. This is not just a daily diary, it details the author's thoughts, as well as daily events. The author muses on why things are the way that they are, and why things happen as they do. In his journal, he mentions several treatises he was writing. I went back to my friend and luckily, besides the diaries, his family had left him half a dozen volumes of other writings penned by the same man. I now have all these books."

The young doctor, who was not adding to the conversation, walked alongside his companion. After several minutes, he broke the silence, "In a public library, there is more fiction in the history section than in the fiction section. I am aware of that. I am also aware, when the Spanish conquered Central America, the Indians were more civilized than any Europeans. The natives were peaceful people. Christopher Columbus wrote they were God-like people."

When they arrived at the house Doctor Heath had moved into, the older doctor stopped and turned. He took the young doctor's right hand in both of his hands and squeezed tightly, "My dear friend, we will talk more on this subject." He then turned and walked on.

The Goodbye

Madame Petite moved into the small house situated in the back yard of Doctor Heath's home. The house was in Point Douglas, very close to the compound. One of the founders of Winnipeg built it as an advertisement for his newfound wealth. From Europe, the builders imported materials to finish the house in a very lavish style. The house sat on a half-acre lot, which gave plenty of room for a large yard along with the main house and guesthouse. This mansion was still mostly original. Most of the other mansions in the area were converted to rooming or boarding houses and their large lots were sub-divided into smaller lots where smaller houses were erected.

Madame Petite walked around to the guesthouse. The front door of the smaller house led directly into a cozy sitting room furnished with a sofa, matching love seat, and two upholstered wing chairs sitting in front of a stone fireplace. A set of French doors lead into a dining room. Through the dining room, there was an ample sized kitchen. Upstairs were two bedrooms with large dormer windows. Doctor Redpath had the whole house painted in light neutral colours, and because of the large windows; each room was bright and cheery. It was, compared to Doctor Heath's house, a small abode; Madame Petite, however, thought she would be living in the lap of luxury.

A cobbled pathway, leading from the small house to the back door of the main house, meandered around perennials and trees. From the back door, Madame Petite could walk around the cobbled walk to the front entrance door which was under a gabled portico. There were impressive grounds with numerous trees and shrubs as well as manicured lawns and flowerbeds.

Madame Petite jumped right into her new job. The main house had been vacant for nearly a year. From the furniture she removed the sheets which had been covering finely upholstered and solid wood furnishings, all in a traditional style. Although Madame Petite had seen such dwellings in Hollywood movies, she never imagined such a place could exist in real life. She felt as if she was in a wonderland. It was like Christmas for her to uncover the furnishings. She knew it would be a joy for her to dust the fine knick-knacks, and to polish the smooth wooden tables and chairs. As she was admiring one of the end tables in the library, she opened the drawer to read *Solid Cherry*. This meant nothing to her, but she thought it sounded very eloquent.

In the beginning, there was not a lot for Madame Petite to do. Doctor Heath ate most of his meals out, a man came twice a week to do the yard work, and after she cleaned and dusted the house, it remained that way.

Two days later, Gina came to move into the small house with Madame Petite. Matt brought her over. It was an easy move as she had only one small suitcase which Bernice had filled with new clothes and accessories. Matt carried this luggage up to Gina's new bedroom. He went to the dormer and opened one of the windows, "We need a little fresh air. You know the house has been vacant for a year?" Gina joined him at the window and as she was looking over the spacious yard, she could not control her excitement, "It is just beautiful here. Mother is in heaven."

As she was speaking, she noticed a car pulling up in front of the house. Two men got out and walked to the front door of the main house, "I wonder who those men are." Matt stated as he followed the men with his eyes, "I wish we could see the front door from here. They look very official, maybe they are a couple of Doctor Heath's friends. The doctor is not at home. Let's wait until they leave before we go see your mother."

They sat down on the window seat to wait. Matt looked at his watch, "It's been five minutes," and as he started getting up from his seat he continued, "Wait here, I'll go and see what's going on." Gina watched Matt as he walked down the pathway to the main house. He quietly entered the rear door and disappeared. For some reason Gina started to feel nervous. Her hands felt moist, and she wiped them with her handkerchief. As the minutes ticked by, Gina tried to reassure herself, "They are just a couple of Doctor Heath's friends," she softly said to herself, "But" she thought, "he's not home, why are they taking so long?"

Matt appeared at the back door. It was obvious he was trying not to make any noise as he exited the house and came back up the path. Gina was waiting at the bedroom door for him when he entered the room. Matt put his finger to his lips, "Shhh, say nothing. We must go. I'll explain on the way."

They made their way to the Palace Hotel. Except to tell Gina to keep quiet, Matt said nothing. Matt looked up and down the street and then led Gina along the pathway between the hotel and the Bijou Theatre. In the alleyway, they entered the kitchen door to the hotel, and then they went through a small door to a staircase. After descending and taking many twists and turns, they went up another set of stairs and through another door which led to the plaza in the compound.

Gina stopped, and grabbing Matt's hand, she pulled him to herself, "What's going on?"

Matt looked directly at Gina, "Those men were asking your mother about you. They know you're in town and they wanted to know where you are."

Gina was puzzled, "Nobody knows I'm here. We've been careful about that."

Matt pulled her towards himself, "Let's sit down." They sat with Matt looking at Gina and Gina looking down at her hands, which she held folded in her lap. Matt went on, "There's one more thing." Gina looked up in a questioning way and Matt continued, "On the day you disappeared from the school, another girl also disappeared. They think you had something to do with her disappearance."

"Who is this girl?"

"I don't know. I missed a lot of the conversation. We will see your mother tonight. She should be

able to tell us what is going on. In the meantime, I think it may be better if you stay in hiding."

Later, when they were all sitting in the front room of the house in the compound, Madame Petite questioned, "The only person I talked to about Gina's return was Father Donnelly. I did not even tell my sister or brother-in-law. How did they know Gina is here?"

Doctor Redpath stood up, "Let's review the facts. Apparently, on the night that Gina disappeared, another little girl, a twelve-year-old girl named Sophie, also vanished. The authorities don't believe this is a coincidence. The strange thing, none of Sophie's clothing was missing. Either she changed clothing, or she left naked."

Gina spoke right up, "I remember something. I escaped by hiding in Reverend Dodgson's car. He came to see Father Metallier. I was feeding scraps to the pigs when Reverend Dodgson pulled up in his car. He left the car, and he went into the laundry house. When he went in, he had something in his hands. It was a bulging white cloth sack. When he came out, he had an obviously empty sack."

Matt asked, "Who's this Reverend Dodgson?"

Gina answered, "He's a preacher in town, but he comes to the school regularly. One-one-six said her brother told her he was at a meeting with Father Metallier and other men."

Matt questioned, "What meeting was that?"

Gina related how One-one-six's brother went to town with Father Metallier, where he had an ice cream cone. They then went to what they referred to as the lodge with six other men. Doctor Slie was one of these men. He gave her brother something he called *two why lye* and that is all that he remembers until the next morning when he woke up in his bed."

Doctor Heath asked, "What did you say that the doctor gave her brother?"

"He said it sounded like *two why lye* which means something in his dialect, that's how he remembers it. I don't know what it means in English."

Doctor Heath looked at Doctor Redpath, "Twilight, the twilight drug, it would be easy for a doctor to obtain it." He then asked Gina, "Did One-one-six's brother remember anything? Was he alright when he came back to the school?"

"No, he spent the day in bed with a sore and bloody behind. The sisters let him remain in bed."

Doctor Redpath nodded as he rose and walked to the fireplace. He turned and faced the group, "Madame Petite," he stated as he turned towards Gina, "I think it would be best if Gina went away for a while. I will make the necessary arrangements."

Madame Petite protested, but Doctor Redpath would not listen to her, "Let's discuss this tomorrow. It needs to be thought about; would you not agree Doctor Heath?" Doctor Heath nodded yes.

The next day Doctor Redpath talked to Madame Petite, who could not believe her ears when he told her about sex rings with young children as victims, "If Cassius had not interfered when your daughter was attacked, and those men were caught in the act, I can assure you nothing would have happened to them. To the authorities your daughter is a *squaw*. White society may use her and abuse her as it pleases without any worries about prosecution. Cassius was too late for Bernice. Drunken men had their way with her. I can tell you that nothing has happened to those

men. Bernice though, is very fragile. That is why we are careful to keep her protected."

Doctor Redpath then added, "I suggest you have a word with Bernice. If you approach her in a calm manner, I am certain, she will verify what I am relating to you."

There was a long pause before the doctor went on, "Gina would be blamed for the disappearance of this young girl if she came out to talk to these men. They would try to convict her for something she did not do. I am certain they would take Gina away, and I can assure you that none of us would ever see her again. If one tries to fight this cabal, one will lose. It is too big. It is too powerful."

Doctor Redpath now made an announcement, "Madame, your daughter, along with Bernice will be leaving the province and perhaps the country. I have friends who will look after her. If I can make the proper arrangements, the two of them will be attending a private school. The schools I am referring to not only teach the basic subjects, such as reading, writing, and science, but they also teach the art of living. Her confidence will soar as she becomes more sophisticated."

Madame Petite was still unsure, but she was too fatigued and confused to argue. Deep down inside she had a feeling, if her daughter ever left, she somehow would return too educated and worldly to have anything to do with her own mother. She felt she would lose her. However, what choice did she have? She would lose her to one school or the other. It was as if Doctor Redpath could read her mind as he spoke, "Think what is best for Gina." In the end, Madame Petite agreed the girls would go. However, Doctor Redpath conceded to have the girls back home for Christmas.

Madame allowed Doctor Redpath to break the news to Gina. After some small talk, the doctor began, "I want to talk to you about going to a private school with Bernice. Has Bernice told you I am planning for her to attend a school outside of Montreal, or possibly outside of the country?" Gina nodded and the doctor went on, "I would like to make arrangements for the two you to attend a school together, if your mother approves."

Gina was silent for a minute. She had to think, "Bernice has told me so much about this. I cannot believe you are asking me. I would love to go. But how could I leave my mother?"

"I don't think we have a choice. If you stay here, you may end up back at residential school or maybe the authorities will have you arrested for the disappearance of the little girl. Once you are eighteen you may voluntarily not go to the school. However, we still have the problem with the girl who disappeared. We need time to find out what is going on."

"I will talk to my mother. Could I let you know tomorrow?"

"Don't worry. You and Bernice will be like sisters, and you will be with friends. Believe me."

In less than a week Bernice and Gina left for their new adventure, accompanied by Nurse Fontaine, who had been working with Nurse Rebel in the infirmary. Doctor Redpath thought it would be best to keep the location of the school they had chosen a secret for the time being.

As the trio left, Nurse Rebel looked over at Doctor Redpath, "People will think you are sweet on Nurse Fontaine. This is the third trip you have sent her on."

"If you were not so indispensable here, you would be the one I send."

This was only the second time the doctor had witnessed a flush on Nurse Rebel's cheeks.

Christmas Vacation

As Doctor Redpath walked into the front room, he could see Bernice and Gina decorating a large spruce tree. They were laughing and giggling like a couple of young children. He walked over, "That looks nice." Both girls turned and the doctor continued, "A fresh Christmas tree always smells so nice. It brings me back to my childhood. I think this is my favourite time of the year, especially when I think of all the special goodies Cook will be serving."

Both girls stood back and admired their handy work. Nurse Rebel came up behind them, "Doctor you aren't even a Christian; how can you get so excited about Christmas celebrations?"

The doctor turned, "That's true, I am not a Christian, but one does not have to be French to enjoy French Cuisine. Besides, Christmas is a Pagan celebration adopted by the church. True Paganism, as you all know, is close to my beliefs."

Gina turned to Doctor Redpath, "You don't believe in Jesus?"

Without thinking Doctor Redpath blurted out, "Jesus Christ is an allegory. There never was a real man named Jesus Christ. It's all a made up fairy-tale." He then caught himself and continued, "I believe in the basic allegory as we are told about in the New Testament, so maybe, in that respect, I am a Christian." He then turned, "I must see Cassius right away," and he walked away muttering to himself.

Gina turned to Nurse Rebel and asked, "What religion does Doctor Redpath belong to?"

"Well, my dear, I think you had better ask that question to Doctor Redpath himself. It's a religion that's not a religion and I really couldn't even begin to do it justice with my explanation."

After supper, Gina found Doctor Redpath alone in the library. Anticipating her curiosity and not wishing to get into a serious conversation with Gina the doctor was evasive. When Gina came in with a jolly greeting, he replied, "Are you happy to be home?"

"Yes and no, I really didn't want to leave Switzerland. Miss Lucerne makes everything so interesting. She only has six girls, you know, so she has plenty of time to teach us individually. However, we only have two hours each day of classes, but in those two hours, Bernice says, we learn as much as we could in two weeks, in a regular school. Every day we go out somewhere, even if it is to practise our French or German with people in various communities."

"So, you're very happy then?"

"I can't believe I ever lived in a small shack in Sainte Madelaine. Life is so different in Switzerland. I have seen so much, and every evening we have a discussion period. We read a certain book or essay, and we discuss it together." She then looked at Doctor Redpath very seriously, "Do you know anything about metaphysics?"

This remark obviously addled Doctor Redpath, but he quickly recovered, "I've dabbled in it a bit in my youth. Why do you ask?"

"That's going to be one of the topics for next quarter. We have a list of books to look at. We do not have to read them all, but Miss Lucerne has asked us to pick out what interests us. I have chosen Ralph Waldo Emerson to start with. Are you familiar with him?"

"Yes, I've read his works many, many, years ago."

“I have such a difficult time understanding him.”

“Don’t worry, it will come. I remember when I started reading Christian Larson. It took me years to read one of his books. I had such a difficult time with it. Now, I am sure I could read it in a day or two.” The doctor then laughed aloud, “In fact, I might even be able to write the book. That is one strange thing in life. Often things are so difficult when you are learning them, but so simple once you know them. You wonder to yourself why you couldn’t see it in the first place.”

Gina became quite serious, “Bernice is helping Nurse Rebel wrap some presents. I thought this would be a good time to be alone with you. If you don’t mind, I wanted to talk to you about religion.”

The doctor looked down at his desk, “Oh, I see. What exactly did you wish to talk about?”

“Are you really a Pagan?”

The doctor almost laughed at her youthful bluntness, but he held back everything but a smile, “Today, the term Pagan means nothing. Many old religions and beliefs that do not fall under the modern definition of a religion have been lumped together under the term Pagan or Heathen. The term, today, really means nothing. Translated into English, a Pagan is a peasant.”

“Well, what exactly do you believe in?”

“To make it short, I could say I have no beliefs, since one of my beliefs is to question everything, and if a person questions everything, then one can only believe in nothing, since what one believes today, upon questioning, one may no longer believe in tomorrow. Do you see what I mean?”

“Not exactly, what did you mean when you said that Jesus was an allegory? What did you mean by that?”

The doctor leaned back in his chair, “The last thing I want is for your mother to be cross with me. Your mother strongly believes in Jesus, and I am fine with that. She finds peace, strength, and some security in her beliefs and that is good. I do not want her to think I am undermining her by going into my beliefs with you. When I used the term allegory, I was talking to Nurse Rebel. We enjoy our little quibbles. We don’t get serious with each other when it comes to religion or politics. If you ever get into history, which is difficult, since most history books are fiction, you may wish to study the difference between what historians have published, and what is most likely to have happened. It is more likely a Roman Emperor, Titus Flavius, commissioned the New Testament to be written. The Gospels were written well after Jesus Christ lived and the writers had never known Jesus. They wrote either from hearsay or from their imaginations and not from known facts.”

“Do you honestly believe Jesus did not exist?”

“Certainly, for one thing, Jesus is not a name; it is a title, in English it means Saviour. In the New Testament, there are no names; everyone has a title, not a name. For example, Mary translated to English is Rebel.”

“Are Doctor Heath’s beliefs the same as yours?”

“I suggest you talk to Doctor Heath about that. In this group, we believe in living and allowing others to live their own way, if they do not interfere with other people from doing the same. We do not question a person’s beliefs, even though the group at times, conflicts with organised

religion. For example, we do not agree with the way the nuns and priests were treating you at residential school, so we did not have you sent back. If someone in this group supported your kidnapping and maltreatment, that person would be going against this group's mandate. One of our main beliefs is that nobody has the right to have dominion over anyone else."

Gina and the Doctor Redpath sat looking at each other. The doctor felt a need for further explanation, "What I just said may sound like a contradiction. The group believes in having everyone decide for themselves what their own principles and beliefs are. You may wonder if a person honestly believes in slavery how can anyone in this group go against that." Gina said nothing, so the doctor continued, "We have very few rules, but the main rule is to treat others as you would like to be treated. If one believes in slavery, then that person should try being a slave." The doctor smiled and again seeing no response from Gina, he went on, "You see, what we in this group do is study the rules of nature and of the Universe. We have no worries about any one in our group becoming a slave monger. Once one understands the laws of the Universe, one would never dream of enslaving anyone else."

"Doctor Redpath, I am a grown girl. Could you talk to me about Jesus? I am curious to know."

The doctor stared at the papers on his desk. After a long silence, he looked up, "I guess you aren't a child anymore. Besides, at your age I was out on my own, trying to make my own way. That however is another story. Where then should I begin?"

The doctor collected his thoughts. He then moved to his easy chair and invited Gina to sit at the chair across from him. He then began his tale, "Imagine if someone from Mars came to earth and they found a Superman comic book. Do you think they would believe that Superman was real, or do you believe they would know he is a fictional character?"

"No one could believe that Superman is real. Everyone knows he is fiction."

"Yes, but suppose most people believed Superman to be real, would you then believe him to be real to follow suit."

"Well of course not. I know he is a fake."

"Then why would you believe Jesus Christ was a real person?"

"Well, everyone knows he was."

"Most people on this earth are not Christians. They do not believe in Jesus Christ, so you cannot say that everyone knows there was a real Jesus Christ. Secondly, you admitted having everyone believe in Superman would not change your opinion that he is fictional. Why then should the fact that other people believe in Jesus influence your opinion?"

"I don't know. In catechism we were taught to have blind faith."

"Okay, let's have blind faith in Superman then."

"Well, that is completely silly. Everyone knows Superman is not real."

Gina looked at Doctor Redpath for a long period without saying a word. Finally, she asked, "What do you think?"

The doctor thought, maybe, there was a glint of hope, "I am going to give you one scenario. I am not going to say this is true because I know nothing for sure. However, this seems somewhat more plausible to me."

He then began his tale, “Firstly, man loves allegory. Man loves a fairy tale. Look how he embraces Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, and even Superman. Unbelievably, there actually are people in this world who, secretly but honestly, believe Superman is just as real as your baby Jesus is. Secondly, man is a very self-centred creature with a very big ego. He has a compulsion to personify everything. Look for instance at the Easter Bunny and at Peter Rabbit.” He looked over at Gina and asked, “Are you following me?”

“Go on. I am listening and trying to understand.”

The doctor continued, “I am saying Jesus Christ is an allegory. I believe Jesus represents all men. We are all offspring of the Universe. Man has personified the Universe and has called it God. However, in fact, there is no god per se; but there is the Universe, which some people call the Cosmos or the Æther. The story of Jesus is an allegory telling of man’s development from a marriage of earthly material to the spirit of the Universe. You are a spiritual part of the Universe, living in a material body. Jesus represents this fact. The Universe, which some call god, lives in you.”

The doctor went on to explain further, “Jesus was not the first personification. In fact, men have copied other stories when they invented Jesus. All these ancient stories, before Jesus Christ, are almost identical, but times and places were changed. For example, many years before the story of Jesus came into being, many believe there lived a man in India whose story is very close to the story of Jesus. In India, there exists people of various shades of colour from quite white to very brown. The white people in Asia were different from the white people of Europe. The white people living in India evolved on the east coast of Europe in an area which we know as Asia. Today, the Japanese see these white people as aboriginals in their country. These white people were originally tall and slender, whereas the white people who inhabited Europe, were stockier. The white people who eventually migrated to northern India became the top class in a very class-conscious society. They, therefore, became the more affluent and the more educated. One of these white people became a scholar in the school of thought that mirrored the beliefs of the Mayan of the Americas. What the relationship was between these two societies is another story, but the main belief is one of peace and harmony. In fact, the Mayans taught harmony to the Europeans. They were the originators of Baroque music. The monks who lived in South America passed off the Mayan music as their own. Then again, I digress. Let’s get on with the story.”

The doctor leaned forward and continued in earnest, “This man’s name was Siddhārtha Gautama. People know him as The Buddha, which means the enlightened one. This was because of his understanding of the world. His ideas were not new. As I stated the Mayans had similar beliefs.”

The doctor now got up from his chair and strolled up and down the room as he continued his talk, “We only have a general idea of what this man taught, since, just like Jesus, he was long dead before any of his teachings were written down. In fact, this man may have never existed. How do we know if this man existed? People circulated this man’s teachings widely but there is no evidence to verify he was ever a real person. It is one characteristic of man, if he chooses to adopt something; he will try to make it his own. You see how easily cultures will adopt a famous and respected person. If we have a famous person, France may say, this person lived and did his finest work in France and is therefore French. Hungary may say this person was born in Hungary and is therefore Hungarian. Poland may say this person’s parents were Polish and therefore he is Polish. Germany will say, his grandfather was German, et cetera. Another example is the Northern European character *Cindered Clothes*. People called him this because he had cindered

clothes when he came down the smoke hole in the ceiling. How did *Cindered Clothes* become Santa Claus and Saint Nicholas? I will tell you how. It was because the Christians took a foreign hero and made him their own personal hero. The church hierarchy do not allow heroes to be outside of their religion. Moreover, it is not just the Christians. All groups in power take objects of influence or power from their subjects and adopt those objects as their own. Do you see what I mean?" Gina nodded and the doctor continued, "It was thus with Gautama. When people started teaching his words in Palestine, Gautama became Jesus Christ. He became one of their personal prophets. However, there never was a Jesus Christ. In fact, there never was a true Gautama since people wrote about him many years after his death, and these stories probably changed many times over the years. Where did Gautama get his ideas? His words echoed the words that came ages before he was born. Many came from what we call the Pagans. Gerald Massey wrote books about his findings in ancient texts which showed how the lives of Jesus, Moses, and many other people in the Bible, were plagiarised from ancient stories and myths."

"Doctor, what do you believe?" Gina gazed at the doctor with a searching but very puzzled look on her face.

"What is religion? It is not a belief in one or more gods. Many religions do not have gods. A religion, if one looks at it in an informed way, is dogmatically holding onto irrational ideas and stubbornly ignoring all contradictory evidence. In essence, it is blind faith. It is putting blinders on."

Doctor Redpath thought to himself, he had gone this far, so he may as well continue, "I am Traditional." He held up his hand as Gina tried to interrupt. "Let me explain. Traditional is not a religion as we know religions to be, although at one time, before Christianity it was a common belief."

The doctor paused to collect his thoughts before continuing, "Traditional has no dogmas, no set of beliefs. This is why it does not meet accepted definitions of religion. Traditional has no sins, nor does it have any commandments. It understands that the Universe is non-judgemental. There are no rights or wrongs, only events."

"How then does one know what is good or bad. How does one know what to do or what is expected of them?"

"That is the key, in Traditional, there is no good and there is no bad, there just is. This may be difficult for you to understand but let me give you an example. If I kill a man, is that good or bad?"

"Well, it's bad, no one should kill anyone."

"If that is the case, why does a padre bless the troops, and send them off to kill, and why does the one who kills the most get a medal?"

The doctor waited for a reply, but Gina said nothing, so he carried on, "Traditional is a path with knowledge on all sides. One learns the natural laws, many of which are in *The Bible*. *You reap what you sow,* this is a natural law learned from nature. The seed that you plant dictates what crop you will harvest. *If you give a man a fish, he eats for a day, but if you teach a man to fish, he will eat for the rest of his life.* With Traditional, one studies natural laws, and then one plots his own path. By doing this, one learns cause and effect. One then learns to send out to the Universe a picture of one's desires. The Universe will show you several paths, and by understanding the laws of nature, one may choose the path, which will work best for them. One

will obtain his desires if one understands the consequences of his actions."

The doctor then stood up to leave, but on second thought, he turned again to Gina, "The main difference between Traditional and a traditional religion is that to belong to a religious group one must conform. People who do not conform are expelled from that religious group. With Traditional, there should be no conforming. We study the natural and Universal laws, but nobody expects blind conformity. Traditionalists do not expect us to act and believe as everyone else does in the group. In fact, debate and discussion are encouraged. Napoleon Hill once said, eighty percent of his energy was wasted trying to convince people who disagreed with him. The secret is not to try to convince anyone of your beliefs, or your actions. Save your energy to get what you want out of life. Instead of working on twenty percent of your energy, give it one hundred percent. As Henry Ford advised, on more than one occasion, one should never complain, and one should never explain. Do you see what I mean?" When Gina gave no reply, the doctor added, "One studies the natural laws and acts accordingly. We make mistakes but we carry on and try a new path. That is how one learns."

Gina asked, "Are you an atheist? All my life, I've been told atheists are bad people, but you are not a bad person."

There are many good people in this world who do not believe in gods of any kind. The definition of atheist is the lack of believe in a god. Since I do not have any belief in gods of any kind, by definition, I am an atheist."

After a pause, the doctor continued, "In Winnipeg there is a community of Secular Jews. They refer to themselves as Jews, but they have no belief in God, they are, in truth, atheists. These are not bad people. They are people like everyone else, some good, some not so good, just like all people."

The doctor walked to his bookcase; he pulled out a small book which had a pamphlet inserted between its pages. Handing this book and pamphlet to Gina, Doctor Redpath explained, "This book was written by an acquaintance of mine, Lucien Vinet, a former Catholic who is now a Presbyterian minister. I had given this pamphlet to Lucien, who read it and then returned it to me along with a copy of his book. I suggest you read the book as well as the pamphlet which may give you a better understanding of me."

After several moments of silence, Doctor Redpath went on with his explanation, "I want to do what little I can to make this world truly free, to broaden the intellectual horizon of people, to destroy the prejudices born of ignorance and fear, to do away with the blind worship of the ignoble past, with the idea that all the great and good are dead, that the living are totally depraved, that all pleasures are sins, that sighs and groans are alone pleasing to God, that thought is dangerous, that intellectual courage is a crime, that cowardice is a virtue, that a certain belief is necessary to secure salvation, that to carry a cross in this world will give us a palm in the next, and that we must allow some priest to be the pilot of our souls.

"Until every soul is freely permitted to investigate every book, and creed, and dogma for itself, the world cannot be free. Humankind will be enslaved until there is mental grandeur enough to allow each person to have their thoughts and views. This earth will be a paradise when people can, upon all these questions differ, and yet grasp each other's hands as friends. It is amazing to me that a difference of opinion upon subjects that we know nothing with certainty about, should make us hate, persecute, and despise each other. Why a difference of opinion upon

predestination, or the Trinity, should make people imprison and burn each other seems beyond the comprehension of enlightened people; and yet in all countries where Christians have existed, they have destroyed each other to the exact extent of their power. Why should a believer in God hate an atheist? Surely the atheist has not injured God, and surely, this person is human, capable of joy and pain, and entitled to all the rights of humans. Would it not be far better to treat this atheist, at least as well atheists treat others?

“Christians tell me they love their enemies, and yet all I ask is, not that they love their enemies, not that they love their friends even, but that they treat those who differ from them, with simple fairness. We do not wish to be forgiven, but we wish Christians to so act that we will not have to forgive them.

“If all will admit that all have an equal right to think, then the question is forever solved; but so long as organized and powerful churches, pretending to hold the keys of heaven and hell, denounce everyone as outcasts and criminals who think for themselves and denies their authority, the world will be filled with hatred and suffering. To hate enemies and worship God seems to be the sum of all the creeds.

“That which has happened in most countries has happened in ours. When a religion is founded, the educated, the powerful; that is to say, the priests and nobles, tell the ignorant and superstitious, that is to say, the people, that the religion of their country was given to their fathers by God himself; that it is the only true religion; that all others were conceived in falsehood and brought forth in fraud, and that all who believe in the true religion will be happy forever, while all others will burn in hell. As a tool for governing people and having the purpose of being supported by the people, the priests and nobles declare this religion to be sacred, and that whoever adds to, or takes from it, will be burned here by man, and hereafter by God. The result of this is, that the priests and nobles will not allow the people to change; and when, after a time, the priests, having intellectually advanced, wish to take a step in the direction of progress, the people will not allow them to change. They want to hold onto what they have become used to.

“One of the first things I would like to do, is to free the orthodox clergy. I am a great friend of theirs, and despite all they may say against me, I am going to do them a great and lasting service. Upon their necks are visible the marks of the collar, and upon their backs those of the lash. They are not allowed to read and think for themselves. They are taught like parrots, and the best are those who repeat, with the fewest mistakes, the sentences they have been taught. They sit like owls upon some dead limb of the tree of knowledge and hoot the same old hoots that have been hooted for eighteen hundred years. Their congregations are not grand enough, nor sufficiently civilized, to be willing that the poor preachers shall think for themselves. They are not employed for that purpose. Investigation is regarded as a dangerous experiment, and the ministers are warned that none of that kind of work will be tolerated. They are notified to stand by the old creed, and to avoid all original thought, as a mortal pestilence. Every minister is employed like an attorney, either for plaintiff or defendant, and these attorneys are expected to be true to their client. If any attorney changes their mind, they are regarded as deserters, and denounced, hated, and slandered accordingly. Orthodox clergy agree not to change. They contract not to find new facts and they make a bargain that they will deny any knew facts they happen to discover. Such is the position of a Christian minister. Their condition excites my pity; and to better it, I am going to do what little I can to enable them to see the light.

“Some of the clergy have the independence to break away, and the intellect to maintain

themselves as being free, but the most are compelled to submit to the dictation of the orthodox, and the dead, the corpses. They are not employed to give their thoughts, but simply to repeat the ideas of others. They are not expected to give even the doubts that may suggest themselves, but are required to walk in the narrow, verdureless path trodden by the ignorance of the past. The forests and fields on either side are nothing to them. They must not even look at the purple hills, nor pause to hear the babble of the brooks. They must remain in the dusty road where the guide boards are. They must confine themselves to the " fall of Man," the expulsion from the garden, the " scheme of salvation," the "second birth," the atonement, the happiness of the redeemed, and the misery of the lost. They must be careful not to express any new ideas upon these great questions. It is much safer for them to quote from the works of the dead. The more vividly they describe the sufferings of the unregenerate, of those who attended theatres and balls, and drank wine in summer gardens on the Sabbath-day, and laughed at priests, the better ministers they are supposed to be. They must show that misery fits the good for heaven, while happiness prepares the bad for hell; that the wicked get all their good things in this life, and the good all their evil; that in this world God punishes the people he loves, and in the next, the ones he hates; that happiness makes us bad here, but not in heaven; that pain makes us good here, but not in hell. No matter how absurd these things may appear to the carnal mind, they must be preached, and they must be believed. If they were reasonable, there would be no virtue in believing. Even the publicans and sinners believe reasonable things. To believe without evidence, or despite it, is accounted as righteousness to the sincere and humble Christian.

“The ministers are in duty bound to denounce all intellectual pride, and show that we are never quite so dear to God as when we admit that we are poor, corrupt and idiotic worms; that we never should have been born; that we ought to be damned without the least delay; that we are so infamous that we like to enjoy ourselves; that we love our wives and children better than our God; that we are generous only because we are vile; that we are honest from the meanest motives, and that sometimes we have fallen so low that we have had doubts about the inspiration of the Jewish Scriptures. In short, they are expected to denounce all pleasant paths and rustling trees, to curse the grass and flowers, and glorify the dust and weeds. They are expected to malign the wicked people in the green and happy fields, who sit and laugh beside the gurgling springs or climb the hills and wander as they will. They are expected to point out the dangers of freedom, the safety of implicit obedience, and to show the wickedness of philosophy, the goodness of faith, the immorality of science and the purity of ignorance.

“Now and then a few pious people discover some young man of a religious turn of mind and a consumptive habit of body, not quite sickly enough to die, nor healthy enough to be wicked. The idea occurs to them that he would make a good orthodox minister. They take up a contribution and send the young man to some theological school where he can be taught to repeat a creed and despise reason. Should it turn out that the young man had some mind of his own, and, after graduating, should change his opinions and preach a different doctrine from that taught in the school, every person who contributed a dollar towards his education would feel they had been robbed, and would denounce him as a dishonest and ungrateful wretch.

“The pulpit should not be a pillory. Congregations should allow the minister a little liberty. They should, at least, permit him to tell the truth.

“They have, in Massachusetts, at a place called Andover, a kind of minister factory, where each professor takes an oath once in five years, that time being considered the life of an oath, that he has not, during the last five years, and will not, during the next five years, intellectually advance.

There is probably no oath that they could easier keep. Probably, since the foundation stone of that institution was laid there has not been a single case of perjury. The old creed is still taught. They still insist that God is infinitely wise, powerful and good, and that all men are totally depraved. They insist that the best man God ever made, deserved to be damned the moment he was finished. Andover puts its brand upon every minister it turns out, the same as Sheffield and Birmingham brand their wares, and all who see the brand know exactly what the minister believes, the books he has read, the arguments he relies on, and just what he intellectually is. They know just what he can be depended on to preach, and that he will continue to shrink and shrivel, and grow solemnly stupid day by day until he reaches the Andover of the grave and becomes truly orthodox forever.

"I have not singled out the Andover factory because it is worse than the others. They are all about the same. The professors, for the most part, are ministers who failed in the pulpit and were retired to the seminary on account of their deficiency in reason and their excess of faith. As a rule, they know nothing of this world, and far less of the next; but they have the power of stating the most absurd propositions with faces solemn as stupidity touched by fear.

"Something should be done for the liberation of these men. They should be allowed to grow, to have sunlight and air. They should no longer be chained and tied to confessions of faith, to mouldy books and musty creeds. Thousands of ministers are anxious to give their honest thoughts. The hands of wives and babes now stop their mouths. They must have bread, and so the husbands and fathers are forced to preach a doctrine that they hold in scorn. For the sake of shelter, food and clothes, they are obliged to defend the childish miracles of the past and denounce the sublime discoveries of to-day. They are compelled to attack all modern thought, to point out the dangers of science, the wickedness of investigation and the corrupting influence of logic. It is for them to show that virtue rests upon ignorance and faith, while vice impudently feeds and fattens upon fact and demonstration. It is a part of their business to malign and vilify the Voltaires, Humes, Paines, Humboldts, Tyndalls, Haeckels, Darwins, Spencers, and Drapers, and to bow with uncovered heads before the murderers, adulterers, and persecutors of the world. They are, for the most part, engaged in poisoning the minds of the young, prejudicing children against science, teaching the astronomy and geology of the Bible, and inducing all to desert the sublime standard of reason.

"These orthodox ministers do not add to the sum of knowledge. They produce nothing. They live upon alms. They hate laughter and joy. They officiate at weddings, sprinkle water upon babes, and utter meaningless words and barren promises above the dead. They laugh at the agony of unbelievers, mock at their tears, and of their sorrows make a jest. There are some noble exceptions. Now and then a pulpit holds a brave and honest man. Their congregations are willing that they should think, willing that their ministers should have a little freedom.

"As we become civilized, more and more liberty will be accorded to these men, until finally ministers will give their best and highest thoughts. The congregations will finally get tired of hearing about the patriarchs and saints, the miracles and wonders, and will insist upon knowing something about the men and women of our day, and the accomplishments and discoveries of our time. They will finally insist upon knowing how to escape the evils of this world instead of the next. They will ask light upon the enigmas of this life. They will wish to know what we shall do with our criminals instead of what God will do with his, and how we shall do away with beggary and want, with crime and misery, with prostitution, disease and famine, with tyranny in all its cruel forms, with prisons and scaffolds, and how we shall reward the honest workers, and

fill the world with happy homes! These are the problems for the pulpits and congregations of an enlightened future. If Science cannot finally answer these questions, it is a vain and worthless thing.

“The clergy, however, will continue to answer them in the old way, until their congregations are good enough to set them free. They will still talk about believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, as though that were the only remedy for all human ills. They will still teach that retrogression is the only path that leads to light; that we must go back, that faith is the only sure guide, and that reason is a delusive glare, lighting only the road to eternal pain.

“Until the clergy are free, they cannot be intellectually honest. We can never tell what they really believe until they know that they can safely speak. They console themselves now by a secret resolution to be as liberal as they dare, with the hope that they can finally educate their congregations to the point of allowing them to think a little for themselves. They hardly know what they ought to do. The best part of their lives has been wasted in studying subjects of no possible value. Most of them are married, have families, and know but one way of making their living. Some of them say, if they do not preach these foolish dogmas, others will, and that they may through fear, after all, restrain mankind. Besides, they hate publicly to admit that they are mistaken, that the whole thing is a delusion, that the "scheme of salvation" is absurd, and that the Bible is no better than some other books, and worse than most.

“You can hardly expect a bishop to leave his palace, or the pope to vacate the Vatican. So long as people want popes, plenty of hypocrites will be found to take the place. And so long as labour fatigues, there will be found a good many men willing to preach once a week, if other folks will work and give them bread. In other words, while the demand lasts, the supply will never fail.

“If the people were a little more ignorant, astrology would flourish, if a little more enlightened, religion would perish!”

The Pamphlet

As she lay in bed that night, Gina read the Pamphlet:

> This address on Atheism was delivered by Joseph Lewis at a Symposium on "Present Religious Tendencies", held at the Community Church, 34th Street and Park Avenue, New York City, on the Evening of April 20th, 1930. The other speakers were Mister Stanley High, Editor of the Christian Herald, and Reverend Charles Francis Potter, Minister, First Humanist Society of New York. Reverend John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Community Church, was Chairman.
>
> > "Is it to the interest of a man to be a boy all his life?"
> >
> > -- Thomas Paine
>
> Both of my colleagues on this platform have been especially trained to espouse the cause they have presented tonight. Both were trained to be ministers of religion. And although only one of them still occupies the pulpit, the other is the editor of a religious magazine. Both have faithfully fulfilled their training. And it would be unusual if that were not the case. We cannot expect a man trained to be a carpenter to be able to carve statues like a Rodin. We cannot expect

a man trained to be a bricklayer to be able to paint pictures like a Rembrandt.

If by some chance we find one who possesses a natural talent and is able to rise above the level of his training, that exception only proves the rule. I was never trained to espouse the cause of Atheism.

I came to accept Atheism as the result of independent thought and self-study. And although as a child I was instructed in the religion of my parents, I never came under the spell of religious training long enough to so warp my mentality as not to be able to see any other viewpoint.

I came to my conclusions after a full analysis and an impartial consideration of the various religious creeds and the different systems of philosophy.

In my study of the different fields of thought, I found no philosophy that contained so many truths, and inspired one with so much courage, as Atheism.

Atheism equips us to face life, with its multitude of trials and tribulations, better than any other code of living that I have yet been able to find. It is grounded in the very roots of life itself, its foundation is based upon Nature, without superfluities and false garments. It stands unadorned, requiring nothing but its own nudity to give it strength, and charm and beauty. No sham or shambles are attached to it.

Atheism Rises Above Creeds

Atheism rises above creeds and puts Humanity upon one plane. There can be no "chosen people" in the Atheist philosophy. There are no bended knees in Atheism; No supplications, no prayers; No sacrificial redemptions; No "divine" revelations; No washing in the blood of the lamb; No crusades, no massacres, no holy wars; No heaven, no hell, no purgatory; No silly rewards and no vindictive punishments; No christs, and no saviors; No devils, no ghosts and no gods.

Atheism breaks down the barriers of nationalities and like "one touch of nature makes the whole World kin."

Systems of religion make people clannish and bigoted. Their chief aim and interest in life is to gather together and pick out the faults of others and reveal their secret hatred of those who do not believe as they do. Atheism is Mental Freedom Atheism is a vigorous and a courageous philosophy.

It is not afraid to face the problems of life, and it is not afraid to confess that there are problems yet to be solved. It does not claim that it has solved all the questions of the universe, but it does claim that it has discovered the approach and learned the method of solving them. It has dedicated itself to a passionate quest for the truth.

It believes that truth for truth's sake is the highest ideal. And that virtue is its own reward.

It believes that love of humanity is a higher ideal than a love of God. We cannot help God, but we can help mankind. "Hands that help are better far than lips that pray." Praying to God is humiliating, worshipping God degrading.

It believes with Ingersoll, when he said: "Give me the storm and tempest of thought and action rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith. Banish me from Eden when you will but first let me eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge."

Atheism is a self-reliant philosophy. It makes a man intellectually free. He is thrilled to enthusiasm by his mental emancipation, and he faces the universe without fear of ghosts or gods.

It teaches man that unless he devotes his energies and applies himself whole-heartedly to the task he wishes to achieve, the accomplishment will not be made.

It warns him that any reliance upon prayers or "divine" help will prove a bitter disappointment.

To the philosophy of Atheism belongs the credit of robbing Death of its horror and its terror.

If Atheism writes upon the blackboard of the Universe a question mark, it writes it for the purpose of stating that there is a question yet to be answered.

Is it not better to place a question mark upon a problem while seeking an answer than to put the label "God" there and consider the matter solved?

The Asylum of Ignorance

Does not the word "God" only confuse and make more difficult the solution by assuming a conclusion that is utterly groundless and palpably absurd?

"God," said Spinoza, "is the Asylum of Ignorance."

No better description has ever been uttered.

Shelley said God was a hypothesis, and, as such, required proof. Can any minister of any denomination of any religion supply that proof?

Facts and not merely opinions are what we want. Emotionalism is not a substitute for the truth.

If Atheism is sometimes called a "negative" philosophy, it is because the conditions of life make a negative philosophy best suited to meet the exigencies of existence, and only in that sense can it be called negative.

Some ministers of religion ignorantly call Atheism a negative philosophy because Atheism must first destroy the monumental ignorance and the degrading superstition with which religion, throughout the ages, has so shamelessly stultified the brain of man. A negative attitude in life is sometimes essential to proper conduct. Life itself very often depends upon negation.

It is a negative attitude when we are cautious about overeating. It is a negative attitude when we do not indulge our appetites or give vent to our impulses.

And on many occasions, I have seen illustrated editorials sermonizing upon the fact that the hardest word in our language to pronounce is the word "NO!" It is only when we have the courage to say NO to certain temptations that we can avoid the consequences that are the results of following those temptations. Progress also very often consists in negation.

Man finds himself in a universe utterly unprepared and poorly equipped to face the facts and conditions of life. He must overcome the illusions and the deceptive forces that are forever present in Nature.

When the light of intelligence first came into the mentality of man, he found himself in a world that was a wilderness; a world reeking with pestilence and populated with shrieking beasts and brutal and savage people.

No wonder that Man's distorted intellect gave rise to a series of ideas concerning God that makes one shudder at their hideousness.

His primitive imagination conceived gods of a multitude of heads, of grotesque parts, of several bodies, of numberless eyes and legs and arms.

In order that man may think clearly and rationally upon the facts of life, all these concepts must be destroyed.

That is only one of the tasks of Atheism.

"To free a man from error is to give, not take away," said Schopenhauer.

New Gods -- What For?

Some of our present-day humanists, emancipated to the degree that they no longer accept deities like "Jehovah," cry for a new concept of God. They want something to put in the place of what has been taken away. Do they want also a substitute for Hell?

And what would be their answer to this question, "If the Devil should die would God make another?" They are like children crying for the moon. Will anyone be so good as to tell me what we need a new concept of God for? Haven't we had gods enough? Hasn't it been task enough to get rid of the conglomeration that has already plagued the human race?

I plead that we no longer contaminate heaven with these hideous creatures and frightful monsters of religious hallucinations.

Destructive of Superstition

Ministers also take delight in saying that Atheism is dogmatic and destructive.

If Atheism is called dogmatic it is because dogmatism is the law of nature.

A fact is the most stubborn thing in the world. Matter insists upon occupying space all by itself and motion will continue in motion regardless of the opinions concerning it. Time does not stop to listen to prayers.

"The Moving Finger writes; and having writ, no prayer shall lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all your tears shall wash out a word of it."

And Atheism is destructive in the same sense that Columbus was a destroyer, when he corrected the erroneous conception, induced by false theological ideas, of the flatness of the earth, when he sailed across the ocean and proved the rotundity of the planet upon which we live.

Atheism is destructive in the same sense that Galileo was a destroyer, when he corrected the erroneous conception, induced by false theological ideas, concerning the existence of only one moon, when he discovered the satellites of Jupiter.

And so, throughout the history of intellectual progress is this attitude true. Call it negative, call it dogmatic, call it destructive, call it what you will. It is the main spring of progress.

Is a physician destructive when he cures a patient of disease?

A Cure for Mental Disorder

The human race has suffered for centuries and is still suffering from the mental disorder known as religion, and Atheism is the only physician that will be able to effect a permanent cure.

No wonder the great Buckle was prompted to say:

"Every great reform which has been effected has consisted, not in doing something new, but in undoing something old."

But what hypocrisy it is on the part of ministers of religion to call Atheism a negative philosophy, when their own Ten Commandments are a series of "Thou shalt nots" -- But Atheism is also an aggressive and a militant and a constructive philosophy. It is interested in the HERE and NOW. It finds problems enough here that require immediate solution and does not fly to others that it knows not of.

Man Must Help Himself

Atheism cannot sit idly by and watch injustice perpetrated, nor permit the exploitation of the weak by the strong. Its ideal is the establishment of justice -- man-made justice, even though it be.

If man waited for God to feed him, he would starve to death.

Atheism believes in education. It believes in telling the facts of life and revealing the truths as they are discovered regardless of whose opinions it shocks. It is ever ready and willing to accept the new and discard the old. Atheism does not believe that man's mission on earth is to love and glorify God, but it does believe in living this life so that when you pass on, the world will be better for your having lived.

That is the ideal that now inspires more hearts to help humanity in its upward march than ever before in the history of the human race.

That is the ideal that inspired Shelley, that inspired Voltaire, and Humboldt, and Garibaldi; that inspired Mark Twain, and John Burroughs, and Luther Burbank. That is the ideal that inspires Sir Arthur Keith, Albert Einstein, and Thomas A. Edison.

If man wants help, he must abandon his appeals to God. They will prove only "echoes of his wailing cries."

The Evolution of Ideas

Atheism does not place any trust in God. The inscription on our coins is a lie.

It was not long since when a person who denied the existence of a personal god, who refused to accept the Bible as a divine revelation, who branded as absurd that Christ was miraculously conceived, who characterized as a delusion the resurrection, and who stigmatized as a myth immortality of the soul, was charged by ministers of religion with being an Atheist.

Thomas Paine was called a "filthy little atheist" upon evidence that he did not even approximate this.

To call oneself anything but a Freethinker or an Atheist after the denials of these religious premises is to belie one's own words.

We do not intend to let the clergy, to suit their fancy or their moods, give us our definition of Atheism.

It may be perfectly satisfactory for the editors of the Encyclopedia Britannica to commission a clergyman to write upon Atheism, but that is no reason why we should accept him as an authority. If a clergyman knew enough about Atheism to write with authority upon the subject, he would no longer remain a clergyman.

The rejection of religion and the denial of God has been the definition of Atheism from time immemorial.

We have accepted it in the past, and we accept it today. We do not intend to compromise upon a single point.

If religionists have advanced to our position, it is they who must accept our banner.

Piety Condemns Thought

Have we so soon forgotten the Scopes Trial when Evolution was denied a place in the school curriculum because it was branded as godless, when all Evolutionists were charged with being blasphemous atheists?

Atheism has given to the human race the intellectual monarchs of the world.

When the great Darwin discovered the law of the origin of species, he was called an Atheist because he disproved the special creation of Man.

The Steps of Skepticism

When the Chemist went into his laboratory and discovered the indestructibility of matter, he was called an Atheist because he proved the impossibility of a Creator.

When the Astronomer pointed his telescope to the sky and explored the regions of unlimited space, he was called an Atheist because he found no god within the confines of space and no heaven within the region of his explorations.

When the Geologist determined the age of the earth through its rock and soil and formations, he was called an Atheist because he too destroyed a belief in the Special six-day creation and repudiated the biblical cosmogony.

When the Historian went back to ancient and prehistoric times and discovered civilizations of high ethical and moral culture, of intellectual achievements that are still an amazement to us, he was called an Atheist because he exposed the myth of Adam, uncovered the mistakes of Moses, and branded with the epithet of fraud the commands of Jehovah.

When the Physician sought to alleviate the pain and suffering of Man, he was called an Atheist because he refused to accept the existence of disease as a special visitation of a vengeful god.

Even the discovery of anesthesia, the most humane of all of man's accomplishments, was branded as an impious intrusion, and an effort to circumvent and defeat the so-called will of this monstrous creature. And Timothy Dwight, a gentleman, once president of Yale College, preached a sermon against vaccination on the ground that smallpox was a decree of God, and it was a frightful sin to avoid it.

Every Scientist who refuses to be held back by narrow theological limitations, and searches Nature for her secrets, becomes an Atheist, the Millikans, the Osborns, and the Pupins to the contrary notwithstanding.

That electrical wizard, a Prometheus himself, the late Charles P. Steinmetz, said that Atheism was the ultimate philosophy of the scientists.

"Where there are three students of nature there are two Atheists," is an old saying.

Ingersoll's High Ideal

In this age and generation no one need cloak his Atheism with some garment of so-called "religious respectability."

Charles Bradlaugh's and Robert G. Ingersoll's fight to make Atheism respectable has fortunately come to pass.

When religion expresses a nobler sentiment than that contained in these words of Ingersoll's, then, and only then, might it assume a superior attitude. He said: "Call me infidel, call me atheist, call me what you will, I intend to so treat my children that they can come to my grave and truthfully say, 'He who sleeps here never gave us one moment of pain. From his lips, now dust, never came to us an unkind word.'"

Compare that statement with the words of Jesus Christ when he said that if a man hate not his mother and his father, his brother and his sister, his wife and his children, he cannot become his disciple and then decide whose mantle you prefer to wear!

The Decline of Theism

In our own day we see a revolution taking place in the ranks of religion. We see the liberating force of the great Freethinkers of the past having their effects upon our generation by the breaking of the chains of superstition that have enslaved mankind to a degrading religion.

Our fight today is no longer against Theism. The arguments that were used by Freethinkers more than a century ago are now being used by the liberal minister against his more orthodox brother.

Who can deny that progress has been made when ministers themselves repudiate Theism?

Who today would expose himself to public ridicule and defend Theism in the face of its history and its record? It has perverted the mentality of man and has caused him outrageously to abuse his own life.

In the name of God and for the love of God, Hell, in all its fury, was let loose upon the earth.

No wonder Theism Is being repudiated and disowned.

The liberal minister will have none of it.

Like Caesar, "but yesterday it might have stood against the world, but now lies it here and none so poor as to do it reverence."

Even in our theological colleges, we see the impossibility of trying to harness a man of intelligence with the bridle of Theism, and as the result of this impossible combination, there is a widespread repudiation of religion and all that it stands for.

We are witnessing a period of intellectual honesty that does credit even to ministers of religion. There is a positive and an aggressive advance towards the ideals of Freethought.

The Death of Myths

And the time is not far distant when a minister who takes money for prayers for the repose of the so-called soul of man, will be charged with misrepresentation and fraud just as others are now being apprehended for similar schemes of deception.

When a minister today makes a public declaration that he can no longer believe in the Virgin Birth, the resurrection of Christ, in the inspiration of the Scriptures; acknowledges that Moses was very often mistaken, and can find no justification for the existence of a personal god, the brass band plays and the flags wave for his "great courage," while as a matter of fact these things have been so obvious to us that we look with pity upon people who still believe them.

Full Way with Truth

We have no applause for those who have stolen the thunder from the leaders of Freethought only to cloak it in a garment of so-called "liberal religion."

We are encouraged at the progress they have made, but unless they come the full way, they must be watched with the same vigilance and fought with the same force as the Calvins and Knoxes.

Halfway measures will never do. They invariably prove futile.

What a complete revolution has taken place when people must make apologies for their religious beliefs and give symbolical interpretations to the incomprehensible ravings of insane men! When they must deny and reject the beliefs that were, but a few decades ago, so tyrannically imposed upon the people and for which unnumbered thousands suffered the penalty of torture and death!

The Bondage of Beliefs

Is the modern trend to perpetuate religion, or is it doomed to occupy the same place in history as the institution of slavery? And how apt is that comparison of religion with slavery!

Throughout the ages religion has imprisoned and chained and stultified the brain of man, just as the institution of slavery has bound arid manacled and torn the limbs of man!

And when efforts were made to abolish the hateful institution of slavery there were many who by their compromises only prolonged its existence.

And the efforts of those today who are compromising with religion and making apologies for its past crimes, are only prolonging its existence and making more difficult the task to eradicate this blot upon civilization.

They are interfering with the removal of the worst obstacle that has ever blocked the intellectual progress of Man.

Humanizing Reason

A rose may smell as sweet by any other name, and religion will be just as obnoxious under any other title.

There are some who claim that religion can be humanized, but how can we humanize something that does not admit of humanization?

How can we humanize ignorance, superstition and brutality? Can we humanize the thumbscrew, the rack, and the auto da fé?

If we could humanize religion, then the dream of the alchemist will have come true.

If we could humanize religion, then truly base metal can be converted into gold.

Humanism and Unitarianism differ only in degree and not in kind from Catholicism and Presbyterianism.

The great trouble with the liberal Unitarian, the Modernist, and the Humanist is that we do not know where they stand. Their attachment to religion as an element of respectability is still an enigma. Their so-called emancipation from the fetishes and superstitions of their more orthodox brethren is more apparent than real.

Before the Board of Education of this city some years ago, when the proposal was made to permit children to receive religious training on public school time, the most fanatical supporter and most vehement proponent of this scheme was a Unitarian Minister. He loudly decried the fact that our children were being "deprived" of a religious education. He stood side by side and shoulder to shoulder with Monsignor Lavelle of St. Patrick's Cathedral and the late Bishop Burch of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Defense of Pious Fake

This minister was terribly perturbed because he was afraid our children would grow up without some knowledge of the story of Adam and Eve; that they would not be acquainted with Jonah's sojourn in the belly of the whale, or of the miraculous conversation of Baalam and his Ass.

And while Freethinkers were making an effort for the newspapers publicly to state, on their behalf, that they had offered a thousand dollars reward for the evidence of one authentic cure that took place at the grave of the consumptive priest, Father Patrick Powers, buried in the cemetery at Malden, Massachusetts, Charles Francis Potter was making a declaration from the platform of his Humanist pulpit, concerning these so-called cures, that "there was something in it."

If it is Mister Potter's contention that auto-suggestion has accomplished beneficial results in patients suffering from mental disorders, our answer is that we heartily approve of the application of mental therapy in such cases, but do not believe that it should be administered in a graveyard!

By his public statement he condoned this shameful exploitation of thousands of credulous people who were making a weary pilgrimage, at the sacrifice of their health, to this latest fraudulent undertaking of the church.

Immediately following Mister Potter's statement, Gardner Jackson, writing in the Nation, exposed this pious fraud.

Mister Jackson very significantly showed the close blood relationship between the superintendent of the cemetery and Cardinal O'Connell of Boston. They were brothers! He also very vividly depicted the baskets of money that were being emptied as rapidly as the poor deluded creatures would fill them.

In our opinion, it was the duty of every American to use his efforts to prevent the establishment in this country of so barefaced a fraud as the establishment of a shrine similar to that of Lourdes which now disgraces France.

If to condone such a disgraceful exhibition as a gesture of compromise with religion is a sample of Humanism, then we want none of it!

Church Parasitism

And even John Haynes Holmes, for whom I have the highest personal regard, and who stands at the forefront of the liberal ministers of this country, cannot be pardoned for his advocacy of exempting church property from taxation. He claims that churches increase the property value of the surrounding buildings and permit the maximum of air and light.

I say that if you make a park out of the land upon which the church stands, you will accomplish all that Mister Holmes claims for the church, and one thing more, it will do away with the evil of the church and free the country of these institutions of superstition and houses of stultification.

But with the advent of the skyscraper building on church property even this argument falls to the ground.

The present tendency of the church is to get "under cover" of an income-producing apartment house or office building.

Let us replace the churches of this city with a system of parks and we will make New York the most beautiful, the most attractive and the most healthful city on the face of the earth.

Society has no right, through the instrumentality of its government, to exempt from taxation a single institution, while a member of the community is without food and shelter.

The church may be successful in convincing a person that the more he suffers here the less he will suffer hereafter, but we are concerned with putting food into his stomach, clothes on his back, and shelter over his head now.

One may believe what he will as long as he is well fed and protected from the elements, but the moment he falls below that condition he is actually deprived of food necessary to life by the church that does not pay taxes.

In reality it is actually stealing food from one who is starving. It is like a miser counting his gold while poverty is knocking at his bolted door.

To delude a man into believing that the more he gives of the possessions of this life for the imaginary benefits to be enjoyed in a mythical one is to perpetrate upon him a monstrous and unforgivable fraud.

Every steeple that rises above a church is a dagger thrust into the heart of Humanity. It has proved so in the past. And by the past, we judge the future.

Present Trend Atheistic

The situation today is not whether the present trend in religion, with its impossible premises and its still more impossible articles of belief, leads to a compromise with science, or whether it should be liberalized into a respectable harmony with the pace set by education and the progress made by man, but whether its complete eradication must be accomplished so that it may no longer hamper man in his search for the truth nor be an obstacle in his path toward his ultimate mastery of the forces of Nature.

> Only when a man ceases to be a child, only when he emancipates himself completely from the fetishes of religion and gives up his silly and childish ideas concerning the existence of God, will he be able to rise to that commanding position and station in life when he can be truly called a Man!

Gina Slept peacefully till morning.

Reunions, July 1953

Madame Petite asked Doctor Redpath as they sat in her sunny kitchen having breakfast, "Would you like another cup of coffee?"

The doctor nodded yes. He waited for Madame to sit back down before he started, "We've found your husband."

Madame immediately looked up, "I've been expecting this. Where is he?"

"We found him in Labrador. He is safe. People in Labrador seldom investigate anyone's past; if they are willing to work and they don't make too much trouble. That is all people care about."

"Has anyone talked to him?"

"No." The doctor paused before he continued, "He is living with a woman. She has two young children."

"That doesn't surprise me. Maurice could never be without a woman." She sat silently for a minute, "Even when we were together, I knew he was not always faithful. Being gone more than half the year, you know." The doctor noticed her eyes were slightly moist. She sat quietly looking down at her hands as she slowly rubbed them together. She then looked up, "I suppose it would be better if we said nothing to Gina about this."

The doctor changed the subject, "Gina is seventeen now is she not?"

"Yes, two weeks ago. She was in Europe for her birthday." Madame then sat up and decided to talk about her daughter, "You were right Doctor. She has come back a different person. Sometimes I marvel at how much she has learned. Everyone should have a chance to expand like Gina. Although sometimes I am afraid. I fear she will outgrow me. I mean, I'm afraid she will outgrow all of us here."

The doctor smiled, "How are you finding things with Doctor Heath?"

"He seems too serious. Sometimes I worry about him. There is no joking or frivolity with him. If I try to say something amusing to him, he usually does not understand me. He seems to have no sense of humour."

"You know Madame; I think all of us could use a little lightening up. Maybe we could do something to bring some good humour to our young doctor."

Doctor Redpath thought about Doctor Heath. He realised Madame Petite was right. Doctor Heath was taking life too seriously. He decided to have him come to the house on Saturday evening. He thought, maybe it would become a regular weekend routine.

"Madame, you've been working seven days a week. It is time for you to take some time off."

"My work is not a chore. In fact, I am under worked, compared to what I am used to."

"I think it may be a good idea for us to have a weekly get together at the compound. Life is getting much too dull. I am going to invite the young doctor over this Saturday evening. Possibly, you could come too. The more the merrier, so to speak."

"I would rather stay at home and crochet. I am not a party girl."

"You'll be coming this Saturday to see Gina will you not? Why do you not move in for the weekend? I'll tell the young doctor he'll be without you for a few days, and, since he'll be fending for himself, he may as well come over here to eat." They looked into each other's eyes for a minute before he added, "Come now, you do want to see as much of Gina as you can before she goes back?"

"Yes, I'll move in for this weekend and maybe until Gina goes back."

Doctor Redpath convinced Doctor Heath; he should also move in for the weekend. Doctor Redpath went into detail about how much more grown-up Gina was and how anxious she was to see him, but just as a friend.

Friday evening, at supper, Doctor Heath had a hard time keeping his eyes off Gina. She had somehow changed. However, he could not quite figure out exactly what had changed. Her hair had grown out, it was fuller, wavier, and it bounced as she moved her head. Her eyes were now a deeper green; they sparkled as she smiled, and when she laughed there was a display of strong white teeth. Was it possible she was taller? She seemed to be. He also noticed her figure had changed. She was slim, but curvaceous, and quite alluring, he thought, as he followed her movements. He decided Doctor Redpath was right when he had simply stated, "She will leave as an attractive girl, and she shall come back as a very beautiful lady; a lady any mother would be proud to have as a daughter."

After supper, Doctor Heath found Gina alone in the library. She was standing, but leaning over, as she looked at a book. Her weight was on one leg with the other leg bent back so that her foot was resting on its toes. She wore a plaid fitted skirt that extended to just below the knees. Above the skirt was a white, stylish blouse, tucked in under a brown leather belt, which accentuated her delicate waist. Her back was towards him, and he again noticed the curve of her body. Her dark shining hair rested easily on her shoulders. He cleared his throat; she turned, showing her strong white teeth and her sensuous, full lips, as she smiled. The young doctor suddenly felt very awkward. He stopped in his tracks, transfixed by her gaze. They stood, in silence, looking into each other's eyes. Finally, the young doctor spoke, "Are you happy to be back?"

She threw her head back in laughter before she answered his question, "Oh yes, it is so nice to see everyone again. We have six weeks off; I do not know if it is going to be long enough. There is so much to talk about."

Doctor Heath moved in a bit closer, "We've never gotten a chance to get to know each other."

"No, we have not."

The doctor suggested, "Would you care to sit on the window seat, we could tell each other about ourselves?"

"Yes, I would like that. Mother wrote to me about you, but she says you are a bit of a mystery."

As they sat down, he answered back, "Isn't everyone?"

Over the next few weeks, they had many meetings such as this one. Somehow, in each other's

company, their tongues became looser, and each one rambled on, talking about all kinds of things. Gina told him about how she was learning about ideas and things she never dreamed existed. The buildings, the people, the countryside, the artwork, the music, the philosophies, it was all so marvellous.

The conversation came around to Bernice. Gina told the doctor about how Bernice seemed to have a demon, "Every once in a while, sometimes right in the middle of a lesson, she will suddenly stare out into space and, to bring her back to reality, one must give her a shake. Sometimes she joins me in my bed. We sometimes tell each other about our interests and secret dreams. I always feel she is holding something back though. Sometimes, just as we are falling asleep, her body will suddenly jerk, just for a fraction of a second. I tell her to stop doing that, but she says she can't help it."

The young doctor leaned back and sat in silent reverie. Finally, he spoke, "I know what is wrong, but I don't know how to go about handling it. I will have to talk to Doctor Redpath. She will need time to heal?"

Gina reached over, laid her hand on the young doctor's hand, and in an imploring tone asked, "Tell me. What is her trouble?"

After much thought, Doctor Heath decided it might be best if Gina knew what the problem was. If she knew, it may help to deal with her own nightmarish memories. Doctor Redpath had told him; eventually Gina was able to talk to Nurse Rebel about the day that the men had attacked her. She could only remember the face of the man who knelt in front of her. That face she remembered vividly. She remembers his sneer, his foul mouth with the rotten and caked teeth, his dead eyes, his vicious, and dirty, stubble covered face, and most of all, the sickening sour smell of stale beer and cigarettes, that was exuding from him. She remembers none of the others. She does not even remember Cassius being there.

"Do you remember the day those five men attacked you?" Gina was shocked the doctor even knew about that. As he asked her this question, she immediately felt herself turning beet red with shame and embarrassment. The doctor, noticing her uneasiness, immediately proceeded, "Well, a similar thing happened to Bernice, only Cassius arrived too late. The men had already had their way with her. She is suffering from a form of shell shock. Doctor Redpath has been trying to help her."

Gina and the doctor sat in silence; Gina stared at her hands, which she rested, folded, on her lap. The doctor watched her intently. Finally, Gina spoke, "Bernice hasn't told me her whole story. I suppose nothing has ever happened to the boys. I once heard there is no such thing as justice, in or out of the courts." She then looked up at Doctor Heath, "Will she ever get better?"

"Yes, she will."

The next day the couple met in the morning. It felt so cozy sitting in the sun which was shining through the large windows of the library. Unexpectedly Gina spoke up, "It's strange that Doctor Redpath never married."

Without thinking and before he could catch himself Doctor Heath blurted out, "But he was married."

Gina's head snapped up, "He was? What happened? Is his wife dead?"

Immediately, Tyrone bit his lip. He had blurted out something which he should have left alone.

He felt he should make some kind of explanation. He did not know the best way to tell the story. He decided to answer Gina's questions in a direct manner, "His wife is alive, she's living in Montreal."

"Do you know her?"

The doctor hesitated and then he felt it might be best to tell the truth, "Yes, I know her, she is my mother."

"She's your mother!" Gina paused for a few seconds, "Then Doctor Redpath is your father?"

"No, he's not my father." Doctor Heath then told the full story.

He told her how Doctor Redpath was born into a very wealthy British family. The family business had an office in Paris. That was where Doctor Redpath was born. However, he spent his childhood in Ireland and then was sent to Germany, Italy, and finally to Canada, to further his education. In his mid-teens, Doctor Redpath started to question his family's values, and the family found him to be rebellious. Possibly, this was because of the diversity of his life experiences and education, or possibly, he had a natural rebellious streak.

He met a young girl in Montreal while he was studying at McGill. At nineteen years of age, he was married. Apparently, the couple were mad about each other. Doctor Heath told Gina he had a picture of them when they were married. They made quite a handsome couple. Married life apparently could not have been better. Doctor Redpath became a young doctor and was doing what he loved, which was to practise medicine. They lived in a modest apartment in Montreal, where his wife looked after the household and helped in the office. His grandfather had left him a very large annuity, so they had no financial worries. In fact, he could live on his inheritance for life. There was no need to work, but he chose to do so.

In 1916, Doctor Redpath decided to do his duty, and he joined the army. He came back two years later a broken man. He had a severe case of shell shock. At the time, the doctors had little understanding of this condition, and the army often labelled people who suffered from it as cowards and shirkers. His wife, least of all, could not understand what was going on. A loving and caring husband went to war, and a man whom she could not live with came back.

Doctor Redpath's wife found she could not even talk to him. In the middle of a conversation, he would begin to stare out into space with a blank look on his face. He became very touchy and snapped back at her and at others with no provocation. He became easily angered. He became anxious and paranoid. He seemed emotionally numb. He seemed to have lost all his joy. He could not sleep. He was up at all hours of the night wandering through the house. When he did sleep, he would have sudden body spasms that would disturb his wife. He could not concentrate, and he was always forgetting things. He became irritable and jumpy. He started drinking alcohol daily.

When my mother found out she was pregnant, she believed she had no choice, for the safety of the baby to leave her husband and move in with my father who offered to provide for her and the child she would have. My father, you see, was Doctor Redpath's dearest and closest friend, and it may seem strange, but he still is. You see my adopted father never gave up on his friend. He looked for as much information as he could about shell shock. He found out, my father was not alone. Thousands suffered from the same condition. Many ended up in insane asylums. You see people just did not understand the condition. In fact, most people still don't." He then turned to Gina. "This is why I feel Doctor Redpath can help Bernice. He has been through the same ordeal.

He understands."

They sat holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes. Tyrone wanted to pull her towards him. However, he held himself back, and he continued with his tale, "Actually, true to his personality, Doctor Redpath thanked my mother for leaving him." He could see Gina was confused, so he tried to explain, "He said my mother's leaving him was the good kick in the pants he needed. To begin with, her leaving was a great shock, and he went into a very deep depression. He drank himself into a stupor. However, something happened to him. He had dozed off one night, and then, suddenly, he just snapped out of his sleep. As he has explained it to my father, he instantly sat straight up in bed with only one thought on his mind, *One reaps what one sows.* He had an instantaneous realisation, the only way he could help himself, was to help others. It was at that moment, he became determined to use his skills, as a doctor, and his money in the bank, to help other people. Nevertheless, as he told my mother, y*ou can kill people with kindness,* so he decided to further his studies in metaphysics, so he could learn how to help without doing harm. *Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day, teach him to fish and he will eat for the rest of his life.* That is one of his favourite sayings. Anyways, he thanked my mother for leaving him. He said that was the sincerest act of kindness. By doing that, he said she had given him back his life."

"It was a long struggle. However, the big breakthrough came when he was able to talk about his experiences. He needed to talk about what bothered him and he needed people. He knew he could not do what he wanted to do on his own."

Doctor Heath could see Gina's mind racing. He went on, "You see, for the most part, he did not have a vivid recollection of the events. He had pushed them down into the recesses of his brain, so he could not easily recall them. He knew he had to bring these events to the surface. However, he realised he needed to do this very slowly and cautiously. Sometimes, when the caregiver confronts a patient with the truth too quickly, the result may be that the patient goes off the deep end, and they may end up in a strait jacket. Some spend the rest of their life in an asylum."

"But you stated Doctor Redpath is not your father!"

"No, he is not. While Doctor Redpath was going through his crisis my mother confided in a friend, the man who would become my biological father. They ended up having a sexual affair and she became pregnant. Doctor Redpath is aware that he is not my father. When he came back from war, he was incapable of having sexual relationships, so it was obvious he was not the father of the baby. Strangely, Doctor Redpath understood why my mother did as she did and he has remained loyal, understanding, and a good friend to both my mother and my father, even though he never divorced my mother, and my mother moved out of his house. They are still legally married and all three believe there should be no divorce."

They fell into a long silence before Gina asked, "What will happen to Bernice?"

"Bernice will be alright. Doctor Redpath has some good friends in Switzerland who know how to work with people with shell shock. Mostly, they meet in groups and discuss their experiences. The group therapy seems to work and the one thing, patients come to realise is, there are others just the same as them."

Gina sat in deep thought. Doctor Heath gazed down at her. He could not help thinking she seemed more beautiful than ever, and he thought she looked more grown-up. His eyes rested on the soft eyelids above her high cheekbones. She reminded him of a movie star. He tried to

remember the name of the actress who had the same extreme beauty as Gina. He realised, Gina was no longer a child.

After a long silence, she spoke, “That was a remarkable story. I feel my previous life was so dull.”

“My dear, your life is just beginning,” before he could catch himself, Doctor Heath let slip the term of endearment he had been keeping locked up in the back of his mind. They looked into each other’s eyes, each radiantly blushing, but keeping silent. Now she knew he felt the same as she did. She thought the words she dares not speak, as her heart raced, and she felt as if something was preventing her from breathing.

More Stories

Christmas dinner was early at the house since Bernice and Gina would not be home in December, it was decided to have an early holiday celebration. It was a sumptuous feast with everyone present except, as Gina noted, Cassius and Matt. In fact, she had not seen either one of them since she came back from Europe.

“Where is Cassius?” she had asked Nurse Rebel.

“Oh, he’s away on a trip was the curt reply.”

She did not give up. She brought the subject up with Doctor Heath. When they were alone, she started in on him, “I haven’t seen Cassius.”

Doctor Heath was silent. Gina assumed he was trying to hide something. Finally, he looked up. “Cassius is in Europe with Matt. For all we know, you may be able to see them when you return to Switzerland.”

“Why are they in Europe?”

“Oh, just on business.” He then added, “Doctor Redpath’s business.”

During dessert, Nurse Rebel leaned towards Gina. “Doctor Redpath is in fine form this evening. With Doctor Heath taking calls, he is allowing himself to have a few extra glasses of wine. We are sure to have one of his stories.”

It was true, the older doctor had consumed a little more wine than he normally did during a meal, and he was presently enjoying a fine French Claret. The group rose to have coffee and liquors in the front room. There were logs burning on the hearth and the front room was cozy, despite frigid temperatures out of doors. Doctor Redpath fell into his favourite easy chair facing the fire. He held onto the stem on his wine glass as his eyes surveyed the group, “What more could a man ask for, good food, good wine and good company, and all in the lap of luxury. We are indeed blessed.”

Just as Nurse Rebel had predicted, Doctor Redpath started into one of his stories, “This reminds me of a Christmas I spent nearly half a century ago on the Orkney Islands. That is a cold and brutal place if there ever was one.”

Nurse Rebel turned to Gina and winked, “He’s starting early this evening. It must be a long tale.”

Everyone present was aware of Doctor Redpath’s idiosyncrasy. He was normally quite reticent,

only talking business, and he normally never talked about his personal life or feelings. However, after a good dinner and a few glasses of wine, his tongue loosened up. Doctor Heath explained, being a bachelor with no real intimacy, the older doctor had a need that, on occasion, he was compelled to fill.

"As you all know, I have adopted Canada as my homeland, and the Orkneys have quite a long relationship with Canada. I, as a curious young whippersnapper, decided to see what this place was all about. When I was seventeen or eighteen, during vacation, I took a trip to the Orkneys. I have never met better people than those who reside there. The place is brutal, and the weather is wicked, which are good reasons for this place to become a smuggler's paradise. Many goods from the Americas have been smuggled into Europe through these islands. The inhabitants have been trading with, as well as inter-marrying with, the natives of the east coast of North America for centuries. Many of the young girls on these islands could pass for Mi'kmaq maidens from Nova Scotia. Because they were familiar with the people and countryside of North America, Pierre Radisson chose them to work for the Hudson's Bay Company. He offered them less money than they could make from smuggling, but the work would be legal. Radisson insinuated, if they did not join forces with him, he could have their smuggling operations shut down. At the least, his legitimate business would not be in competition with the authorities.

"This is a little-known fact; in Britain we have many so-called *half-breeds*. I will tell you one interesting story though, about a famous Brit who takes pride in being a *half-breed*."

This was the way Doctor Redpath always started his stories. Something always reminded him of a curious or dryly humorous story. Gina had asked young Doctor Heath if she should take Doctor Redpath seriously. He told her there were many books written before Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* that spoke about natural selection. People had written these books years before Charles Darwin wrote his book, but society did not take these earlier books seriously. Suddenly, some people recognised that Darwin's work seemed credulous, even though it seemed to go against some religious beliefs. Today we see Darwin's books as being very rational. What about the authors before Darwin, they all died in obscurity and few people know their names. This includes Darwin's father and grandfather who also wrote and lectured about the evolution of all living creatures but were ignored. Doctor Heath stated, "One day a Charles Darwin will come along and re-discover Doctor Redpath's ideas, and this new Charles Darwin will receive all the accolades which Doctor Redpath deserves."

The doctor began his tale, "In my younger days when I was in England, I befriended a man who is now quite famous. Throughout the world, the average person knows his name. At every opportunity, this man would make a remark about his Native American ancestry but in a way that was not complimentary to the American Native. He carried a pistol, and he would brag about how he was an Indian warrior or how the savage in him would come out when he was in battle. His friends and advisors would suggest to him that such remarks could harm his political career since, in polite society, it wasn't to a man's advantage to have coloured blood in his veins."

The doctor spoke in an animated manner, as he always did when he told one of his historical tales. "However, our man never explained to his advisors that every time he brought up his native ancestry, he was reminding the royalty of England that they were in all probability his cousins. This man's grandmother, you see was a so-called *half-breed* from Nova Scotia. His grandmother's mother was an American Indian from Isle de Madeleine. However, as the story goes, his grandmother's father was Edward, the Duke of Kent. The duke subsequently moved

back to England and became Queen Victoria's father. Of course, all of this is just conjecture. Life is full of stories and myths but that's what makes life interesting. Winston Churchill is the man I'm speaking about. Is my tale true or myth?"

Doctor Redpath reached over for his glass and took a large sip of wine. He was obviously enjoying himself, "As the story goes, when the Duke of Kent lived in Halifax, he found some of the members of the Indian band in that area to be quite attractive. The information we have describes these Indians as being almost delicate people with fine features and a ready smile. Apparently, the Duke liked his sexual partners to be young and dark, and apparently, this was normal behaviour for European men. It was common for a middle-aged man to bed with a girl of no more than thirteen years of age." He looked over his attentive audience and added. "I have read that these Indian girls were very attractive indeed, and I have seen several portraits of them. Their complexion seems lighter than most Indian's and their hair has a wave to it. Their smiles, as their portraits indicate, are alluring. The story is that our Duke of Kent found these girls irresistible; so much so, he became a father with more than a few of the girls. In fact, as the story goes, he left so many children behind when he went back to England that Isle de Madeleine was renamed in his honour."

"Let me give you a scenario." This was the doctor's favourite way of starting a controversial conversation. It always began as a scenario. "I want you to imagine that a very powerful people landed in Europe. You understand, by the term Europe, I am also including Asia, which is part of the European continent. Now imagine, after rounding up all the peoples of Europe and Asia we begin referring to them as a homogenous race. You take the Laplander, the Mongolian, the German, the Spaniard et cetera and refer to them as one distinct race. How do you suppose they would react?"

No one answered so the doctor continued, "That is precisely what we have done in the Americas. When the Europeans came to this great land, there were in the Americas over two thousand different tribes. Some were very dark while others, like the Welsh speaking Mandan of the plains, were white with blonde hair. The total number of people living in North America alone was over two hundred million people. We can only guess at the numbers in Central and South America. When I give these numbers, people ask in disbelief, "What happened to all of these people." They think, for that number of people to disappear would be impossible. My answer to this is for them to look at the bison whose numbers dropped from over two hundred million to almost zero in a few generations. The same thing happened to people. They just disappeared. Most of the distinct tribes are extinct. What happen to the bodies of the eighty million casualties in Europe during the First World War? Where are these bodies?"

No one spoke. I do not think anyone knew what to think. Possibly, they were thinking that the doctor was off his rocker.

Ben, who was serving this evening, came up to Doctor Heath and whispered in his ear. It was apparent to everyone present; this meant Ben was informing the doctor about an emergency. Doctor Heath rose out of his chair and excused himself. Doctor Redpath seemed to sober up immediately. He got up and went to the phone in the hallway. After a few minutes, he peaked back into the room and looking at Nurse Rebel, he winked and told her it was Doctor Heath's first case of influenza of this nature, and that he was unsure of the correct dose. Doctor Redpath stated he was going to assist him.

Gina looked at Nurse Rebel in a questioning manner and Nurse glanced back at her but said

nothing.

Nurse Rebel's Story

The next morning most of the group slept in. Gina, true to her habit, got up early. She found Nurse Rebel having breakfast by herself. After they ate and were sipping a cup of tea, Gina decided to ask about something that was on her mind, "Surely Doctor Heath has seen an influenza case before? Why did Doctor Redpath need to accompany him?"

Nurse pursed her lips and said nothing. However, her thoughts were racing. She felt Gina was too young to understand such things. However, Doctor Redpath's words were ringing in her ears, "Secrets and lies keep us from intimacy and happiness." She reminded the doctor, he had his own secrets and lack of intimacy.

"Yes, he answered back and maybe that's why I'm having my own troubles."

She decided to confide in the girl. In fact, she felt, if she did not open-up, she would burst into a flood of tears.

"My girl, I would like to talk to you in confidence. I don't like gossip, and I would like you to promise that what I say will be in strictest confidence."

Gina nodded, "Yes, I agree. In fact, you honour me by accepting me into your confidence. I will say nothing to anybody."

"I was married once. We had a very happy marriage. My husband worked on the railway, and I stayed home to do the household chores. We were young and we had our whole lives ahead of us. We had everything to look forward to." There was a slight sign of tears in Nurse's eyes. She rose, blew her nose, and not looking at Gina, she asked, "Another cup of tea?" They walked to the kitchen and made a fresh pot together. By the time, the tea was ready, and they had re-seated themselves, Nurse had regained her composure, and she continued her story.

"My husband worked the afternoon shift, which is from four in the afternoon until midnight. One evening around six o'clock someone came to the door. It was a man who worked with my husband. There had been an accident. A train ran over my husband. He was dead.

"After my husband died, I became despondent. For six months, I never left the house. A cousin of mine came to see me. I wanted to see nobody. However, I allowed her and her husband in. They invited me to go back to Minnesota with them. I refused. They, however, would not take no for an answer. They badgered me until I finally gave in and agreed to go for two weeks.

"My cousin is a nurse. She was working with children who had contracted infantile paralysis. Total or partial paralysis overcame many children in the hospitals. It was my cousin's duty to massage the limbs of these children. It takes a special knack to massage the children properly. If one does not fully believe in the curative powers of massage, no amount of massaging will do any good. As you are rubbing the olive oil into the tender limbs, you need to imagine these limbs are healthy and normal. Your thoughts move through your hands into the tiny limbs. The limbs will respond to your thoughts. If, for example, you are working on a paralysed leg, you must imagine the child is walking as you massage the leg. You must verbalise to the child that this leg is healing, and it is getting stronger. The results are quite miraculous. Science cannot explain it. However, Doctor Redpath seems to understand it. He says it is like the placebo effect. The olive

oil is medicinal, but it works alongside the energy flowing form the person giving the massage into the patient's muscles and bones."

Nurse Rebel re-filled the two cups, "To make a long story short, my cousin invited me to the hospital. There was a resurgence of infantile paralysis in that area and there were many children in the hospital. Sister Kenny, a nurse from Australia, who had expertise in this treatment, had been working with the staff. I watched the team of nurses working and I talked to several of the patients. They were pitiful but they were not depressed. On the contrary, they were cheerful and hopeful. Everyone cheered when one of the children got up and took their first step. However, things were going slow. Because of the influx of new patients, there was a shortage of capable nurses to massage the children. To the person who does the massaging, it can be very tiring. The energy flows from the hands to the limbs so much so that the person doing the massaging feels drained of energy in a short time."

"I was asked if I could help. At first, I declined, but after much insistence, I decided to see if I was talented at this job. I soon realised it does take talent. Bobby was my first patient. My cousin patiently showed me how to do it and then asked me to try. My cousin told me, because I had spent so many years milking cows, I would be a natural. It was true; from years of milking cows, I had strong hands. There is a similarity between the two jobs. It is hard to believe how much energy it takes to do this. I could feel the energy flowing from my hands into the tiny limbs. When Bobby took his first steps, I cried, but I no longer felt despondent. I had come to know what my calling was. I trained to be a nurse, and I worked alongside my cousin."

Gina still did not know what all of this had to do with influenza, but she was not going to interrupt. She would probably get to the point and Gina was starting to have a better understanding of this stern but very kind woman.

"I was asked to go back to Winnipeg where there was an epidemic of infantile paralysis and nobody, I was told, were massaging the children. Physicians were having limbs placed in braces and the staff believed the children would never recover. I talked to the nurses and the doctors about how massage therapy was helping children in Minnesota. The hospital staff told me to follow their instructions and forget about massage therapy. However, word had spread that massage therapy was working. I was spreading the story about Sister Kenny. Doctor Chown, one of the doctors I was working with, was instrumental in bringing Sister Kenny to Winnipeg. It wasn't just my influence, some of the parents of my patients had heard massage treatment was working in Minnesota, and they requested it.

"I was preparing to move back to Minnesota when Doctor Redpath came to see me. He asked me to come and work with him. Doctor Redpath told me he was using massage therapy, and he needed help. Many doctors refused to use Sister Kenny's methods. Instead, they were placing children's limbs in braces which only made matters worse. Desperate parents who had witnessed the effects of massage therapy were flooding his office, and he was overwhelmed. He not only wanted me to work with patients, but he also wanted me to train other nurses. I believed I had no choice but to join his team.

"Matt was one of my first patients. Look at him today. You could not imagine a stronger and more capable man. We helped many, many, many little children regain their health, and when there were no more patients to massage, I stayed on. Doctor Redpath and I make a good team. We understand one and another."

Nurse Rebel continued with her story, “My cousin came back from Minnesota for a vacation. She came to our clinic and met Doctor Redpath. She told us about a new and revolutionary method of curing infantile paralysis in young children. The clinic where she was working was using this treatment with great success. As soon as a child shows signs of infantile paralysis, the doctor injects the child with massive doses of Vitamin C. This results in an almost instantaneous cure. After these injections, there are never any signs of paralysis. Doctor Redpath went down to Minnesota to see for himself. He came back full of enthusiasm. He said that the Vitamin C therapy showed miraculous results, not only for infantile paralysis, but it seemed to cure any type of virus.

“The reaction from the local establishment was not what we expected. They would not accept it. The authorities told Doctor Redpath to mind his P’s and Q’s. There was a threat to boot Doctor Redpath out of the medical profession. Whenever he uses vitamin therapy, Doctor Redpath always marks down that the patient has a vitamin deficiency, but he never mentions he is treating infantile paralysis. None of the patients Doctor Redpath has treated this way has shown any signs of paralysis. The case last night was not influenza. It is just that we never use the term infantile paralysis here.”

Gina now understood. She was also beginning to understand why they were living in a compound.

Nurse Rebel changed the subject, “We have a patient in the infirmary with one leg that is badly paralysed. She has been in braces for quite a while so she will need a lot of therapy. Would you care to walk over and visit our infirmary?” She could see that Gina was puzzled, “You didn’t know we have an infirmary?”

“No, I didn’t, where is it?”

“Actually, you spent your first night in the infirmary. You slept soundly so you would not remember. Let’s go. I’ll take you for a tour. The infirmary is just behind Doctor Redpath’s office. Come, there is no need to go outside, we’ll take the tunnel.”

Angelina

The infirmary is an addition behind the office building which houses Doctor Redpath’s office. It is across the road from the compound. It consists of two public wards with a capacity for fourteen patients on each of the two wards. As Gina walked in, she could see two women patients, the rest were children. The ceilings were at least twelve feet high, and the outside walls had large windows, ensuring an ample supply of light. In between the two wards was a nurse’s station. French doors were in front of and behind the nurse’s station. One set of doors led to the outside, while the other set led to a walkway at the end of which is a huge kitchen and eating area. Gina had a tour of the whole complex.

Nurse Rebel explained, “You thought everything we eat in the house is made in our tiny kitchen? Most of it is cooked right here. We have a very fine chef who trained in France. He is running the show.” Nurse Rebel looked at Gina with a half-smile on her face, “Doctor Redpath has provided for everything.”

Nurse Rebel took Gina back to the wards. Moving in behind a curtain, they watched a nurse massaging a young girl’s leg, which was obviously smaller than the other leg. The girl, who was

about ten years old, looked up as they entered, “Good morning, Nurse Rebel.”

Nurse Rebel quietly went to the head of the bed. She took the girl’s hand in both of hers, “Good morning, Josephine, how are you doing?”

A big smile burst on her face, “I took three steps this morning. Nurse Benton will tell you.” Looking over at the nurse who was massaging her leg, “Isn’t that right Nurse Benton?”

“Yes, it certainly is, and tomorrow you’ll take four or maybe five steps.”

As they were touring the rest of the ward Nurse Rebel explained, “Nurse Benton is a natural when it comes to the touch. Not everyone can do it you know. Doctor Redpath says it is like witching for water, some can do it, and some cannot. Personally, I believe anyone can do, it, if they put their mind to it.”

They walked quietly along. Gina who was in deep thought. Nurse Rebel turned to her, “Well, I think you’ve seen everything.” However, Gina was not paying attention. She was looking to the end of the ward on the south side. Without saying anything, she started walking into the ward. Nurse Rebel stood watching as Gina walked to the far wall. She saw Gina stop in front a little girl who looked to be eleven or twelve years old. Gina leaned over the girl who was looking up at her. Nurse could see them talking but she could hear nothing. She waited. Eventually Gina stood up and walked back to Nurse Rebel. In almost a whisper and with a puzzled look, she said, “That is One-zero-nine. Why is she here?”

“That is Angelina; she has been with us for a little while.” Moreover, ignoring Gina’s question she went on, “We were planning to bring her to the house. However, she has made friends with Josephine, and we feel it is doing each of them so much good, we are reluctant to move her.”

“But why is she here? I don’t understand.”

“Come we’ll talk about it later. We’ll get Doctor Redpath to explain.”

Gina would not give up. After lunch, she caught Doctor Redpath by himself and forced herself on him, “Doctor Redpath, I must talk to you.”

Doctor Redpath gave her a very tired and sad look, “Yes, we’ll talk in the library.”

She did not give the doctor a chance to sit down, “Today I saw a little girl from the school. Why is she here?”

The doctor walked over to the sitting area. Gina stood in front of the closed door. The doctor motioned for Gina to sit as he sat himself down. Gina marched over and sat across from him. She leaned into him waiting for an answer.

The doctor reluctantly began the conversation, “She has been kidnapped. Certain people have forced her upon us. I never wanted any part of this. However, I’m caught in the middle of it all and I’m trying to do what is best.”

They both sat facing each other in silence. Gina was waiting for an explanation.

The doctor was the one to break the silence, “It will be over my dead body when she goes back to that house of horrors! I’ll go to gaol first.”

“What do you mean; she has been kidnapped?”

The doctor looked over at her. She had never seen him look more tired and beaten, “I need to get

back to the office, could we talk later? Maybe we'll have a long talk this evening?"

Gina nodded in silence.

Revelation

Doctor Redpath did not come back for supper. Gina fidgeted as she sat in silence throughout the meal. Doctor Heath noticed how pre-occupied she was, and he tried on several occasions to bring her into the conversation. He also noticed Nurse Rebel was not herself. He decided Gina must know the truth and he took it upon himself to tell it to her. After supper, he suggested to Gina they should have tea together in the library. Gina told him she was not feeling well, and she really would not like to. He looked at her very seriously, "I insist. I spoke to Doctor Redpath this afternoon and we must talk."

She went with him to the library. She sat and he paced. Where should he begin? He did not know so he just started talking, "In Canada the Indian, you're probably aware, has no rights."

"Why is that girl here?" Gina was impatient.

The doctor held up his hand to quiet her, "I'm getting to that. Be patient." She said nothing and he continued, "As I was saying, in Canada the Indian has no rights. They are wards of the Crown and as such, the government may do as it pleases with them. In Nova Scotia, they have a bounty on Indians. The English government pays so much per scalp. There has been no scalping of Indians in Canada for many years, but this scalping law is still on the books. The Indians have scalped people. Society has always told us this. However, in fact, the British were the ones who started the practice of scalping. This is because it is not the Indian who writes the history books." Doctor Heath knew he was off the topic, but he was trying to stall until he could think of the right words. He wondered where he should begin and he tried making a fresh start, "What I'm trying to tell you is, the law works both ways. If this girl is a non-person by the Crown, then how can we be charged with kidnapping a person?"

"I don't understand. Who kidnapped One-zero-nine?"

The young doctor's head jerked up, "One-zero-nine?"

"That was her number. Everybody had a number. I was One-one-eight."

"That is exactly what I was saying. They do not even allow you to have a name. You are not a person."

"Please, get on with the story."

"To begin with, her name is Angelina and okay, I'll start from the beginning."

Gina glared at him impatiently, "I wish you would."

"The night you disappeared from the school, another girl also disappeared." Gina nodded and he went on. "Doctor Redpath wondered what had happened to this little girl, this little Sophie. He believed; if he found out, he could clear your name of suspicion in her disappearance. He asked Matt and Cassius to investigate, which they did. You told us you saw Reverend Dodgson leave a parcel in the laundry room. This led us to believe there was a possibility the Reverend Dodgson held the key to the puzzle. Therefore, Cassius and Matt took a trip with the idea of keeping a close watch on Reverend Dodgson. Cassius and Matt watched his every move, and they

eventually found out what happened to Sophie."

"What happened to her?"

"We're certain she's dead."

"How do you know?"

The doctor got up from his chair and began to pace. He then went on with the story as follows. He told Gina about how Matt and Cassius constantly watched the Reverend Dodgson. They followed him to his monthly lodge meeting. He came out of the meeting with Father Metallier who was carrying a comatose young boy. The Reverend drove Father Metallier, along with the comatose boy back to the school and then he went home. Cassius wanted to break into the lodge to see what was going on. He has his suspicions about what these men were doing. However, with Matt's insistence, he held himself back. Matt felt the time was not right to confront anyone.

Doctor Hearth related how Reverend Dodgson frequently went to the school. In fact, he was often at the school two or three days a week. With binoculars Matt and Cassius watched the school closely from a distance. Reverend Dodgson was spending a lot of time in the yard with a group of girls. He would give the girls candies, and they would sit on his lap. One day when he was alone in the yard with one of these girls, he invited her into his car, and they drove away together. From a distance Matt and Cassius witnessed this activity. Hopping into their automobile, they quickly caught up to Reverend Dodgson's sedan and they began following it. On the country gravel roads, this was easy because they could simply follow the cloud of gravel dust from a safe distance.

When they witnessed the car pulling onto overgrown dirt road and stop, Cassius and Matt parked their car behind a clump of bushes, and they slowly walked towards where the Reverend had stopped. Matt held back but Cassius crawled through the tall grass until he was close enough to hear the Reverend talking. The Reverend gave the young girl more candy. He sat on the grass with his legs outstretched and he got her to sit on his crotch as he stroked her hair. This went on for some time. The Reverend then began carefully removing the girl's clothes. Cassius could feel his blood boil as he held himself back. He knew that to have proof he must let the Reverend carry on a little further. He thought to himself, "If I allow him to kill her, maybe then the law will act." Cassius realised they, the authorities and police, will accept the preacher's denial for anything less than murder. He then thought, even if he kills her, he could point the finger away from himself. "After all, I am not the white one; I am maybe just one notch above or below an Indian. He'll say he caught me in the act, and he'll probably get away with it."

Cassius was at his wits end. He did not know what to do. However, as he crouched low trying to think, the Reverend kept removing the girl's clothing. She was now running around the grass, completely naked. The Reverend stood up and dropped his pants, his engorged member pointed upwards. Cassius could not wait any longer, he jumped up and ran towards them. On hearing a noise, the Reverend turned and saw Cassius. He quickly pulled up his pants and while holding them up with one hand, he ran towards the car. He grabbed the door handle and pulled the door open, but he was too late; Cassius slammed the door into his body and then he grabbed him by the back of his neck and pulled him out of the car. As he swung him around, Cassius hit him across the chin with one big fist. This one blow knocked him unconscious. Cassius let go of him and he fell to the ground, unconscious.

Matt ran up, arriving breathless. Cassius turned to him, "Dress her and put her into this man's

car. I'll take care of him." He then grabbed the Reverend's feet and dragged him behind a small bush. Matt did as Cassius had instructed him. He then sat impatiently in the car with the girl, who sat on the seat beside him, smiling up at him, innocently unaware of what was going on. Matt was anxious to see what Cassius was doing but he did not dare leave the girl by herself. He tried to be patient even though his anxiety was increasing. Finally, Cassius returned. He got into the back seat of the car, and he told Matt to drive to where their car was sitting. He told Matt to take the child into their car and he proceeded to wipe off any fingerprints from Reverend Dodgson's car with a soiled rag. Then Cassius seemed to have second thoughts. He called to Matt to follow him. Cassius then got into the Reverend's car and with Matt following him, he drove back to where the gravel road turned onto the dirt road. He parked the Reverend's car and Matt with the young girl pulled up behind him. Cassius wiped off any fresh fingerprints on the car and he then climbed into the back seat of their car. As he leaned back with his eyes closed, he ordered Matt to drive to Winnipeg. Matt began driving.

Gina was looking more through Doctor Hearth than at him, "So he killed Reverend Dodgson."

"No. That was why he took the Reverend's car back. He wanted Reverend Dodgson to find the car so he could drive himself back to town. He was hoping the Reverend would go home and say nothing about this to anyone."

"He left him to molest another girl."

The young doctor paced back and forth looking very agitated. "Well, it's possible he may kill another little girl, but I somehow don't think that will happen. At least he won't be raping her before he kills her."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Men like the Reverend look for sexual gratification. However, sex is not of prime importance to them. What they crave is power. That is why they pick on the young and the weak. They know they can have power over them. They feel all powerful during the act but unfortunately, after they have finished, they usually go into a state of depression. They are disappointed because they have lost power over themselves. They feel powerless against their compulsions. Sometimes they even loathe themselves. You see, through violations against a person, they try to rob that person of their dignity. However, one sows what one reaps. In the end, they lose their own sense of dignity. In essence, they have violated themselves. They do not understand, the only way they will begin to feel good about themselves is to help someone else develop their dignity. This way dignity will grow in both people."

The doctor sat close to Gina, and he continued, "Whether or not the Reverend will kill again, I don't know. I do know he now feels he is not a man, and this may push him into a deep depression."

"What do you mean he feels that he is not a man? What did Cassius do?"

The doctor jumped up from his chair, he took two steps. He slowly turned and looked Gina square in the face, "He castrated him."

Gina looked like she was going to faint. Tyrone rushed to her. He caught her in his arms and carried her to the sofa.

Awake!

Reverend Dodgson slowly came back to consciousness. He could hear car doors slam and voices in the distance. One car's engine revved up as it pulled away. He heard the driver shift into second gear and then into third gear and then the sounds faded into the distance. He tried to bring his foggy mind back to life. He dreamed of eating oysters and feeling them in his mouth, he instinctively tried to chew. However, his jaw was excruciatingly sore, and these oysters were elastic, much like tough sinew. He tried to open his eyes but the hot sun beating down on him was too bright. To avoid the light, he involuntarily turned his head as he opened his eyes. What was he doing in this field? As he rolled onto his side, he felt the sting of thistle needles on his thigh. His leg jerked back, and he looked down. He had no pants on. Without thinking, he spit the oysters out, one at a time. He tried to lift his head, but it ached so much he laid it back down. Then he began to remember. There was a large dark fist slamming into his jaw. He could barely open his mouth or move his jaw. He slowly moved his hand to his bare crotch. He felt his testicles aching and he moved his hand down to massage them. Suddenly, he realised his testicles were not there. Despite his aching head, he jerked up onto his hands and knees and vomited. He went into a cold sweat as he collapsed onto his chest.

He must have fallen asleep, for when he again opened his eyes, the sun was sinking in the sky. He raised himself up. He crawled over to a pile of clothes and painfully put them on. He stood up. He could see his car at the end of the dirt trail. He looked around to see if he had forgotten anything. His eyes fell on his testicles, and he quickly turned his head as an urge to gag came over him. With much effort, he managed to avoid throwing up.

As he sat behind the steering wheel wondering where he should drive to, he went over the sequence of events. What happened to the girl? Who was that man? Another cold sweat came over him as he realised that someone had caught him in the act. What was he to do? He could drive straight to the border and disappear into the United States. No, on second thought an idea came to him. He could say that he accidentally came across this man. This man had abducted the girl. He thought to himself, "Yes, I recognised this girl from the school. I went to her rescue, and this is what I got for my efforts."

He started the car and slowly drove back to town. He again went over everything in his mind. The police may be waiting for him. As he thought about going to the hospital, he could feel a twinge in his scrotum. Thoughts came into his mind spontaneously. At least he was not bleeding. This fellow must have known what he was doing. He must be a farm worker or maybe he is in the medical field? His mind kept racing during the drive home. Today's Tuesday and the housekeeper will be there. No, she will be gone by now. Then he remembered that she was on vacation, but she would be back from Winnipeg early next week.

He pulled up beside the house and looked around. No one was about. That was a relief to him. He went in. He was starting to feel better now. He sat on the couch with his head in his hands. "What should I do? What should I do?" He began to weep, first very softly and then uncontrollably. Was it the aftermath of the event or was he feeling sorry for himself, he did not know. He laid himself down on the couch and he fell asleep.

When he awoke, it was dark. He felt hungry. He toasted some bread and made himself a sardine sandwich. He ate with difficulty. His jaw felt like it had been broken, but he knew, if it were

broken, he would not be able to move it at all. He made tea and then he sat thinking as he drank it. What is going on? No one has come to the house. Surely, if someone had notified the authorities, he would get a knock at the door. Who was that man? Obviously, this man wanted the girl for himself. “He is jealous of me. That is why he did this. He took the girl. He has her somewhere right now.” His hand went to his crotch. He felt intense shame or was it a deep feeling of remorse or maybe anger. Possibly, he was upset because he had been outsmarted. He could not tell. Only a few hours ago he had been in control. He had felt he was smarter than the works of them. He went to bed.

The next morning he awoke late. As he lay in bed he thought, “I should have been a Catholic. Their clergy have much more power.” His family would have never allowed it though. He took a bath and soaked for a long time. As he shaved, he noticed how bruised and swollen his face was. He thought, “How can I go out like this?” An idea came to him, “Yes, I was fishing. I was walking along the creek bank, and I slipped. I am lucky this is all the damage I suffered.” There was no need for him to go out on that day; he only worked on Sundays. Maybe he would just stay in and tomorrow things should look better.

In the kitchen, he sat in reverie. His mind went back to the first time. He was twelve. Yes, he was sure he was twelve. Several of the older boys had a girl from the village in the potting shed. They had given her candy and then they had laid her out on the table with her skirt up and her knickers off. He watched from the doorway as they all took turns. They were all laughing and joking, except for the little girl who was whimpering. As he watched the proceedings, he could feel heat on his cheeks, and he felt physically ill. He felt as if he was about to vomit. He felt faint.

Reverend Dodgson’s mind now started to wander. He remembered seeing a picture titled *The Jester* in a London gallery. Over the years, he saw several reproductions of this picture. None of them did the original justice. He remembered, as he gazed up at the portrait, how much it reminded him of his aloof father who was also a very clean and dust free Edwardian gentleman, who could often be seen strutting along the pavement with his jewelled walking stick.

Like many men of his era, his father prided himself on the presentation he gave of himself to the world. He wore only the best-tailored clothes and well-polished handmade leather footwear. He never went out in the afternoons without his top hat and his walking stick. As he strutted down the walkway, his appearance matched his walking stick. He marched along just as straight and stiff. If he happened upon an acquaintance, he would stiffly bow his head and touch his hat. If it was a close acquaintance, he may murmur a good day in an emotionless tone. Except for a finely trimmed moustache, he was very cleanly shaven. In fact, his smooth skin seemed to shine in the sun. When in public, he never smiled, and he never frowned. He had a continuous look of aloofness without any sign of emotion.

However, it was when he was twelve years of age; Reverend Dodgson saw a different side of his father. Two years before, his parents had separated. His mother took the young William Dodgson away to live with her in a smaller country house. He was aware there was constant friction between his parents, but he never knew the details of these arguments. One day his mother announced to him, he would be living with his father. One of the servants took him, by the Blue Train, to the south of France where his father was vacationing. He remembered, upon arriving at the villa on the Riviera, the servant simply dumped him off, along with some luggage, at the doorstep.

It was in this villa; the Reverend became aware of the fact there was a different side to his father.

At first, he did not recognise his father. He was dressed in loose white linens, and he was wearing a pair of espadrilles. As young William's eyes scanned this slovenly looking unshaven man, this little boy wondered if this could be the same distinguished looking man about town whom he knew.

His father was greatly annoyed at seeing his young son dumped on his doorstep, and, even after all these years, his father's words still rung in his ears, "What the hell am I to do with him? What is she playing at?" He remembered how horribly hurt he was. If anyone in this world felt the pain of being unloved and unwanted, it was he.

He soon came to know, not only did people appear different when in the south of France, but they also acted differently. He overheard a group of men laughing and joking about the Isle of Capri, "Oh yes, I assure you, after he had undressed; he knelt down, said his prayers and then he crossed himself before he climbed into bed with me." The group laughed uproariously at this anecdote and the young future minister looked on in bafflement.

He lived at the villa for several months. There were always people about, but just before each weekend, some left, and newcomers arrived. It was on one of these weekends, when the partying became excessive that it happened. He remembered very little. He had gone to bed early as usual, but the noise caused him to wake up on several occasions. It was after waking up and wandering down a hallway to fetch a glass of water when it happened. An unknown man scooped him up and whisked him off into a secluded room where he brutally sodomised him. When he woke up the next morning in his own bed, it all seemed like a dream. However, he could feel evidence which proved the attack had taken place.

He went to a boarding school at the end of that summer. He had mixed emotions about going away to school. However, when he thought about what had happened, he was thankful he would not have to face those men again. He now remembered his first week at school and he could feel his face flush once more. It was his first Sunday afternoon at the school when three older boys cornered him and told him needed an initiation. They took him to a small building, where gardeners kept their tools, and they had their way with him. The bigger of the boys told him they would saw his nuts off if he dared to tell what happened. Despite his continual fears, the boys never repeated the gang rape. However, the biggest boy kept young William as a chattel and privately used him as he pleased. This older boy referred to him as "my little Willie." All three of these older boys graduated at the end of the first school year, and he never saw any of them again.

The Reverend managed to stay in the house until Sunday. By this time, his face looked much better. He told the people in his congregation he had tripped when he got up in the middle of the night and he had smacked his face on the arm of a chair. People seemed to buy his excuse. Over the years, he had learned to be a good liar.

Doctor Redpath

Facing Bernice, Doctor Redpath could not help wondering what this young girl's future held. He, along with Nurse Rebel, had been treating her for the past year and he realised, she had come a long way, but she still had a long way to go. He wondered if she would be a lot like Nurse Rebel whom she idolized. He was positive, whatever way she went she would do well; he could see she had a lot of potential. He looked into her deep blue eyes and thought, despite the hardship and

trauma which she had gone through, she always had such joyful eyes and a pleasant smile. He looked at her smooth olive complexion and full, wavy, light brown hair, which showed some natural blonde shading. He looked over her slim but full figure and her delicate hands and feet. Yes, a real beauty he acknowledged to himself. As he wondered where to go from here, his mind kept repeating, "Self-confidence, self-discipline, knowledge, and morality." Her lack of self-esteem and confidence was understandable.

"Last time we were talking we discussed how one may victimise you, but it is you who decides whether you will be a victim. Have you thought about that?"

"Doctor, I know you are trying to help me, and you think I should try harder, but I am always so busy. I just don't have time to think."

"Rather than going back to Switzerland right away, would you care to go to Quebec first?"

"Why would you want me to go to Quebec?"

"I have planned for Angelina to go to Sherbrooke. There is no way she can safely stay here by herself. I would like you and Gina to take her to Quebec. Once she's settled you two could carry on to Europe."

"What about her parents?"

"We cannot risk telling anyone where she is."

The doctor wanted to explain everything to Bernice, but he did not know how to make her understand. How could he explain this is just a game, a game that these megalomaniacs are playing? He thought about how he felt about the residential school system. He thought about how the authorities were purposely showing the children that their parents have no power. In this way, the children lose their sense of respect for their parents. The authorities do not allow the parents to provide a save haven for their children. They show the parents as being weak under the government's authority. Not only do the children eventually lose all sense of security, but they also eventually lose all respect and reverence for their parents who never came to their aid. The higher ups make out that the schools act in the best interests of the children. They pretend to have no knowledge of the abuse. Not only do they know about the abuse, but they also condone it and they encourage it. Why do they do this? It is because it is a way of enforcing their control over the Indian. The government, the schools, the churches are shown to have the power. Most children will naturally gravitate to the ones who have the power. Moreover, the ones who have the power will abuse the children and keep them down under their thumb. They crush the children's confidence to a point where they feel there is no hope. Niccolo Machiavelli, the Jesuits god, said it quite plainly: "Men, when they receive good from whence they expect evil, feel the more indebted to their benefactor." This is the game played with the Indian; first oppressed and punished by the bad cop and secondly thrown a little bit of kindness by a good cop. The Indian is then willing to give thanks for the little kindness and forget the suffering. It is human nature. It takes a clear, rational mind to understand how this works. Through the Indian education system, Canada makes sure the Indian never develops the ability to think for themselves in a rational manner.

Might is right, that is the only form of justice between Canada and the Indian and the system is set up in such a way so the government and the churches keep power over the Indian. Legally, the ones in power have the right to kidnap children and incarcerate them in concentration camps, euphemistically called schools. However, just because someone has the right to do something

does not make it right or moral. The key is what they do is *legal*. These so-called civilised savages have always operated this way. They make the laws and if questioned they will always answer, they *have never at any time gone outside of the law*.

He asked himself, "What has been the outcome of this?" He realized, the average Indian today is living in despair. He has nothing to live for and no hopes, no aspirations, no feeling of worth. Moreover, Doctor Redpath knew, if someone could manage to reverse the roles, these authority figures would be the ones to break, because the Europeans have proven time and again, they are the weaker of the two. They have always resorted to violence. To them, the only important things are money and power. With the English, the funny thing is, this only applies to the ruling class. The average Englishman on the street is in the same position as our Indian. The English seem to be satisfied to live in a caste society with the lower classes bowing down to the upper crust.

The doctor's thoughts rolled through his head. He was thinking, it is not just the Indian in Canada or the English workingman; the ruling power has done the same thing in Australia, New Zealand and even in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Any country these gangs of thugs go into, they do the same. In return, the conquered people bow down to their conquerors because they fear those who have power. When the oppressed are called upon to go and force other people into servitude, they will, as sheep, don a uniform and go to war for their oppressor. These conquerors have converted them to be savages. The oppressed have become the oppressors.

Before the partition of India, an East Indian had stated to Doctor Redpath, 'There are two types of people in India, the English and those who wish to be English.' That says it all, thought Doctor Redpath who believed Ghandi showed us how we can pull ourselves out of this. Of course, we will suffer. They will be unfair to us. They will post embargos on us, and make the world think we are the immoral ones. They will condemn us as savages, atheists, communists and any other blight that comes to their minds. However, we will rise and be the rulers of ourselves, but never, the rulers of others. How are we to do this? The people shall learn to think. We will take the teachings they pretend to believe and throw them out of the window. We will go back to Traditional knowledge and the *Rainbow People* shall rise again.

All these thoughts raced through the doctor's mind in a flash as Bernice sat watching him daydream. She wanted to make a noise to bring him back to reality. However, she did not have to. Nurse Rebel entered the room. The startled doctor jumped up and pulled over a chair, "Yvonne, have a seat. We were just talking about Angelina going to Quebec."

"Yes, we have moved Angelina into the compound. It isn't safe for her to be in public view."

The doctor spoke up, "Well, Bernice what do you say about going to Quebec?"

"Would I be part of this kidnapping scheme?"

"Yes, you would. Does that bother you?"

"No, I don't care about that, I want to do what is best for Angelina."

"Exactly, we will do what is moral and ignore legalities. Matt is to drive you to Kenora. We do not want to risk boarding the train in Winnipeg. You will take the train from Kenora to Sherbrooke. Nurse Rebel is to go along with you and Gina. She will be staying with you in Quebec, and then she will travel with you to Switzerland."

The doctor stood up and walked to the table by the door. He picked up a package, "Since you have some difficulty reading the books I put on your reading list, I bought you a recording. I

think it runs sixty minutes, but they squeezed a lot into that hour. Bernice opened the package and read the title, *The Strangest Secret.*

Doctor Redpath watched her, "Remember Bernice, the Æther lives in your body."

Bernice smiled.

The Trip

The plan was to leave at five AM in two days time and Doctor Redpath suggested, after what happened to Cassius in the States, everyone should be extra cautious. How anyone found out that Cassius was to drink from the fountain was anybody's guess. After his many escapades, someone could have recognised Cassius in the southern states, and they could have alerted the authorities. Then again, there could be a traitor in our midst. As a precaution, Cassius, when his leg healed well enough, immediately left for Sherbrooke. He would be waiting for the group when they arrived. To Gina and Bernice, it was all so scary, but as Gina said, it is not scary like the residential school. At the residential school, one lived in constant fear. She stated, the trip to Sherbrooke would be adventurous, but the group really should have no fear. The only apprehension Gina had was for Angelina.

It was cold when they arrived in Kenora early in the morning. Matt suggested they should wait in the car until just before the train was to leave. "I'll go in and buy the tickets while you wait. I'll check to see if the train is on time."

Angelina was sleeping in the back seat with her head resting on Bernice. The windows of the car were frosted. It was hard to see out but then again it was also difficult for anyone to see into the car.

The car door swung open, and Matt jumped in. He did not beat around the bush, "I may be paranoid, but I think we have a problem."

Nurse Rebel asked, "What do you mean?"

"There are some men in there; I don't like the looks of them. They are watching everyone much too closely. They stopped a woman who had three youngsters and talked to her. I used the washroom and came back out without inquiring about tickets."

Gina asked, "What are we going to do?"

"Well," answered Matt, "I suggest we drive on. Dryden is less than two hours; we can decide there. We could stay the night in Dryden. If anyone asks, we could say we are from Red Lake. One of my spare driving licenses has a Red Lake address. Well, if everyone's agrees, I'll gas up and pick up some sandwiches at the hotel." They all nodded approval.

As they got back onto the highway, Angelina began to fuss. She was in the backseat in between Gina and Bernice. Bernice pulled Angelina towards her and comforted her. Bernice quietly began singing a lullaby.

Nurse Rebel turned around from the front seat to see what was happening, "What you think about is what you get. We must all remember that." Gina and Bernice looked up at her in surprise and Nurse Rebel carried on, "Doctor Redpath is a firm believer in this philosophy and so am I. Many things have happened in my life to confirm this. We must all now think about

arriving safely in Sherbrooke. I suggest we all try to imagine what it will be like. Imagine what it will feel like to see Cassius again."

Gina interrupted, "For some reason, whenever I think about Cassius, I become anxious."

"Gina," answered Nurse Rebel, "that is only to be expected. Cassius saved you from your attackers. Subconsciously when you think of Cassius it reminds you of the attack. You do not see Cassius as your saviour, you see him as part of a frightening event. The subconscious brain is not logical. The only thing you can do is to get to know Cassius in a better light. Do you have the same feeling when you think about Matt?"

"No, I don't. In fact, I like Matt."

"Matt was there with Cassius when you were attacked. However, he was hidden and possibly you didn't see him."

Gina looked very pensive, "That's interesting."

Bernice sat quietly singing and humming to Angelina throughout this whole discussion. She now joined the conversation, "Cassius also helped me. However, I feel very comfortable with him. I know he would never harm me. In fact, if I have a nightmare, I always imagine Cassius comes and carries me away. My nightmares still scare me though. I know, in my nightmare, Cassius will save me. However, every time he arrives, he is just a little bit too late. I am not mad at him though. I know he would have been there earlier if he could have." Nurse Rebel noticed tears forming in Bernice's eyes and a slight crack in her voice.

Nurse Rebel was sorry she had mentioned Cassius, "Girls, I failed to tell you the good news. A couple in Sherbrooke will be raising Angelina as their daughter. All the arrangements have been made."

Gina was in shock, "What about her parents? What would they say?"

"Her parents will not know. We cannot help that. If Angelina went back to her parents, the authorities would immediately take her back to the school. Doctor Redpath will not have that." Gina tried to protest but Nurse Rebel did not give her a chance, "There is nothing to be done. The authorities will eventually tell the parents that Angelina is dead and that will be the end of it."

However, Gina would not give up, "What about when she is eighteen, what will happen? Will she go back to her parents?"

"I don't think so. We would all be in jeopardy. We are criminals in the eyes of the law, and our group is a criminal organisation. However, who knows what will happen in the coming years? Maybe things will change. Now, come on girls, let us think about arriving at a warm and friendly house in Sherbrooke." The girls smiled but Angelina continued to sleep peacefully.

Nurse Rebel pulled sandwiches from a brown paper bag and passed them around.

Matt, who up to now remained silent, spoke up, "I don't think it would be wise to stop for sleep. We look like fugitives. However, Nurse here is right. We must keep a positive attitude. Doctor Redpath always says what you think about is what you get. I have just read the *Power of Positive Thinking*, and I can see a definite advantage in having positive thoughts."

"Wasn't that book written by a Christian minister?" Bernice could not help bringing this point up

since everyone present knew Doctor Redpath considered Jesus Christ to be a fictional character created by, Titus Flavius, a Roman dictator.

Matt knew how to reply to Bernice's comment when he answered, "The power is in you. Your spirit resides in the solar plexus of your body. That is the fact we have so far agreed on. However, if someone else believes we must work through Jesus, Buddha, or whomever, we know, if they believe with feeling, through their imagination, they will also obtain the same results as if their belief was in the Æther. What Doctor Redpath is against, is people putting across, the only way to have prayers answered is through their house of worship. That is wrong, since we all know so-called miracles do not exclusively belong to any one group. A Traditional has just as many, if not more seemingly miracles, than any other group. However, a Traditional does not consider these to be miracles, but the results of conscious thought and physical effort. What you think about you will get because the brain weighs many solutions and through rational thinking, both conscious and unconscious, recommends what appears to be the best course of action."

Matt sat quietly for a while. No one else said anything so he went on, "Most people do not have enough faith in the power that resides in them. They must look outside of themselves. It would be far more profitable if people could only learn to have faith in themselves."

With insight beyond her years, Bernice spoke up, "How are people to develop faith in their own powers when they are enslaved by others?"

"Anyone may victimise you, but to be a victim, is your choice."

"Most people who are victimised do not realise they have a choice."

Nurse Rebel interjected, "This is taking us nowhere. It is up to us to spread the light. We are not evangelists, but we may teach whenever we get a chance. Mainly we teach by example. Gina and Bernice are two students of the Traditional way. If enough have faith, one day the chains that bind people to the oppressors will be broken. That day will come."

Gina observed, "The one thing that holds people back is the fact that most people are too insecure to seek independence. There are dozens of examples of freed slaves who will not leave their masters. They feel insecure. They do not know what to do if they leave. If one tries to show them that they have power, they normally do not believe it."

"Traditional is all about guiding people to learn on their own. In essence, it is not teaching. It is allowing them to learn. Education is not filling a vessel, but it is igniting a fire. Self-confidence, self-discipline, knowledge and morality; these are the four keys to true independence. In addition, it is only through true independence that a person my find true inter-dependence. True intimacy between two people cannot be obtained until each one becomes truly independent."

The conversation proceeded on this vein throughout the trip. Bernice asked Matt what he truly liked about Doctor Peale's book, and they discovered there were similarities between their beliefs and this book. Eventually, everyone except for Matt, fell asleep. Matt was tired but he felt it would be better to carry on. He continued driving.

As Matt stopped the car, Nurse Rebel awoke with a start, "Where are we?"

"It's about thirty miles to go, I'm just gassing up. Do you need the washroom?"

"Yes, I'll stretch my legs."

When Nurse returned to the car, the girls were all up. Gina suggested someone should take Angelina to the washroom. Gina, Bernice, and Angelina left the car together. When they returned Nurse Rebel was telling Matt about the young couple who were going to take Angelina in.

“The husband was a treaty Indian. During the war, he met his wife in England, and they married. When they came to Canada, they could not live on the reserve. Being an army veteran, he was eligible to buy a wartime house in Sherbrooke. However, the Indian Act states, if any Indian is away from the reserve for more than four years, he loses his status, he is no longer an Indian. This Indian insisted he get a letter stating he is not a status Indian and is not longer on the Indian list.”

“Indian list?” Gina asked.

Nurse explained, “The Indian list is given to bar owners, because Indians are not allowed to consume alcohol, it is an offense for anyone to serve alcohol to an Indian. This man wanted a letter stating he was not status so he would be legally allowed to have a drink with his friends in a beer parlour.” Nurse explained, “It has not been easy for them. His twelve years in residential school nearly destroyed any self-worth that he had. However, something happened to him in the army that changed his way of thinking, and his wife is a dynamo. She stands beside him in all ways. Apparently, her exact words were, “We’ll do it, and we’ll do it our way.” They do not have children of their own, and they are looking forward to meeting Angelina. They have now moved onto a farm. They feel it would be best to raise a child in the farm environment and I agree.”

Utopia

When Doctor Redpath entered his office, Doctor Heath was closely examining an object that had been sitting on Doctor Redpath’s desk. He was in deep concentration. He looked up at Doctor Redpath, “What kind of toy is this?”

Doctor Redpath walked over to the desk and took the object from his young partner. It looked like a metal puzzle consisting of rings and balls that were all different colours and attached together in a very elaborate way. He pressed a lever, and Doctor Heath could hear a ratchet click into place.

“Is it some type of navigational tool?”

Doctor Redpath concentrated on the object. He was in very deep thought, “Yes, you could say it is a navigational tool. However, it is much more than that. Come closer and I will explain it to you. You see, every time one pushes this lever the ratchet clicks one notch and every one of these objects moves a bit. It’s a calendar.”

“Really, how does it work?”

“You see, the ball in the very centre is the sun. Each of these exterior balls represents a planet. Now look at the earth. It has the moon rotating around it.”

“You mean, every time you click a lever, every one of these objects move?”

“Yes, every day at exactly noon hour one is supposed to click the lever. One may see where each planet and moon is at that precise time. A candle is placed in the sun as such,” and the doctor lit

a small candle and placed it into the sun. He then closed the curtains in the room, “One may predict an eclipse of the moon or of the sun and the shadow on the earth shows what areas will see the eclipse.”

“But this only shows the noon hour position. How can you tell what hour the eclipse will take place?”

“If you look closely at the lever, you will see three tiny knobs. A full rotation of the first knob rotates the system one full day. If you turn the knob halfway, it will indicate midnight. Now when you press the lever, the system will jump ahead to the next day again at midnight. The two other knobs are for fine-tuning so that we may predict an eclipse to within a few seconds. Normally the knobs are set at zero and one presses the lever to move forward by one day, but one may progress through the day in small increments by using the other two knobs.”

“This is marvellous. Did you make it?”

“No, far from it, this object is well over two thousand years old.”

“Two thousand years old? Are you trying to pull my leg?”

“No Trevor, I have no intention of pulling your leg.”

Trevor examined the object closely, “Who made it? Where did it come from?”

“If we reset it to be exactly noon hour, it is precise in the time zone we are currently in. This object was made for the longitude we are currently standing in, plus or minus less than one degree.”

“Who made it and why?”

“Apparently there a few other of these devices held by private collectors.”

“You still haven’t explained why it exists.”

“Up until the time the Europeans conquered the Americas there existed a place which could be referred to as Utopia. Christopher Columbus described this place as being Heaven on Earth. He described the Mayans as being *a people closer to God than any other culture.* The Europeans rounded up, executed any educated Mayan, and tried to destroy all evidence of their culture. Cassius has said, on more than one occasion, these power-hungry conquerors did everything to frustrate others, and to destroy what they could not equal or understand. I believe he is right.”

“How did you come into possession of this?”

“As I said, there are some other copies of this device. One is in China. As you are aware, China had a relationship with the Americas for thousands of years before the European invasion. In fact, people moved freely between China and the Americas. If one looks at the people of China, they may see a racial resemblance to some American Indians. I am saying some, because there were over two thousand different tribes in the Americas. These tribes were of many colours from near black to fully white with blonde hair and blue eyes. Marco Polo stated the Chinese were a superior people with a superior civilisation in comparison to Europeans. The Europeans were much too vain to accept this observation. Nevertheless, I know both the Chinese and the Mayans had knowledge which was far superior to the knowledge the Europeans had. The question I have is why did the Chinese freely pass on their encyclopaedias to the Europeans, when the Europeans, in return used this newfound knowledge to conquer the Chinese?”

Doctor Redpath looked up at the clock, “We will be late for dinner. You are eating at the house tonight are you not?”

“Well, I was planning on eating at home.”

“No, you’re not. Madame Petite is helping in the infirmary today. She will be eating at the house also. I forgot to pass that on to you.”

“I’m always the last one to know what’s going on.”

Doctor Redpath laughed, “You knew life would be interesting when you came here. Did you not?”

They both smiled as they walked together to the house. Doctor Redpath continued, “We’ll carry on this discussion later, over a glass of Port. I’m looking forward to it.”

As the two doctors settled into their easy chairs after the last meal of the day, Trevor asked, “Why does everything always taste so good here. Food at home wasn’t as good.”

“The cheese which you so enjoyed was brought in from Quebec.”

“Really and why is that? Don’t they make cheese in this area of the country?”

“Oh, yes, we make plenty of cheese here, but not as good as the cheeses from Quebec. In fact, all the dairy products are better in Quebec. To answer your question, everything we eat has been produced by us, either here, or at one of our other establishments.” Trevor went to interrupt, but Doctor Redpath would not allow him to as he went right on with his story, “We have farms and factories throughout the world. That is how we sustain ourselves. This enterprise provides work and a good living to thousands. Most of these people have been rescued like Bernice or Gina.”

The young doctor seemed shocked, “I knew you had other interests, but I never realised they were to that extent.”

“Well, it’s about time you found out, because it’s going to be part of your legacy, when I pass on.”

Trevor looked at him in a shocked but questioning way.

Doctor Redpath continued, “As I was saying, just about everything we eat has been grown by one of our enterprises. This ensures we get foods of good quality and nutrition and our farms and factories provide a good living to many people.”

Trevor changed the subject, “Could we get on with the story you started at the office?”

The older doctor rose and poured two glasses of Port. He handed one glass to Trevor, and he raised the other glass to the window as he noted the deep colour, “This has been produced at one of our vineyards in Portugal. One day we will visit it together, and then with a wink he added, “Or would you prefer to visit it with someone who is more to your attraction?” Trevor flushed and Doctor Redpath went on, “Let’s get on with the story.”

The doctor sat back in his chair and carried on, “As I was saying, one of these little toys, we were playing with in the office, has shown up in China. This is understandable since, as I was saying, the Chinese had a relationship with the Americas. We found another one of these toys in Italy. Some people have traced it back to Galileo. Others have shown that de Vinci knew of its existence. How did Galileo come to have it in his possession, and was this where he obtained his theory about the earth revolving around the sun? We do not know. We can only surmise.”

Doctor Redpath took another sip from his glass, “Homer’s Odyssey is thought to be fiction. However, if you plot his travels on the globe, you will find his ships travelled from Greece to Normandy, Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, Greenland and finally to North America. Did the Greeks travel to the Americas many years before Columbus came here? We cannot prove this as a certainty. However, divers have retrieved the third one of these toys from a Greek ship that had sunk in the Mediterranean. Is that a coincidence? At the least, it is all very interesting. Don’t you think?”

Trevor sat staring at his glass. Both sat in silence for a while. Finally, Trevor broke the spell, “That explains a few things to me. But I still have some questions.”

“That’s good. You have the same thirst for knowledge I had at your age.”

“Earlier on you were talking about Utopia on earth. What did you mean by that?”

“At the time when England boasted London to be a big metropolis of thirty or forty thousand people, in America there were several cities of more than two hundred thousand people. The Americas had the most advanced civilisations in the world. The Mayans were possibly the most advanced with knowledge of life and medicine that is beyond what we know today. Look at the little toy I showed you today. That is just an example of their knowledge.”

“What happened?”

“The Europeans were afraid of these people. These people lived in peace and tranquility whereas the Europeans only understood savagery. In the name of God and Jesus Christ, the Spanish slaughtered all the Mayan leaders and scholars. The Indians were peaceful people who understood nothing about fighting. They did not fight the Spanish, but many took to flight. The Spanish knew how to rule by fear. They brought over boatloads of Mastiff hounds from Europe. They trained these hounds to hunt Indians. Indians who had escaped to the woods were hunted down to be murdered on the spot or kept as slaves.”

Doctor Redpath rose and replenished the two glasses, “Would you like to hear more?”

“Yes, definitely I would.”

“The history you have been taught is the white man’s history, the conquerors history. I will give you history from the other side. As I stated there were at least two thousand tribes in the Americas. There was little rivalry between the tribes. At certain times of the year, they mingled with each other. They adopted children from each other’s tribes. Somehow, they knew this would strengthen the gene pool. Many tribes visited the big Mayan cities for trade, but most tribes were nomadic or semi-nomadic and would move closer to Central America during their winters. There were large cities of sixty thousand or more people near Colorado, but the inhabitants lived there for only a few months of the year. Other tribes carried their houses with them in the form of tents. Most of the tribes in North America moved south in the winter and north in the summer. Some travelled with the bison much the same as Laplanders travel with their reindeer. As a means of controlling mosquitoes, the Purple Martins travelled with them, living in houses provided by the Indians. Food was plentiful and sickness was basically unheard of since they had knowledge of sanitation and nutritious food was plentiful.”

“The Europeans came. They moved into the settlements the Indians had vacated for winter. When the Indians returned in spring, they found the Europeans had already planted many of their cultivated fields. The Indians did not complain. They cleared new fields and planted the crops

they had developed over centuries."

"The Europeans paint a picture of the American Indian as a savage living like an animal in the woods. If that was the case, let the European explain the development of the many varieties of plants and animals that he found in America when he came. Tobacco is something the European mentions with distain. However, how about, squash, corn, peppers, potatoes, seedless oranges and tomatoes. The avocado is the perfect fruit and one of the most nutritious foods on the planet. Corn, for example, needs human intervention. If humans did not take the seeds off the cob and plant them, the corn could not reproduce. How can Europeans say corn was a wild plant when it is incapable of living in the wild? The Europeans took all the foods which I have mentioned, back to Europe to form part of their staple diet. Also, look at the animals such as the llama, these so-called savages domesticated and developed over the ages."

Doctor Redpath lifted his glass as if to study it, "The Indians also made fermented drinks but there was no abuse of alcohol until the Europeans came. Some scholars look upon whiskey, as the downfall of the Indian, but the little-known fact is that alcohol was not the culprit. It was a very potent hallucinogen. Someone, we do not know whom, used spoiled grain to make his mash for whiskey. However, he did not know spoiled rye often has a fungus called ergot living and growing on it. This ergot produces a very powerful hallucinogen. In the batch process of distillation, this hallucinogen carries over with the alcohol. It winds up in the whiskey. Anyone drinking this product, which the traders referred to as high wines, would not only feel the effects of the alcohol, but they would also have strong hallucinations that would sometimes drive them insane. Traders commonly fed ergot infested high wines to the Indians. The traders had the barrels marked so that they knew which barrels had no hallucinogens. To be on the safe side, the traders normally only drank brandy."

The older doctor smiled and went on, "Pardon me, I'm digressing, let me go on with the story. Most Indians are naturally musical. Europeans commonly took dozens of them back to Europe to play in their private orchestras. These American musicians taught the Europeans harmony. Many Indians commonly have extended ranges in their voices; sometimes being able to sing several octaves. Certain tribes of Indians, in general, are natural musicians. I know of several who have mastered the violin or guitar in a matter of weeks without formal instruction."

"Another interesting tale is, in the seventeenth century, people in Europe were noticing the members of their Indian orchestras never seemed to age. It was rumoured they had drunk from a fountain of youth. Do you remember the story about Ponce de Leon being sent to the Americas to find the fountain of youth?"

"Yes, I do. That story always fascinated me."

"Well, there is a fountain of youth, but the fountain is an allegory. It represents a way of living that maintains youth. This was a natural way of living for the Indians. Unfortunately, the knowledge of the fountain of youth was lost with the loss of the Indian culture. Fortunately, there are a few who still have this knowledge and one day this knowledge will again be commonly known."

"Are you drinking from the fountain of youth?"

"Not as often as I would like to."

"Will you share this fountain with me?"

"Of course, it is part of Traditional knowledge. Eventually you will understand it."

"Does this fountain really work? I mean did the Indians always retain their youthful appearance?"

"We know of North Americans who have lived for more than three hundred years. You may not believe this, but I do. You have probably heard of Thomas Parr?"

"Yes, I'm familiar with Thomas Parr. I believe he was one hundred and fifty-two when he died."

"Exactly, Thomas Parr knew the secret of youth. However, once he tasted the wine, rich foods and free sex in London, he came to prefer the *good life* to the long life. We all make that choice. My question is how long would Thomas Parr have lived if Doctor Harvey hadn't killed him by introducing him to the *good life* in London?"

Doctor Redpath rose once more. He raised the decanter of port, "Beautiful colour is it not? That is one of the secrets of maintaining youth, to enjoy the finer things in life, but always in moderation. That is what Thomas Parr forgot." He then turned to the young doctor, "This is your first lesson, and you already are familiar with something else, self-confidence, self-discipline, knowledge, and morality. As you are aware, there are two sacred numbers. Four is one of these numbers. This formula has four elements just as we have four directions, north, south, east, and west. Also, we have four seasons and four elements of life."

A Miraculous Journey

"You need to believe in yourself. You must realise the power is in you. The force is in you. All knowledge and all power are in the Æther. The Æther is omnipresent. It is everywhere. Every living thing has the Æther at their centre. The centre in humans is the solar plexus." As Doctor Redpath said this, he tapped his belly just under his ribs. "Therefore, the Æther lives in your solar plexus. That portion of the Æther is your soul and your soul is all powerful and has access to all knowledge because it is directly connected to the Æther. People believe a person has only one brain which lives in their head. The truth is, we have several brains and one of these brains is in your gut. This is the brain which I am referring to and this is why some people get a 'gut feeling' when they feel something is true."

Doctor Redpath rose and strolled over to the fireplace. He placed another log on the fire and adjusted the damper. He turned and looked at Doctor Heath while rubbing his hands together behind his back. He then continued, "People who wish to control others make these oppressed people believe, to obtain any desires; they would have no choice but to work through their oppressors. This, of course, is not true. Each person carries the power within. They must learn how to use this power. The first step would be to learn to understand the laws of the universe. One must learn to use these laws to their benefit. We easily learn the physical, natural laws such as the law of gravity. If we jump from a ten-story building, the laws of gravity will bring us to earth at a high speed. Our body will not be able to withstand the impact when we strike the earth, and we will be killed."

"I've learned all of this in school, and I believe I understand it."

"I'll let you in on a little secret. As you get older, you begin to realise one understands nothing perfectly. Occasionally, one gets a surprise, something you positively knew to be true, in a flash,

you realise all along you have been wrong, and now, you understand something else, maybe something opposite, is true."

Doctor Redpath returned to his chair. He raised his feet onto a footstool and gave a deep sigh, "The laws of nature seem all so simple in the physical world, but they can be very hard to understand in the non-physical world. In fact, the laws in each world seem to contradict each other."

"How do you mean, they contradict each other?"

Doctor Redpath explained, "For example, if I do an experiment in the physical world, I am using the laws of cause and effect. Each time the experiment is done, one may expect the same results. Do you agree?"

"Yes, I agree. It only makes sense."

Doctor Redpath continued, "Fine, now let us continue. In the non-physical world, one may obtain a different result if one does the same experiment a second time."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Doctor Redpath gives an example, "You have seen Nurse Rebel work with young children who have contracted infantile paralysis, have you not?"

"Yes, and I think it is marvellous how, through massage, she can eliminate the paralysis. Where I came from, in Montreal, these children would remain in braces for the remainder of their life."

Doctor Redpath explains further, "Now, let me ask, why have others tried this massage therapy, and, for them, it hasn't worked? You cannot say they just happened to have a more complicated case, since Nurse Rebel has cured paralysis in children who could not be helped by others who had tried massaging the afflicted limbs."

Doctor Heath commented, "I would say Nurse has a special gift, and for the benefit of the children, she should make full use of it."

"Nurse does not have a special gift, but she does have a special knowledge. She understands certain laws of metaphysics. And by metaphysics I am speaking about the laws existing in the non-physical world."

Doctor Heath questioned, "You would think these laws should be the same as the ones in the physical world."

"Yes, you would, but they are not, and that is crucial to our understanding of our inner forces and how we may use them. The metaphysical law, which Nurse has tapped into, is the law that states, 'The result which one expects is the result which one will obtain'. When Nurse massages a paralysed limb, she fully expects it to heal. The patient picks up the vibrations from Nurse's thoughts, and they too come to fully expect the limb to heal. That, my young student, is the key. The result which one expects is the result which one will obtain. It is a perfect law, and through that law, one may move mountains. This is the same unexplainable law which scientists have discovered in Quantum Physics."

This example seemed to make sense to the young doctor, but he wondered if Doctor Redpath might be exaggerating it to a degree. He personally had witnessed the results of Nurse's massage therapy. However, he found he could not just accept what the older doctor was saying. He made

it sound all too easy. He wondered, if one is to obtain fantastic results, one must use fantastic methods. That made more sense. There must be more to it. Otherwise, everyone would be using this law. He could think of many things he wished for and never received. There had to be more to this. He sat in a daydream debating the question in his own mind. The older doctor did not wish to break the spell. He sipped from his glass as he sat in silence, observing his young partner. Finally, Doctor Heath broke this silence, "There have been times when I wanted a patient to get well, and they never did. Are you saying I could have acted in a different way?"

"There is a difference between wanting or wishing and truly believing. When one truly believes so intensely that one can feel the outcome, that outcome will manifest. When I say feel, I am saying, this feeling is so intense, you feel it right in your bones. You feel as if it has already manifested. Do you not know what I mean?"

They both sat in silence, and then, very seriously, without looking up, the young doctor answered, "No. I don't quite get it."

Doctor Redpath leaned back in his chair, took a deep breath, and slowly exhaled, "I'm going to tell you a story. Maybe it will give you a little more insight. Cassius related this to us. During the Second World War, Cassius was on a small island in the South Pacific. This island was only a few miles across but covered in bush. It was very near another, larger island, where the Japanese had set up a base. The Japanese had overlooked a few Allied personnel who were on this small island. These men lived in a series of caves where the Allies had stored cases of rations before the Japanese had moved in. These men also had a hand cranked magneto powered radio, which they used to communicate with their home base. As I stated the tiny island was in the middle of nowhere and wasn't even shown on most charts."

"All went well for several months. The men made radio contact with the closest Allied base, which was about a thousand miles away. The men regularly reported on Japanese ships and aircraft, which they could spot from the island. Since they transmitted randomly for very short periods of time, they managed to escape detection by the enemy."

"Several months went by without incidence, and then something happened to the radio. The men on the island found they could receive clearly but they were unable to transmit. One of the men knew a little about radios and he felt he was able to diagnose the problem. Unfortunately, they had few spare parts, and he could not do the repairs."

"The Allied base, since they were no longer receiving radio messages, decided, either the Japanese had discovered the group on the island, or something had happened to the radio. They decided to take the stand that the radio must be at fault, because, if the Japanese had attacked, the men would have immediately transmitted to let the Allied base know what was happening. It was decided to send another radio to the island."

Doctor Redpath now looked at the young doctor. He looked deep in thought, "Tyrone, are you listening?"

The young doctor sat straight up, "Yes, yes, I was just trying to imagine what it was like on this tiny island. Every day one would be wondering what would happen if the Japanese decided to explore the island. Every day might be your last day."

"Aren't you interested to know what happened?"

"Well, I know Cassius made it off the island. He's here today is he not?"

“Eventually he was captured, but not before the event I am about to tell you about. You may call it a miracle, but many primitive people would view it as just an ordinary everyday event. At least it was an everyday event until the Europeans banned them from doing it.”

“Alright, I’m ready for you to get on with the story.”

Doctor Redpath laughed, “One day, if you catch Cassius in a good mood, he may tell you the story himself. Normally, he can be very closed mouthed.”

Trevor gave the older doctor a look of impatience.

Doctor Redpath replenished the glasses. He placed another log on the fire and sat down, “I wonder how Cassius is making out in Sherbrooke. Well, he is not exactly in Sherbrooke you know. We have our little farm just on the outskirts. That is where Matt and the girls will be staying. Nurse, Gina, and Bernice will go to Switzerland from there.” He glanced at the young doctor. It was evident he was not anxious to hear about the events on the island. However, he noted a look of interest in Tyrone’s face when Gina’s name was mentioned so he added, “Gina has grown up in the last five or six months. Have you noticed?”

Tyrone sat silently for a minute, “Yes, she is no longer a girl; she is more of a young lady.”

“Yes, anyways shall we continue?”

In a perfunctory manner, the young doctor replied, “Of course, let’s continue.”

“The problem was how to deliver the radio without exposing the men on the island. The Allies believed the men were performing a valuable service. Rescuing them was out of the question. Of course, during a crisis, people will take measures they would not dream of taking during normal times. The men at the base decided to take a gamble. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. On the big island, where the Allied base was, some of the natives were talking about long trips their ancestors would routinely make in catamarans before the Europeans came. These European invaders had banned these sea voyages many years before. When the Allied forces questioned the Islanders, only one old man admitted to remembering these journeys. Looking at a map, this old man stated, as a boy, he personally went on a trip to the island where the Japanese base was. He also pointed out, despite it not being on the map, the tiny island Cassius was living on was familiar to him, he knew exactly where this very tiny island was. The commander in charge of this operation asked the old man if he could travel the thousand miles in a catamaran and reach that tiny island. He stated he could.”

“The upper echelon questioned if this old man was not talking through his hat. However, the officer in charge spoke to an old trader who remembered many stories about such long voyages the natives took in flimsy watercraft.”

“Under the old man’s guidance, the natives cut trees, hollowed them out, and tied them together to make a traditional catamaran. This activity gave a boost to the community. They were living a part of their former culture. Up to that day, the law did not allow the people to build such crafts. The natives had been forcibly kept at home to work on the plantations.”

“It sounds like quite a risk for the top brass. The outside world would see this as something completely asinine.”

“Yes, but the outside world knows nothing about metaphysics. They only believe what they can sense with their five senses. They have lost the use of their higher senses.”

Finally, the young doctor started to take an interest in the story, “Okay, so what happened? Did they get the boat built?”

“Oh yes, they finished it, and when the old man told them they were in the right phase of the moon, the crew, consisting of five young natives, and the old man, took off. The old man spoke only his native tongue, but one of the five young men was fluent in English, and he acted as a translator. Being a small craft on the ocean, there was little chance the Japanese would spot them. However, the question was, could they find a tiny island which was less than a mile wide and a thousand miles away? Cassius talks about the day they arrived. They came onto the island undetected and showed up at the cave where the men had holed up. Cassius stated he and the others were almost ready to shoot the newcomers, when one lad started speaking English. He then showed them the radio, which they had wrapped in oiled cloth, and sealed in a metal container. Of course, they were full of disbelief. Was it a trap? How could it be? However, they considered, if the Japanese knew they were holed up there they would have just marched in and blasted them and that would be that. The troops went down to where the natives had hidden the craft. Eventually they came to believe the story.”

“I could imagine the surprise at the Allied base when this group began to transmit.”

“Each side was a little leery. They could not believe what had happened. The base suggested one of the men from the island should make the return voyage with the old man. They told the group that they would randomly pick a man. The group chose Cassius to take the return voyage. This was a lucky thing for him. Eventually the Japanese discovered the group, and they bombarded the island. Every one of the men on the island died because of the Japanese attack.”

“How did the old man find the tiny island? How did he know how to navigate?”

Doctor Redpath explained, “As Cassius told me, they had to wait several weeks until the old man said the time was right. One day as the tide went out, they climbed into the flimsy craft and left the island. Cassius told me how sceptical he was. They had no instruments and no radio. The craft bobbed up and down on the swells, but it remained upright. Cassius explained how the old man could not be navigating by the stars, since many nights were overcast.”

“Did they make it back to the base or were they picked up?”

“After several weeks, they made it back to the base.”

“How did they do it? It seems impossible.”

“Yes, the average person would say that. I will tell you exactly what Cassius related to me. Through the interpreter, all through the voyage, when they could see nothing except water, Cassius questioned the old man. The old man said he envisioned the island, and he held that vision in his mind. In his mind, he could see the boat coming onto shore and he envisioned all of them disembarking. He could see the trees and the beach. He could hear the waves coming onto shore. He felt the cool breeze while he sat on the island. He could see the men welcoming them. Now, on the return voyage, he envisioned his home island, and he saw his tiny house, he pictured himself eating a meal with his friends. He expected a certain outcome, and he received this outcome. The old man knew, what he conceived and believed, would be given to him.”

“Is that story in the official government records?”

Doctor Redpath ignored the question, “If you could believe this story, would it give you a better understanding of the results that Nurse Rebel obtains with her paralysed patients?”

The young doctor became very pensive, “I don’t know.” He then looked up at the older doctor, “If these natives have such power, why don’t they just envision all of the white men dead?”

“What you wish upon others also happens to you. You can bring to life that what you envision, but what you envision boomerangs back. These natives have no special talent, but through generations, they have honed what talent they have. Therefore, it is easier for them to utilise this talent. If you do not use it, you will lose it. Their conquerors forced them to abandon their talents because their conquerors were afraid of this power. The conquerors desire is to have power over others.”

Doctor Redpath sat quiet for several minutes before he resumed, “A Traditional believes, what one concentrates on, one will obtain. This has raised questions about the afterlife. If the soul is pure energy and nothing can create or destroy pure energy, we may assume the soul will live forever. However, one may ask what happens to the soul when one dies?”

“What do you think?”

Doctor Redpath smiled, “It would seem the soul would follow the path of our thoughts. For example, if, in this life, I concentrated on controlling people, in my next life, I would be the one who is under control. This is because my predominant thought was about controlling people. I think it is feasible, in the next life; one would take the reverse side of the coin. Therefore, one should always be cautious about their true thoughts and desires.”

Doctor Heath pensively spoke, “Would this explain how birds navigate when they migrate, or how the pigeon finds its way home?”

The Farm

It was late in the evening when the group arrived at a small house in Sherbrooke where Cassius was living with several others.

Cassius took charge, “I know you’re all tired. However, we are to go straight to the farm. A hot meal will be waiting for us there. We will take the bus. It holds twelve. You can pull your car into the garage.” He then introduced the strangers, “Nurse Hudson, as well as Felix here, will go along with us.” The group nodded. However, it was apparent they met this announcement with annoyance. They were all hungry and tired. The thought of going further was discouraging. However, Cassius and Felix transferred the suitcases and packages to the bus, and Felix put the car in the garage, while Cassius telephoned ahead to the farm.

Felix drove and Angelina slept. As they were pulling onto the highway, Cassius began to talk, “There are between thirty and thirty-five people living on this farm at any one time. Some have a permanent residence, but others come on a temporary basis. We have six-hundred and thirty-five acres of land. Some of it is bush, mostly maple, and the rest is in pasture and cultivated land. We have all sorts of animals. We farm in the natural way. There are no pesticides on the farm. It is a beautiful place for a child to grow up.” He waited for comments. Everyone was too tired to say anything.

They bumped along the road in silence for thirty or forty minutes before Cassius spoke again, “We will be arriving in a few minutes. We will all be staying in the main house. It has ten bedrooms. We thought Angelina could sleep on a cot in the same room as Gina and Bernice.

Tomorrow we'll organise things." Cassius looked at the clock on the centre of the dash. It was nine-thirty-five. He knew everyone was tired, but he felt it would be best to eat and rest before retiring, "A nice hot supper will be awaiting us when we arrive." Everyone was quiet. They all had their eyes closed.

Felix led the travellers into a huge kitchen where they sat down to a meal while Cassius took their belongings to their rooms. A woman, who appeared to be in her twenties, took Angelina immediately upstairs. The group felt tired, but once they started to eat, they realised just how hungry they were. The food was plentiful and delicious.

The next morning, after a very sumptuous breakfast, Cassius took Gina and Bernice for a tour of the farm. As they walked along the road, he pointed out the various buildings, "Currently, this farm is supporting around thirty-five people. However, it could easily support another fifteen or twenty more. Everything we eat, we grow on the farm. We have maple trees and beehives for sugar, as well as various animals and huge gardens for food. We make our own cheese, and wine from grapes we harvest from our own vines. We grow enough wheat, barley, and buckwheat for our needs. We sell the surplus food in town. In fact, this farm not only supports everyone here, but we also make a profit each year."

As they came around the side of the main house where they were staying, Cassius pointed out a small bungalow. Cassius explained that was where Angelina's new parents resided, "Besides the main house there are three bungalows."

Gina looked over at a building, which looked much like a small wooden country church, "You have your own church?"

"No," answered Cassius, "that is the schoolhouse. The children take their lessons right here on site. We find it works best that way. Currently, there are seven school age children here, and Angelina will make it eight."

Bernice was looking all around, "It looks so warm and inviting. I almost wish I could stay."

Cassius looked at her, "You are welcome to visit anytime, and you may stay as long as you wish. There will always be room for you."

When they returned to the main house, Angelina's new parents were in the sitting room. Angelina was sitting in between them. She was quiet and she seemed quite at ease. Gina spoke to Angelina in her native tongue. The new father spoke back to Gina in the same language. He explained to the group, "Cree is my first language, and I also converse in French and English. It is our plan that Angelina will speak three languages." Bernice and Gina introduced themselves to Bernard and Rose McKay. They both felt more at ease about leaving Angelina with strangers. It seems, whenever Doctor Redpath is involved, everything always somehow works out.

The decided they would stay on the farm for a week of relaxation before Felix would drive Nurse Rebel, Gina and Bernice to Montreal to catch their plane. It would be a long flight with refuelling stops in both Greenland and Ireland.

On the second evening, after supper, Gina found Cassius in the sitting room absorbed in a book, "Do you mind if I join you, Cassius?"

Cassius slowly looked up, "No, I would be happy to talk."

"I never thanked you for saving me."

Cassius felt a lump in his throat and his eyes were moist, “There is no need to thank.”

“Cassius, my life was never as good as it is now. Since Doctor Redpath and you, and the others, came into my life. I feel like I’ve been reborn.”

Cassius smiled but said nothing. They sat in silence for what seemed like a long time just looking at each other. Finally, Cassius spoke, “You are such a beautiful person; inside and out and it gives me great pleasure to see you happy. That is all the thanks I will ever need.” They both smiled and Cassius went on, “You will grow while you are in Switzerland. I have seen it happen with others. If you come back to Canada, you will come back a different person. You will be a happy and contented person. You will learn, each one of us make our own heaven or hell here on earth. There is no need to wait for death before happiness can be yours.”

“You and Doctor Redpath have such strange ideas. I’m having a hard time understanding them.”

Cassius now smiled very deeply and sincerely, “One day you’ll understand everything. You will understand, our ideas are not very strange. They are only strange with the people you have known up to now.”

For some reason, Gina could not understand why, she started to feel a little embarrassed. She changed the subject, “What kind of place is this farm? What relationship do these people have with you and Doctor Redpath?”

Cassius could see this would be a long talk, but he felt he would enjoy it. He leaned back in his chair. He had become very fond of Gina. He looked upon her as the daughter he never had. He was a big and awkward man, and, in the eyes of some people, he was a very strange man. He was not physically ugly, and he was empathetic, courteous, and thoughtful. He was a gentle giant. However, with his unusual height, his large hands, and his long gangly arms, he seemed so awkward and sometimes backwards; some women would not see him as being romantic. Doctor Redpath knew, if Cassius ever found the right woman, he would make a good husband, and an excellent father. Maybe, Doctor Redpath thought, he might be too good of a father; he could tend to spoil children a little bit.

Cassius did not know where to begin. He therefore started at the beginning, “Doctor Redpath inherited this farm years ago. The farmhouse we are now in was vacant, and Doctor Redpath’s father had rented out the land to a local farmer. The place was derelict, and the soil was deficient in proper nutrients. After Doctor Redpath’s wife had left him, he threw himself into his work. He moved into the Montreal slums. He provided medical services to the local people. It is a good thing he was a rich man because he could never collect enough money from his patients to make a living. However, he hired a widowed nurse who was in a similar position as he was. Nurse Norbert is still with him today. They made a good team. He started a small clinic in Montreal, which has now become a fair-sized hospital. It is being run by a friend of Doctor Redpath’s.”

Gina sat in silence. The story did not answer her question, but she was interested to hear as much as she could about Doctor Redpath’s life.

Cassius carried on, “Doctor Redpath was already quite wealthy when an uncle died and left him the compound in Winnipeg. That uncle made a lot of money bootlegging during Prohibition. The secret compound, with its lumberyard and tunnels to the adjacent office building, theatre, and hotel, was crucial in running the lucrative whiskey business. Doctor Redpath went to Winnipeg to sell the property when several events changed his mind, and he stayed to convert one of the buildings into an infirmary and he started to practise medicine there.”

Cassius put his book down on the table. He knew he would not be getting back to it that night, "To return to the story of the farm, there was a couple with three children living in impoverished conditions in Montreal. Their landlord was in the process of evicting them from the apartment they were renting. The husband had not worked for months, the woman was about to deliver a fourth child, and winter was not far away. Of course, the couple had no money to pay for a doctor."

Gina interjected, "I know. You do not have to tell me. Doctor Redpath found a way of helping these people while encouraging them to begin to take charge of their own lives."

Cassius smiled widely, "You do know Doctor Redpath. One day when he went to the apartment to check on the pregnant wife, he approached the man. Upon inquiry, the man told Doctor Redpath about growing up on a farm. He detailed about how he had worked on construction since he came to the city. Doctor Redpath asked the man if he would consider moving out into the country to help renovate a property. The doctor described the big house and the dilapidated house. The doctor suggested he would give the man an advance on his wages to help defray the moving costs." Cassius looked directly at Gina, "Well, I don't think I have to tell you what happened next?"

"I would guess the family moved to the farm and they are still here."

"Your guess is correct. Eventually, the husband built the first bungalow on this farm, and they moved into it. That man is now the farm manager. His name is Jerome Pelletier; you will meet him and his family. His oldest daughter Giselle, who is just a child herself, is the schoolteacher here."

"And how do you fit in here?"

"I'm a member of this community. I live and work here."

"But you spend much of your time in Winnipeg?"

"I have, that is true, but with the way things are right now, I'll be spending most of my time right here; on the farm."

There was silence for a short while. Gina looked to be in deep thought and Cassius, ever considerate, allowed her time to digest what she had heard. Finally, Gina looked up, "So, everyone here works for Doctor Redpath?"

"No. That is not the case. Everybody here works for themselves."

Gina gave Cassius a quizzical look, "How does that work? Doctor Redpath owns the farm, does he not?"

"During the First World War, while in Belgium, Doctor Redpath talked with several people who were involved in what we know as co-operatives. He became very interested in how these co-operatives worked. He asked a lot of questions and, when he decided to turn this farm into a co-operative, he contacted people in Europe and Canada, who were involved in similar businesses, and he started this co-operative, The Maple Creek Co-op."

"Yes, but Doctor Redpath still owns the property?"

"No. He donated the farm to the co-op which is a non-profit organisation."

"How does the co-op work?"

Cassius leaned back. He took a deep breath as if he was stalling to give himself time to think, "As I stated, Doctor Redpath donated the farm to the co-op and everyone who works on the farm does so on a voluntary basis. Nobody receives a wage."

"That doesn't make sense. How do they live? How do they have money to buy things?"

"I'm coming to that. As I was saying, everyone is a volunteer and nobody receives a wage. At the end of the year, the books are balanced and, so far, we have always shown a profit. The co-op puts one-half of the profits aside. The co-op uses this money for community expenses. This money buys equipment and covers special expenses, such as doctors, hospitals, education et cetera. Any surplus monies remain in the bank for any future expenses. Eventually the co-op should be able to have enough in the bank to start expanding the land base. The co-op divides one-half of the remaining profits amongst the co-op members. This is their money to do as they please. The co-op pays for all daily living expenses such as food, shelter, fuel, and electricity. Co-op members are responsible for any personal items, such as clothing. Nobody dictates how the members may use their money."

"You said the money is divided equally; shouldn't some people receive more money? Shouldn't Jerome, who is the manager, receive a larger wage?"

"Everyone receives the same, no matter what they do. Everyone's job is important and how can one say how much more one person is worth over another?"

"How do you decide who does what and how much work each one does?"

"The co-op is run basically on trust. People follow their talents and do as much as they are able to. However, we do have at least one general meeting a month. At the general meetings, the members discuss what tasks need doing and they make decisions about who will do what. For the most part, people volunteer to do certain tasks. However, the manager makes day-to-day decisions. For example, if one day it is raining, the manager will decide what the people, who normally would be working in the fields or gardens, would do instead."

"What about the children, do they work?"

"The child's main duty is to concentrate on their schooling. However, we have found, for some reason, a child on the farm is able to do their lessons in no more than one quarter of the time children in public schools do. Therefore, these children have a lot of extra time. The children not only have time to play, but they also do work on the farm. Each child receives one-half of a share. The co-op pays this money to the parents. When the child turns eighteen, they receive their one-half of a share directly. You must keep in mind, the co-op pays for most expenses, such as further education. There is no need for anyone to save for an education. So far, all the children who have graduated from our school have gone on to university or college. We are all very proud of that fact."

"What about the other quarter of the profits?"

"Oh yes, I almost forgot about that. We have a system where a resident here, including the children, may invest in the co-op. The doctor donated the farm to the co-op and the co-op divided the farm into so many shares. A price was set for each share. After living here for six months, the co-op gives each resident one share. Any resident may purchase as many more shares as they can afford, until there are no shares remaining. This may take many years. At the end of the year, the co-op distributes the remaining quarter of the profits as dividends on each

share. Each shareholder receives profits according to the number of shares owned. The co-op currently owns the most shares, so most of the profits go back to the co-op. And that is it in a nutshell."

"But isn't this kind of like communism?"

"To put it bluntly, it is communism."

"Isn't communism a bad thing?"

"You mustn't confuse a co-op with what the people have in Russia. Russia does not have communism. They have a cruel dictatorship. Communism is a misnomer for the Russian system. True communism is a co-operative agreement amongst people of a community. True communism has worked successfully for thousands of years. Every society has started out as a co-op where everyone works for the good of the community. It is only when an individual or group of individuals seizes the co-op and declares ownership of it when things go array. People then, instead of having their individual freedom, become a slave to a dictator. When the Europeans first came to North America, they found Indians living in a type of co-operative. Nobody owned land. Most things were community property. The people believed nobody could own anything. One could only borrow an item or a cultivated field. When people died, they left behind everything they owned. The Europeans could not understand this system. Indians allowed the newcomers to use things, but later, when the Indian tried to use an item, the newcomer no longer needed, the newcomers called the Indians *Indian Givers*. The Europeans could not understand the idea of community property. One would use an item and put it back when no longer needed. The Indians had a true co-operative system until the European came into the picture."

Gina sat in silence for some time before asking, "Do people have freedom here?"

"Of course, at the general meetings, everyone has an equal say no matter how many shares they may own. In addition, everyone has the same rights, and the same freedoms. If they choose, they may leave the community, or they may live here until they die. What more freedom could they ask for?"

"What happens to their shares if they choose to leave?"

"A person may keep their shares up until the time they die. At that time the co-op will buy back the shares from the estate."

"At what price will they be bought back at?"

"When the co-op was formed twenty thousand shares were created. The price per share is set at the assessed value of the property divided by twenty thousand. At the last meeting, the co-op owned approximately three fourths of the shares. The residents own the rest of the shares. The residents find it is better to invest their money in the co-op. Their profit is greater than the interest they would receive if they had invested their money elsewhere. One sixteen-year-old girl currently owns twenty shares. Since the co-op pays for tuition and books but not for living expenses, this child has saved up towards her education. The members have agreed, all children should be given the opportunity to attend university."

"What about me? I am paying for nothing for my education or my keep."

Cassius laughed, "Don't worry, if you have any decency, you'll pay."

Gina began to look angry, so Cassius tried to explain, “You are being supported by Doctor Redpath. However, what he spends on someone’s education is, to him, not an expense, but an investment. He has faith; you will one-day pay forward. If you don’t, he won’t be angry, he’ll just be disappointed, and I know you aren’t the kind of person to disappoint him.”

“What do you mean by pay forward?”

“It means you will do something for someone else in the future. Don’t worry, no demands will be made upon you, but people do expect it of you.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about.”

Cassius could see Gina’s cheeks starting to burn a bit. He saw no way of explaining without making her angry. Cassius was by nature a non-confrontational person. He saw no alternative but to change the subject, “Doctor Redpath may have talked to you about natural laws?”

With her lips still pursed but her cheeks beginning to lighten up, Gina answered Cassius, “Yes, he has mentioned natural laws.”

“Then, you may understand that co-ops are a natural part of nature. For example, take your body.” At this comment, Gina suddenly became self-conscious. Cassius appeared not to take notice of this change in Gina, and he carried on, “Most people see their bodies as themselves. This, of course is not correct. The person’s soul, their spark of pure energy, their small piece of the Æther; whatever you care to call the source of life which lives in your solar plexus, is in truth you. The body is a house for your soul and that house is a co-op.”

Gina said nothing, but the look she gave Cassius silently stated, “How stupid is that?”

Cassius noticed this look as he carried on, “Most of your body does not carry your genes, for example, within your gut there are living and breeding several pounds of bacteria and other micro-organisms.”

Gina now looked as if she was about to be sick.

“Don’t take me wrong, these micro-organisms are your friends. Without them, you would be dead. They help to digest your food, and they are little factories that synthesis things you need. For example, they will produce an assortment of vitamins. These vitamins are essential for your health, and if these bacteria did not produce these vitamins, you could die. Do you see what I mean?”

Gina stared at Cassius who was unable to interpret the look. Was it disgust? Gina turned away before she spoke, “Are you trying to upset me? I thought you were a kind man.”

“I assure you; I’m not trying to annoy you. I am trying to explain the natural laws of co-ops. Your whole body, including the bacteria you carry around; and the tiny creatures that crawl all over your body, are necessary for your health. In return you give these creatures a place to live.”

Gina looked like she was about to be sick, “What do you mean creatures that crawl all over my body?”

“Tiny mites, for example, devour your dead skin. They are beneficial to your health. Read any health book if you like.”

Gina started to scratch her arms as she turned and walked out of the room, “It’s time for me to get ready for bed.”

The next day Bernice went to help in the apiary. Gina went to the kitchen to help prepare food. The cook introduced herself as Florence Pelletier. Gina looked discerningly at her. She had soft smooth facial skin that looked lightly tanned but she showed no wrinkles. Gina took her to be a woman of about thirty years of age. She introduced herself and started to talk about her life as the two of them scrubbed carrots. "My oldest has just turned twenty-six and so far, she doesn't have a beau. My husband thinks I'm too young to be a grandmother but there is nothing I would prefer than to see my Giselle married with two or three little ones."

Gina's hands stopped moving and her chin dropped. She stood motionless staring at Mrs. Pelletier who noticed the lack of movement. She looked up at Gina, "Is something the matter?"

Gina caught herself, "Yes, you seem much too young to be a grandmother."

Mrs. Pelletier laughed, "Well, I may never see grandchildren, my second oldest is in Montreal learning to be a medical doctor. She thinks the world of Doctor Redpath. She would like nothing better than to follow in his footsteps. She has no time for boys, and she'll be close to thirty by the time she is settled in a practice."

"How old is she now?"

"She'll be twenty-three in March."

Gina's brain seemed to be working in overdrive and some of her conversations with Cassius started coming back to her, "I don't mean to sound rude but there are many things about this co-op that puzzle me. Would you mind if I ask you some personal questions?"

Mrs. Pelletier's hands now stopped moving and she gazed at Gina with a slight smile on her face, "No, I don't mind. Not if they're not too personal."

"Cassius told me that the co-op pays for the student's education. However, I am curious to know. How does one pay the everyday living expenses while being away at school?"

Mrs. Pelletier wondered if Gina was not planning to take further education and if she was wondering how she could do it. Mrs. Pelletier, true to her beliefs, would provide Gina with any encouragement that she could, "It's a funny thing you know, but whenever Doctor Redpath is involved, problems get solved and money always seems to fall in one's lap whenever it is needed. I don't know if I can explain it since I don't completely understand it myself."

"So, Doctor Redpath is supporting your daughter?"

"Actually, he is not. However, he provides a lot of encouragement. The co-op pays for all the books and the tuition the first time around. By this I mean, if the student fails a course, then the student pays the tuition the second time around. That is the rule."

"Yes, I understand that. That is more than fair."

"It seems, if things get a little tight, a part time job, a bursary, or a summer position becomes available. The money always seems to be there when one needs it. Doctor Redpath says anything a person can imagine with feeling will materialise. Do you believe that?"

Gina hesitated before answering, "Well, I have asked some personal questions. I guess it's only fair if you should ask me some in return."

"Oh, I don't mean to pry. I was just wondering."

Gina stared up into space, motionless for a minute. Finally, she snapped out of it, "I don't know

what I believe any more. It was so easy when the holy blessed virgin was my protector. I don't know what to believe now."

Mrs. Pelletier smiled, "Well that is one thing about people around here. Nobody will force any beliefs on you. It is against the Traditional way. If you ask, we do our best to answer, but we don't force anything on anyone. Everyone must make their own choices."

They looked at each other. Mrs. Pelletier was smiling but Gina had the look of an orphaned fawn. Mrs. Pelletier moved in closer, wrapped her arms around Gina, and hugged her. Gina did not resist.

The First Session

For Nurse Rebel, staying in Switzerland would be like a working vacation. She always loved the mountains and the lakes. As they arrived at the school, Nurse Rebel exclaimed, "How beautiful, one day I'll move here permanently."

The group was to meet for therapy every Tuesday at seven in the evening. The school director informed Miss Lucerne that she now had two more girls under her responsibility. Therefore, eight girls arrived at the first scheduled group therapy meeting. They arrived in the library singly or in pairs. Miss Lucerne asked each one to sit in one of the soft easy chairs she had placed in a circle. A middle-aged man sat in the circle with his back to the fire while facing a woman, who was about his age.

As soon as everyone sat down, the man cleared his throat and everyone looked over to him, "Good evening, ladies. I am Doctor Lucerne. All of you know my daughter, Miss Lucerne, who is your teacher and guide."

Gina studied Doctor Lucerne. He did not look at all like his daughter who was young, slim, and beautiful with her shiny, wavy brown locks resting on her shoulders. To the contrary, Doctor Lucerne was middle aged, short, plump with a round belly. He had a full head of grey hair, cut short and parted on one side. Along with this, he had a full beard, trimmed to no more than a half an inch and coming to a point sticking down from his chin. His moustache showed a shade of brownish yellow, indicating his habit of smoking. He had ruddy cheeks with a pair of round glasses resting above them. His eyes sparkled as he smiled and chuckled, just like a jolly little elf.

Doctor Lucerne indicated he, along with Nurse Hutchings who sat directly across from him, would be leading the group. "We have been finding group therapy seems to work very well in building up confidence and learning how to deal with ghosts that haunt us. Each of you young women have suffered one or more tragic experiences in your life. You all have had similar stories, but each story is different. All of you are from Canada and through Doctor Redpath, you have found yourself at out institution. I am sure all of you are familiar with each other's stories to some extent since you all have been living in this house and have been under Miss Lucerne's tutelage for the last while; some a little longer than others."

"As for myself; as well as being a medical doctor, I am a psychiatrist. I was born here in Switzerland, but I received my education in England, Ireland, France, and Canada. I currently live in France, but for the next while, I will be spending much of my time here at your residence. Besides group therapy, I would like to meet with each of you on an individual basis.

“Before we begin, I would like to emphasise to each of you, everything is done on a voluntary basis. We do not force anyone to come to these sessions. If you choose to come, you need not participate. You may just sit and listen. This first session is just an introductory session. It is to give you a chance to meet Nurse Hutchings and myself. Nurse Hutchings will be moving into this house on a permanent basis. She will be here to provide medical care to everyone who lives here, as well as to assist me at these meetings.”

“Next week, I have invited a girl to address you. She has participated in group therapy with a previous group, and she has agreed to discuss her experiences with you. The third week we will begin group therapy. Are there any questions? No? Alright, going around the room starting here, for Nurse Hutching’s, as well as for my benefit, I would like to ask each of you to tell us your name, and possibly tell us a little about yourself.”

During the following week, each girl met individually with Doctor Lucerne. Gina felt her meetings with the psychiatrist went quite well. She talked about her childhood and the relationship which she used to have with her relatives. She only talked about things before the day the group of men burned the settlement to the ground. None of the girls felt uncomfortable with Doctor Lucerne and they unanimously agreed they would continue with group therapy.

The next week, Doctor Lucerne introduced Marie. Doctor Lucerne explained, Marie would be moving into this house to help the staff out. She will be studying at the local university, but she will have some regular duties here, in this house. She will be earning her own keep. Four years ago, Marie was in group therapy in this very room. Now, she was rejoining the group session. Because of her experience in these group sessions, Doctor Lucerne felt she may be able to mentor the girls, if they needed her help, or if they just wanted to talk to her.

Marie stood up to tell her story. She was a girl of average build and height. She had light brown hair, cut just below her shoulders. It was full, wavy, and healthy in appearance. She looked nicely tanned with a few freckles sprinkled around the nose. She was neatly dressed in a dark green wool skirt and white blouse. She carried herself confidently and smiled warmly as she spoke.

“It took me a long time to remember the events. I had put many of the details out of my mind. However, I found that while I was listening to the girls tell their stories; I began to remember everything I had forgotten. Visions from my past came back to me. I would relate to the group what I could remember. As a group, we cried a lot together and as the sessions progressed, we sometimes even laughed together. At the end we all agreed we felt a lot better.

She then told her story, “I was a fourteen-year-old girl living in Montreal. I came from a family of nine children. I was the second oldest. My mother was not always well. She spent much time in bed. My father worked away from home on a regular basis. When he was at home, he spent a lot of his time out with other men drinking. We lived in the poorer part of the city. We kept to our little neighbourhood, and I could not imagine other people living differently than we did. I did see houses, such as this one, in the movies, but somehow, I never imagined a house such as this existed in real life.

“On a warm sunny Sunday, a charitable group had arranged for a picnic for the children living in our community. Ten or twelve busloads of children went to a park a few miles from Montreal. Mother told us she was not allowing us to go to the picnic. However, I arranged to spend the weekend at a girlfriend’s house. That way I could go to the picnic and no one in my family

would know.

"We had a great time at the picnic. There were games and plenty of food to eat. My girlfriend and I left the group after lunch, and we went exploring around the park. We were watching a group of children flying kites when a pair of boys started talking to us. One of the boys guessed I was eighteen years old. We laughed. I asked him how old he was, but he would not tell me. He was in university so I would imagine him to be nineteen or twenty. We went for a walk together. My girlfriend asked what the time was. It was a quarter-to-four, and the buses would be leaving at four, so we said that we had to go. The boys offered to drive us back to Montreal. We told them the bus driver would be taking roll call, and he would notice we were absent. The boy I had been walking beside pulled out his cigarette package. He ripped off a piece of the package and he gave it to me after writing something on it.

"When we got on the bus and were seated, I pulled out the note and read it. All it said was *Next Saturday 7:00 Front Door Fox Theatre See You Then My Sweet.* I quickly put the note back in my pocket. All the next week I could think of nothing else but that note. I thought about the boy. He was tall, very slim, but athletically built with short blonde hair and deep blue eyes. People would say he was a handsome boy. I was flattered that an older boy would take an interest in me. It made me feel a little superior to the other fourteen-year-old girls I knew.

"I stood across the street from the theatre and waited for him to arrive. At five to seven, I could feel myself panic. I worried he would not show up. I worried if he did show up; he may not think I'm cute. I had put some of my mother's lipstick on. I wondered if I should wipe it off. I was worried about what to tell him if he asked me my age. I wondered how old he was. I wondered what would happen if he found a cuter girl. I worried if he expected me to pay, and I worried if I had enough money.

"All of a sudden, I saw him. Should I go? Maybe I should I go back home? I did not need to decide. My legs automatically took me across the street. He smiled when I came up to him. He announced, '*I knew that you would come'*. He grabbed my hand and then he told me he was so happy to see me, and he had been waiting all week for this moment.

"I was caught up in this romantic infatuation. We did not go to the movies; we went for a walk instead. He said his name was Geoff Stone and he had lived in Montreal all his life. He proved to be such a nice well-mannered young man. He was lonely just like me. He understood me. I told him I had to be home by ten. He rode on the bus with me, but he did not walk me home. When I got off at my stop he said to me, "Next Saturday, seven o'clock, same place." I nodded as I got off the bus. As the bus pulled away, I saw him waving to me.

"On our dates, we walked, talked, and held hands. That was all. I never received this kind of attention before, and it felt good. I was so happy and proud to walk along the streets with him. He was a perfect gentleman. After the third date, he told me he was starting school soon and he had to study. He suggested we should see each other only once a month after school began. I was disappointed. However, what could I do? I went along with it. He told me one day we would be married and then we would be together forever. My heart raced. I could not believe what was happening. I wanted to run away with him right then. He said he had to finish school first.

"We had never kissed, but now he suggested we should have sex together to seal our commitment to each other. I knew it was not right, but I loved him so much, or I thought I did, and I knew, in my heart, we would spend the rest of life together. He said, on the next weekend

his parents would be away. We could go to his house and spend the weekend there. I should meet him at the Blue Bird Cafe on Saturday morning. I told my mother I would be sleeping over at my girlfriends, and I met him at the cafe. We got on a bus. I did not know where we were. It was a part of the city I had never been in before.

"We got off the bus and walked to a large house on a tree lined street. We went in and spent several hours just looking around and talking. Finally, we ended up in his parent's bedroom. I could not believe anyone lived in such luxury. He opened a bottle of bubbly wine. It was sweet and the bubbles tickled my nose. I had never tasted anything like it before. He started to undress, and he asked me to do the same. I was embarrassed, but all I wanted to do was to make him happy. We ended up in bed together. That was the first time he kissed me. He kissed me all over and then we had sex.

"I must have fallen asleep. I woke up and it was getting dark. He got up and told me he would be right back. I closed my eyes. Later, I could feel him get back into bed. He moved on top of me, and I could feel his hard penis against me, but somehow, he felt different. We had sex again and then he rolled off me and left the bed. I asked him where he was going but he did not answer. I got up and started looking for my clothes when I heard him come back in. He pulled me back down, but I said I needed to go to the washroom. He held me down. I squirmed and said I was bursting. He did not speak but he let me go. Somehow, he smelled different. I reached over and rubbed his head. He felt different. In the dim light, his hair looked darker. I turned the bedside lamp on. The boy in bed was not Geoff. It was a stranger. I screamed. Geoff came running in with three or four other nude boys behind him. I was screaming and screaming. Geoff slapped me and told me to calm down. I pulled the covers over myself and sobbed. I asked what was going on. Geoff shouted, if I loved him, I would love all his friends. I just cried and cried. Geoff got mad. He hit me extremely hard and told me I had to fuck all his friends. That is the way it was. They all fucked each other's girlfriends. I would not stop sobbing. Finally, Geoff cried out he had had enough and told the group to grab me. They pulled me down and took turns with me.

"It seemed like hours, but they finally stopped. I lay in the bed sobbing and crying. I did not know what to do. I could hear them all downstairs in the kitchen. It sounded as if they were eating. I slowly got out of bed. I looked around and found my clothes. I silently dressed and peaked out of the room. I could see no one. I crept down the stairs and slipped out of the house. I ran to the nearest street corner. I had no idea where I was. I looked up at the street sign. I did not recognise the names of the streets. I saw a bus coming. I ran to the bus stop and jumped onto the bus. I asked the driver what bus I needed to get to Main Street. He said he would let me know when we got to the stop where I needed to transfer and I sat down.

"I didn't know what to do. I knew I could not talk to my parents. I just carried on with my life. I did not hear from Geoff. A few months later, I realised I was pregnant. I had missed two periods, and I was in a panic. I did not need to see a doctor to tell me I was going to have a baby; I could feel my belly growing. I could not sleep, and I was in a continual sweat. I could not think logically. I knew I had to see Geoff. I tried to convince myself he still loved me. I remembered the names on the street signs. I asked a bus driver how to get to that junction. I took three buses and got off right where I had caught the bus on that night. I remembered the house. I could not forget it. I walked right up to the front door. I wondered if he was home. I pushed the button. A middle-aged woman answered. I asked if I could see Geoff. She looked at me in an odd way and told me there was no Geoff living there. I told her it was Geoff Stone, and he had brought me here. She told me I was mistaken. I asked if she had a son with blonde hair and blue eyes. She

said she did, but his name was not Geoff, and their name was not Stone. She shut the door in my face."

"I walked to the corner and looked up at the street sign. It was cold and it was snowing. I walked to the bus stop. I could hear the door of a house open and the faint sound of a Christmas carol as someone entered one of the houses. I had forgotten that tomorrow was Christmas. The bus pulled up. I felt too sick to ride and I decided to walk a bit. The door opened and people exited. I moved away to let them go by. A girl passed me and then she turned and called out, *'Brent. Don't forget to call me.'* I turned to see whom she was calling. The boy turned and called back, *'Okay, but not tomorrow.'* I thought I was dreaming. It was Geoff, but she had called him Brent. He turned and walked away as if I was not even there. I followed him. He walked straight to the house I had just come from. He went right up the steps, opened the door, and walked right in. I had no idea what was going on.

"I walked to the front gate. I looked up at the large two-story house with the huge bay windows and a large Christmas tree in the front room. It had multi-coloured lights and glass ornaments. Tinsel hung in streams. I walked into the yard and up the veranda steps. Under the tree I could see a pile of presents which displayed fine Christmas wrap along with ribbons and bows. Were there people in the world who really lived like this? Maybe there is a present for me? Geoff, or Brent as the girl had called him, told me he loved me, and we would be married when he finished school. I tried to convince myself he wouldn't lie to me?

"I put my hand on the door handle and pushed down with my thumb. There was a click, and the door opened. I walked in. I could hear them in the kitchen at the back of the house. I felt like I was floating. I was in a dream as I moved down the hallway. When I came to the entrance to the kitchen, I called out Geoff's name. Everyone looked up at me. The women who I had seen at the door looked at her son, *'Who is this girl?'* Geoff said nothing. He just looked back and forth from me to his mother. Finally, he said he had never seen me before. I called out. *'Why did she call you Brent?'* They all looked at me. The mother walked towards me. She asked me what I wanted, and she told me they were about to have supper and then she said I would have to leave.

"Everything went blank as I fell to the floor. When I woke up, Doctor Redpath was looking down at me. I was on a settee in the sunroom. He was the only doctor they could get on Christmas Eve. He was on vacation in Montreal and had been volunteering at the Sick Benefit Hospital when the call came. That is just like Doctor Redpath. He never takes a vacation like other people. He took me to the hospital. It did not take him long to discover I was pregnant. Besides being undernourished, he said there was nothing wrong with me. He told me, for the baby's sake, I would have to eat good food. He told me I would have a healthy baby. I called out that I didn't want a baby.

"There were no telephones where I lived. The closest one was eight or nine doors from our house. Even though it was Christmas day, Doctor Redpath drove out to see my parents. My father was in bed. He got drunk the night before, and my mother did not want to disturb him. Doctor Redpath sat down and talked to my mother. He told her I was in the hospital, but I was doing fine, and I would be coming home in a few days. My mother wanted to know what happened. When Doctor Redpath informed her, I was pregnant, she gasped. She told the doctor he could not bring me back home. She said my father would kill me. She said he would not have a slut for a daughter. My mother suggested I should have an abortion, even though it was illegal and immoral. Doctor Redpath said another option would be to place me in a home for unwed

mothers. My mother was not happy about it, but when Doctor Redpath told her, in these cases, when they take a girl away, no one would need to hear from her, or her baby again. She would begin a new life in a different locality. My mother replied, if my father was not told about it, she would agree to his plan. She would tell my father I ran away from home and the police were looking for me. She believed, after a while, he would forget about me.

"Doctor Redpath told me I wasn't going home. I was to go with him to Winnipeg. Nurse Hennessy would be coming with us. For some reason, I knew I could trust Doctor Redpath. As he held my hand, I could feel his strength flow into me. He told me everything would be fine. I wanted to cry.

"Was it a coincidence, Doctor Redpath found me? Doctor Redpath does not believe that. He told me, in Canada, there are thousands of young girls like me. All of them need help. He stated he could stumble across one every day without trying, and he went on to say he was not able to help them all, but he could be of assistance to one at a time, when they happen to fall into his lap.

"Doctor Redpath made some inquiries. He found out I was not the only girl to fall victim to the game which these young men were playing. They were all in their early twenties and going to school. They had girlfriends of their own class of people, but they had a contest going. The game was to pick up and seduce girls from another area of the city. The boys' excuse was, these girls from the lower classes would turn out to be worthless sluts anyway, so they were not doing any harm to anyone. This group of boys agreed, the winner of the game would be the boy who could seduce the most girls. To prevent cheating, all the boys would witness the seduction. They did this by having what they called a screw party. Each boy would take a turn with the girl after the first boy was finished. That way there would be no question about her not having sex and nobody could claim Geoff was the father, since all the boys took a turn. If I had gone to the authorities and if they asked me if one of my other boyfriends could be the father, how could I say it had to be Geoff, even though he was my only boyfriend?"

When Marie finished her story, all the girls were weeping. One of the girls got up and gave Marie a hug. The rest of the girls rose and hugged her, one after the other. Finally, there was a group hug with everyone crying and wiping away tears.

Gina's Quest

Instead of talking about herself, Gina asked Doctor Lucerne if she could turn the tables. They agreed, Gina would ask the doctor questions.

Gina began by stating she felt very lucky because Cassius and Matt had rescued her when they did. She went on to say she was even luckier to have fallen into Doctor Redpath's hands. However, she explained she was beginning to have feelings of guilt, "I have taken so much, and I have given nothing in return. If only there was something I could do."

The psychiatrist answered, "Gina, you have given far more than you realise, and the day will come when you give even more." Gina went to protest but the doctor would not allow her to, "You are too young to realise the joy you have given everybody. Doctor Redpath has the greatest pleasure in seeing you get better and to progress in life. It is part of his beliefs to help where he may, but as I said, the day will come when you reciprocate. When you have more education, you will choose your life's work. Whether what you will do will directly benefit the corporation, or

whether it will benefit some stranger, does not matter. Everything goes around in a circle. Your job will be to pass on what you receive."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"You have a reading list, do you not?"

"Yes, I do. Your daughter has given us each a recommended reading list."

"I would like to add to that list. I will look through the library and find a book about passing it forward. You may find it interesting. I will explain to you how it works. Suppose I know a man who needs a thousand dollars. This man has no collateral and is having a hard time obtaining a loan."

"I don't need a loan."

"No, but one day you may want to give money away. As I was saying, this man needs a thousand dollars. He could be easy prey to moneylenders. Because he has no collateral, the moneylenders may try to squeeze as much interest, insurance, or other costs from this man. In the end, they may be the ruin of this man. Many men come to destruction like this. Possibly, you may like to read *Madam Bovary* or *The Old Curiosity Shop*?"

"I don't see how this has anything to do with me."

"Let me finish the story. Suppose I go to this man and give him the thousand dollars. I then make an agreement with this man that he will take this money, but he will not pay me back. The agreement is, when he can afford it, he will give the thousand dollars to someone else who needs it. He does not have to give the whole thousand in one shot. He could give ten, twenty, one hundred, or any amount he can afford to someone else who is in need. He will make the same agreement with the next person, to pass the money on."

"I don't understand it. What is supposed to happen?"

"What will happen is, you will get your thousand dollars back with interest."

"How does that work?"

"It is the law of increased returns. Take for example, if I plant a seed in the soil. When harvest time comes, I may harvest ten times, or even a hundred times more than what I planted."

"Sometimes you plant a seed and nothing comes up."

"Now you're getting the idea. First you must be careful how and where you plant the seed, and you must plant more than one seed; the more seeds you plant, the better your chances of a return."

"Is that part of the Traditional beliefs?"

"Yes, that is one of the natural laws. Nomadic tribes, before money came into being, practised a form of this. These tribes would set a cache of food on their common route. If other tribes needed food, they would take from the cache. However, whichever tribes had a surplus of food would add to the cache. It worked fine until greedy people found the cache and ran off with all the food."

"What happened to the greedy people?"

"Usually they sold the cache, sometimes right back to the people who had stored it. In this way,

many of them built up large bank accounts."

"So, the thieves were the winners."

"They may have had the appearance of being the winner, but an astute person will see they were not. You see, a person reaps what they sow. However, sometimes it takes years before the crop comes in. Eventually it will come in. It is a natural law. The more you give, the more you have; the more you take, the less you have."

The doctor looked into Gina's eyes. Did she understand this? He went on, "I suppose if one realises nobody owns anything, it is easier to give. You just borrow things while you are here on earth. When you die, you leave your possessions to someone else. Everything is part of the Universe, and nobody ever possesses anything. When the Europeans came to the Americas, they could not understand the philosophy the Indians had. When the Europeans needed things, the Indians gave them what they needed, but when the Europeans no longer needed them and the Indians, in need of them, took them back, the Europeans could not understand this idea. They called this *Indian Giving*. They could not understand community property. Even to this day I don't think many of them can understand it."

Both sat in silence for a few minutes. The doctor then went on, "We have been investing in you. However, there is no need for you to pay any of us back. One day you will pass it on to other people. You will be a better person because you will know you can help others. It helps you to build up your self-confidence. The four disciplines are self-confidence, self-discipline, knowledge, and morality."

Gina gave the doctor a puzzled look, "I understand self-confidence, but I have a hard time understanding the other three."

"It will all come to you, eventually."

"What do you mean by self-discipline?"

"It is no more than doing what you know you should do rather than doing what you feel like doing. For example, if a child is being naughty, you may feel like slapping the child. However, you may realise the child is naughty because they feel like they are not receiving enough attention. Rather than a slap, it may be best to give this child a hug; even though you may not feel like hugging them. Self-discipline is the habit of doing what is right for all concerned, including you."

The doctor continued, "Some people think that self-discipline is a battle. That is not so. In the Traditional belief, there are no battles. There is only joy. For example, you may have committed yourself to get up early in the morning to help dig a garden. In the morning, you do not feel like getting out of bed. Rather than grudgingly getting up, you may tell yourself you will jump out of bed, dig the garden, and then lie down for a nap after lunch. In this way, you are not fighting. You are making a compromise. You have carried out your commitment and you still get extra sleep. You then are entitled to feel good about yourself. However, if in the morning, you chose to stay in bed, I guarantee, you would feel bad all day."

The doctor carried on, but in a different vein, "You will find, when you set a goal which you desire so badly you can feel it, self-discipline will be easy for you. Working towards a goal you have a passion for is easy work."

Gina looked straight into the doctor's eyes, "What about knowledge? I cannot learn everything.

How do I know what to learn?"

"One must question everything, and one must always ask why; why is something the way it is or why do we do things in a certain way? Secondly, one must come to realise, all knowledge will be yours when you need it. The first thing is to decide what it is you want. Envision your dreams so hard you can feel them. When you do this, what you want is already yours. The Universe, which is the keeper of all knowledge, will guide you to the knowledge when you need it. Let me give you a simple example."

The doctor then proceeded to tell Gina about a patient he once had, "This woman was grossly obese." The doctor then laughed, "Oh yes, I am a bit overweight, but she was much bigger than me. However, I have chosen the weight I am. I have always imagined myself with a bit of a paunch and I am happy this way. This woman, however, was not happy. She wanted to slim down. I agreed, for her health and happiness, she should be thinner. She told me she tried all kinds of diets and none of them worked. She had a picture of herself in a bathing suit on the icebox. She did this as a constant reminder of her being fat. I told her I would visit her in her house the next day."

The doctor paused and then spoke directly to Gina, "This woman was always reminding herself she was fat when she should have been envisioning herself as being thin."

"The next day I visited this lady. I pulled a picture of a young woman in a scanty bathing suit from my briefcase. This picture displayed a woman who was pleasantly thin but not overly thin. I had cut out the face from a picture of my patient and pasted it onto the face of this slim woman. I told my patient to put this picture on her icebox. In addition, I made a few spare pictures. I told her to hang one on her bathroom mirror and any other place she frequently looks at."

The doctor looked at Gina, "I can see you are having a hard time understanding my strategy."

"You're right; I would think this would have made your patient upset. She would see you were making fun of her."

"You become the way you envision yourself. That is part of the law; what a man can conceive and believe he can achieve. I told this woman to imagine herself as she sees herself in the picture. She was to close her eyes and feel herself as being thin. Of course, she asked me what she should do; what she should eat. I told her, deep down inside, she knows what to do, and the Universe will guide her. If she needs information, the Universe will provide it for her."

"What happened?"

"She lost weight of course. This woman had a veracious sweet tooth but now when she came for tea, she told me she did not care for overly sweet things. She would just eat a few tiny sandwiches. A year later, after losing about thirty pounds, she told me her taste buds changed, and she knew her stomach was smaller because she felt full after eating small portions. Was it all in her head? Of course it was. She became the person she imagined herself to be."

The doctor could see Gina looked at him in a way, which told him she did not know whether to believe the story, or not. He therefore continued, "Of course I expect you to question this as you question everything."

Gina laughed, "Could it really be that simple?"

"I'll tell you what. Over the last few years, this woman has now lost close to one hundred and

fifty pounds. She looks and feels great. I will arrange for you to meet her. Maybe she will show you some before and after pictures, if she still owns some before pictures."

They both laughed and Gina knew she liked Miss Lucerne's father immensely.

True to his word, Doctor Lucerne, about three weeks later, brought Mrs. Gail Wilson over for tea. Doctor Lucerne, Gina, and Mrs. Wilson had an enjoyable time talking about everything except Mrs. Wilson's loss of weight. After thirty minutes or so, Doctor Lucerne excused himself and left the two women to themselves.

Gina had cautiously observed Mrs. Wilson all during the tea. She was a middle-aged woman who, some would say, was rounded but not fat. She had dark blondish hair that was nicely styled. She had her clothes exquisitely tailored to give her a stylish but not a trendy appearance. Although she appeared very well to do, she did not look or act snobbish.

Mrs. Wilson broke the silence after Doctor Lucerne left, "Doctor Lucerne has told me you wish to know about my weight loss."

Gina felt embarrassed by her bluntness, and she spoke awkwardly, "Well, yes he mentioned you put a picture of a thin lady on your icebox, and you lost weight."

Mrs. Wilson threw her head back and laughed aloud, "It isn't quite as simple as all that. However, I do know Doctor Lucerne. He oversimplifies everything. Nothing is a big deal to him." She laughed again and went on, "I'll tell you the rest of the story. I do not think the pictures alone would have done me much good. Along with the pictures, Doctor Lucerne gave me a work assignment. Firstly, he asked me why I chose to be fat."

Gina gave her a shocked and surprised look, "But, you were trying to lose weight, why would he say that?"

"That was exactly what I thought. I was so upset I felt like I should throw him out of my house. I admonished him and defended myself and finally when I cooled down, he asked me what benefit I was receiving by being overweight. I scoffed at this idea. I was indignant. The doctor however would not give up. He suggested the benefit I was getting from being fat, was more important than my health. He told me, when I became sick enough; I may decide to lose weight. I pounded the table and emphatically told him I want to be thin. He told me to daily spend at least an hour by myself, to sit in a quiet room in a comfortable chair, and to talk to my subconscious mind; to ask myself why I feel comfortable under a layer of blubber."

"That doesn't sound like the Doctor Lucerne who I know." Gina was obviously upset.

"Yes indeed, it was not the Doctor Lucerne I knew. When he left my house that day, I was red with anger and indignation. I dreamt about the incident and that night I barely got any sleep. All the next day all I could think about was his suggestion I should want to be fat. I steamed around the house. I wanted to be by myself, and I ended up in the library, tired and worn out. I flopped into a soft wing chair, and I fell asleep."

"I got up and wandered downtown to get lost in the crowd. I bumped into a woman I have known socially for years. We were well acquainted but not intimate. Our conversations were all superficial, you know lots of gossip, and who did what at the bridge table. For some reason though, on this day when she asked me how I felt, I told her that frankly I was feeling lousy. She was quite surprised with my answer. However, she seemed genuinely interested in my story. We went for a cup of tea and talked for several hours. I should say I talked for several hours. I related

things about myself I had never told anyone."

"I told her about when I was ten years old and how people started commenting on my weight gain. People started calling me chubby and then, later, I became fatty. I remember my Uncle Charlie paying a lot of attention to my cousin Charlene. In a way, I became jealous I was not getting the attention, but somehow, I was relieved he was ignoring me. I remembered the summer before when he would get me alone in the garden shed. He did inappropriate things to me. He told me, if I told anyone about what he did, he would kill my dog. I believed him.

"This lady and I have become very close. We have an agreement between the two of us. We tell each other our innermost secrets and thoughts. However, we have a pact. We have agreed on having thorough confidentiality and trust with each other."

All through Mrs. Wilson's tale Gina said nothing, she only watched Mrs. Wilson. The two now sat in silence, looking at each other. Mrs. Wilson, after a few minutes, broke the silence, "I realised, when I was overweight, men would not pay attention to me. I had mixed emotions, I wanted attention, but I was afraid. Now, I am older, and I have the confidence to take attention from men on my own terms." Mrs. Wilson got up from her chair, "Thank-you so much for having tea with me." She took Gina's hand and added, "I have come to understand Doctor Lucerne has a reason for everything he does. I don't know what your story is, but I believe Doctor Lucerne believes, my telling you my story, may help you in some way."

Bernice's Story

As the sessions progressed, Gina and Bernice found it easier to talk to each other about their individual traumas.

The two stories came out in bits and pieces, but eventually, Gina and Bernice made full confessions to each other. There was much crying and emotional moments. Each found, by relating their stories, they felt better. It was a catharsis. By Bernice telling her story to Gina first, it made it easier for Gina to relate her story to the group.

It was a little more than a year ago, when Bernice, at age fifteen, ran into a gang of men who brutally attacked her. People in her neighbourhood had told all the girls not to go downtown by themselves. The police had reported several attacks on girls. Some girls survived, but several bodies turned up on the outskirts of town. The coroner reported, whoever attacked the girls moved their bodies after they had been killed. Some girls disappeared without a trace. Did they run away? Were they dead? Had their attackers dumped their bodies in a place where the police could not find them? No one knew for sure.

One of Bernice's girlfriends went downtown to meet a boy. A pair of young boys discovered her nude body in a ditch a few days later. Someone had raped and murdered her. Friends told police about a secret boyfriend. However, no one knew who he was, and he never stepped forward. Where did she meet this boy? Did she see him on the night she was murdered? People in the neighbourhood asked themselves these questions.

"I was going to meet my girlfriend, Jeannette, at the movie theatre. I walked downtown. I thought I was safe because there were several people on the street. As I walked down the sidewalk, a car jumped the curb and stopped in front of me, cutting me off. Several young men jumped out and grabbed me. One held his gloved hand over my mouth as I was shoved into the

backseat."

Bernice broke down and started crying uncontrollably. Both girls cried as they hugged and comforted each other. It was several days before Bernice resumed her story. She told Gina about how these boys had taken her to an abandoned farmhouse on the outskirts of town. She described how she passed in and out of consciousness, as she was brutally gang raped. The boys, or young men, whatever one wanted to call them, were drinking, partying, and taking turns with her.

Jeannette was standing in front of the movie waiting for Bernice to come. She could see Bernice coming up the sidewalk about a block and half away. She witnessed the car pull up and she saw the boys dragging Bernice away. She started screaming for help as she ran towards the car. Matt and a companion were just walking into the theatre when the screaming started. They went back to the sidewalk and saw Jeannette running after this car which was screeching its tires as it was frantically trying to turn around in the middle of the road. Matt ran up to Jeannette as the car sped away. He comforted her and told her his friend would take her home. He also told her he would find the car.

Matt found Cassius and the pair jumped into Cassius's car. Matt remembered exactly what the uniquely coloured car looked like. They knew the car was heading south, so they took the south road to the outskirts. It took well over an hour, but they finally spotted the car parked by an abandoned farmhouse. Cassius wheeled in beside the car and the pair jumped out. The front door of the house flew open as Cassius forced his way in. Cassius's black stick flew viciously about the room. Bernice was screaming in terror. She did not know what was happening. The five young men backed off and Cassius scooped up Bernice, "You're okay. You're okay," he repeated as he took her to the car and laid her on the back seat, "Drive to the infirmary," he ordered Matt.

Bernice spent several weeks in the hospital. Doctor Redpath kept her sedated while she healed. He stated her scars were mostly mental.

Bernice was a ward of the courts. She had been living in a foster home. Her foster parents stated she had been too much trouble, and that they did not want her back. Children's Aid came to the infirmary to retrieve her, but Doctor Redpath would not release her. He told them she was too badly hurt to move.

Of the five boys, one had two front teeth missing and another one had a broken nose. Other than that, their injuries were not serious. After Cassius left with Bernice, the group of boys agreed, since they were under the legal drinking age of twenty-one, they would have to sober up before they could see anyone. In all honesty, they did not know what to do. They had been drinking underage, and they had raped a girl. They could be in serious trouble. They decided they would all go home and clean up and meet again the next day.

Doctor Redpath reported the incident to the police. They came in and interviewed the nurse. She related how a strange man brought this girl in. The girl was obviously distressed. Doctor Redpath stated, upon examining the girl, he found there were indications of violent sexual intercourse. The police officer looked at Bernice who was sleeping. He noted she was Native. He wrote in his notebook, the doctor reported she had recent sexual intercourse. He asked Doctor Redpath if he could testify if the sexual intercourse was not consensual. He asked to interview Bernice. When Jeannette told her story to the police, they suggested she was probably too far away to see exactly what was happening. They indicated, possibly Bernice willingly went with these boys.

After a few days, the parents of two of the boys came to the police. The parents were greatly upset because of the vicious attack on their sons. They pointed out the missing teeth and the broken nose. In their statement to the police, the boys stated they had been cruising around town when Bernice waved them over to the curb. They invited Bernice to go for a drive and then Bernice jumped into the car. They all went to a vacant house to have a party, "There was no sex, just clean fun, you know, telling jokes and that kind of stuff." A bunch of older men burst into the house and threatened the boys. They kidnapped Bernice and that is all they know. It all happened so fast; they could not describe the men.

When Children's Aid came to pick up Bernice, the staff indicated she had run away. The social worker replied, "It's not the first time she has run away. It just proves how delinquent she really is."

Doctor Redpath decided, Bernice should have a chance to rest and heal and then it would be best to send her out of the country until she came of age, and he had her immediately moved to the compound. When Children's Aid came looking for her, Doctor Redpath stated she had run away sometime during the middle of the night.

Fred's Adventure

Fred looked up into Doctor Redpath's eyes as he pleaded, "Doctor, my wish is to be in the Olympics. That is all I want. Will you help me?"

Doctor Redpath looked down at a frail and malnourished boy who was just turning eleven. He wanted to be the fastest runner in the world. The doctor did not know how to reply to the young fellow. He wanted to be entirely truthful, but he also knew he had to boost this boy's confidence, "Fred, if it's the Olympics you want; it shall be the Olympics for you."

"Really, you really think I can do it?"

"Yes, I do Fred, but it is going to be a little difficult, you'll have to put in a big effort."

The boy looked down at the floor. Instinctively he knew, when the doctor said "but", it negated any faith the doctor had in him.

"Now Fred, I said it would be a little difficult. I did not say a whole lot difficult. Together we can overcome a little difficulty. Don't you think?"

The young boy looked up and smiled.

Doctor Redpath knew this boy came from a very troubled household. He knew his mother had three children and a shiftless husband. He imagined money was always tight, and food was often scarce, and of poor quality. Is it any wonder this boy is excessively small for his age?

Fred came to the infirmary ten days earlier. He was vomiting and had a high fever. He looked a lot better now. He had just devoured his supper, and he probably could eat another plateful. However, the doctor had told Nurse Benson to limit his food for a few days. His system would need to adjust to food that was high in nutrients. He knew, whatever Fred ate at home, had little food value.

Doctor Redpath was pleased with Fred's progress, and he planned to gradually increase his food intake. On his way out, Doctor Redpath stopped at the desk, "Please see that Fred gets at least

one quart of Jersey milk, and four fresh eggs each day. Also, you may boost his entire food intake gradually. If he's hungry, wait at least twenty-minutes and then bring him something light but nutritious. And there shall be no desserts or sweets."

The nurse nodded.

Later, in the evening, when Doctor Redpath was reviewing the day with Doctor Heath, he related the story about Fred. He told the younger doctor about Fred's wish to run in the Olympics.

Doctor Heath's response was predictable, "Other than the fact it's against your principles, I don't see why he should not."

Doctor Redpath answered, "Our main concern right now is Fred's welfare. The fact that neither you nor I agree with the Olympics is neither here nor there. As Fred gets older, he will learn the disadvantages of competition, but right now, it is important for hi to build up his strength, muscles. He must develop both physically and emotionally. As I see it, the best path to follow right now, would be to encourage him to run."

"We both agree on that. However, he is badly undernourished. What are we to do about that?"

The older doctor sat in reverie for a few minutes before he finally answered Doctor Heath's question, "I went to visit the family today. The father is an alcoholic who seldom works. The mother does some domestic work here and there, but she is depressed. I mean seriously depressed."

"Children's Aid I suppose is no option."

"No, there are three children, George who is eight or nine, Fred who is ten, and Sylvia who is thirteen. Sylvia is the one who gives me the most concern. These young mixed-breed girls in foster homes seem to be a magnet for abuse. She would eventually end up on the streets. Right now, Sylvia is the mother. The parents are neglectful, however, just the fact, they are physically present, gives the children a sense of stability and security. If Children's Aid were involved, the children would end up in separate homes. Sylvia would lose her sense of purpose, and the two younger children would be devastated if they lost their parents plus their older sibling."

"Well Doctor, there is no way you can save every child in this world. Maybe this is one family that will have to carry on without you."

Doctor Redpath did not immediately answer. However, his mind was racing. He decided, as he usually did, when he had a tough problem; he would sleep on it. He looked at Doctor Heath, "Come on Doctor, it's time for my glass of port. Would you care to join me?" and they shelved the question about Fred for that day.

The next day Doctor Redpath went to see Fred's mother. He told her, Fred seems to be sicker than the staff first thought, and he suggested he should stay in the hospital for a while longer."

Fred's mother, who was sitting at the kitchen table staring at her folded hands, did not look up as she answered, "We're a bit short of money right now. I don't know if we can pay for any more hospital."

The doctor looked at this dejected shell of a woman. He could not see her face as her head hung so low. Her hair was dirty and dishevelled. It hung in knots above the soiled housedress that may have once been white. She sat, squeezing her hands together on her lap, and pushing her crossed feet far under the wooden chair she was sitting on. The doctor believed she needed treatment for

her depression and her husband needed a good kick in the pants.

“The hospital is a pay as you can institution, there is no need to think about money right now. The main thing is to get Fred better. There is one problem though.” The doctor sat in silence waiting for a reply.

Fred’s mother raised her head slightly so the doctor could see her brown furled forehead, which indicated the mother was furtively trying to look at the doctor’s face. Other than this movement, she gave no indication she was listening.

The doctor continued, “Fred feels lonesome in the infirmary. This is delaying his recovery. I know you are doing the best you can, and it is hard for you. Is it possible for your other two children to visit Fred in the hospital before they go to school and again after school? I could arrange for the children to have a place to do their schoolwork while they are visiting. Just their presence would help Fred immensely.”

“If you think it would help.”

“How about if I get one of the hospital staff to pick the children up from school today and take them to the hospital? This would save you the bother.”

“It wouldn’t be any bother. But if you think it is best, you can have them picked up.”

“There is one more thing.” Again, the doctor waited for a reply. He did not receive one, so he carried on, “In cases like this one, the mother sometimes also gets to be ailing. Would it be possible for you to spend a few days in the hospital? To be checked out that is.”

The woman hesitated. She began to sway from side to side. Finally, she found her voice, “I don’t know. I have my work to do.” She then added, “How many days would it be?”

“It would be two, maybe three days.”

The mother still would not look up, “When do you want me to go?”

The doctor did not hesitate, “The sooner the better, would right now be alright with you?”

“Yes,” and the woman rose, “I’m ready. I will tell Gladys my neighbour where I’m going. She’ll pass the message on to my husband.”

The doctor had the good sense not to ask the woman to get her things. After she spoke to Gladys, the doctor led her through the apartment door, down the stairs and into the passenger side of his car.

That evening Doctor Heath admonished him, “The hospital is full. We do not have room for every family in need. The hospital is not there for the poor and needy, it is there for the sick. What am I to do with new patients?”

Doctor Redpath accepted this admonishment, but he did not look at all sorry for his actions, “Doctor, I am not going to argue with you. You are right.”

The young doctor stood with his hands on his hips and leaning forward, he stared at his boss, “Well, what are you going to do about this?”

Doctor Redpath leaned back in his chair and, while twiddling his thumbs, he answered his young partner, “Right now, we are to do nothing.”

“What did you say? We are to do nothing?”

Doctor Redpath did not answer. He just sat grinning at his partner in such a way as to make the younger doctor think he had gone off his rocker. After several minutes, he opened his mouth, "Last night I meditated on this problem and the solution came to me. However, I was only shown step one. I am willing to patiently wait for step two."

Doctor Heath blurted out, "Fred's mother needs psychiatric care. We cannot provide that here. We should be sending her off somewhere and there is no need to keep Fred in the hospital anymore."

"I agree, however I overrule you. Right now, I have arranged for all three of the children to remain in the hospital, along with the mother." Doctor Redpath gave Doctor Heath a mischievous wink and added, "For observation."

Doctor Heath gave Doctor Redpath what the nurses called *'The Look'* as he turned and said in a submissive way, "You're the boss," as he left the room.

Doctor Redpath's Adventure

Indeed, Doctor Redpath had no idea what he was going to do. For the moment, he knew the best thing for the mother was to allow her to rest. He arranged for her to have a bath, and the nurses put her to bed. The nurses put the children in beds across the aisle from their mother. Doctor Redpath gave orders; the staff were to fatten the children up. The hospital sent a note to the principal of the school, which stated the children were currently contagious, and would not be able to attend school until further notice. The school sent over lessons for the children, and the staff agreed to tutor them.

As Doctor Redpath sat and thought about the situation, he knew Doctor Heath was right. There was no way he could save every child or every family in need, but as he often said to himself, "We can only help by helping just one person at a time. If we take a big bite, we are liable to choke." Maybe this bite was a little on the large side, but he thought, if he could only chew on it a little more, he might be able to swallow it. "Let's wait and see," he thought to himself.

Doctor Redpath entered the apartment building. When he knocked on the door where Fred lived someone called to him from down the hall, "Are you looking for somebody?"

Doctor Redpath turned to see a man dressed in sloppy pants with a dirty and patched flannel shirt tucked into them. This man's sleeves were unbuttoned at the cuffs so that his sleeves flared open to give the man a very slovenly look. "I'm looking for the man who lives here."

"Ain't nobody living their Buddy."

The two men started walking towards each other and the doctor answered to the caretaker's remark, "Mister Boyd and his family are living here. I was just here yesterday to see Mrs. Boyd."

"Not no more you're gonna find Mrs. Boyd there, Buddy. She took off with the kids. The old man come home and found em gone. He's gone too. You a friend of theirs?"

"I've business with Mister Boyd. Could you tell me where I can find him?"

"I don't expect to see him no more. If you see him, tell im I'm selling his things. He owes back rent."

"Oh, I see. So, you say Mrs. Boyd ran off did she? Could you tell me how I might get a hold of

her?"

"Nope, Old Man Boyd asked me, and I don't know. She just run off. Didn't take nothing with her. So, if you see the Old Man tell him he's got till the end of the week, then I'm selling everything."

"That's fine, I'll do that." As the doctor was turning to leave, he got a thought, "You say that you have no idea where Mister Boyd could be?"

"He could be at Barneys. He does a little work for him occasionally."

"Barneys, you mean the bar and grill?"

"That's right, Barneys. Remember, the end of the week."

"I appreciate your help," and the doctor left, but curiosity got the better of him, and he decided he felt like a beer, and he knew he could get one at Barneys.

Rather than drive, and since Barney's was close if he cut through the park, Doctor Redpath decided to walk. He didn't know how he would handle Mister Boyd. He sat on a park bench to gather his thoughts and come up with a plan of attack. He doubted whether Mister Boyd cared what his wife did or did not do. He had no regard for her or the children. He was only concerned with himself.

Doctor Redpath was thinking it would be best if Mister Boyd believed his wife had run off. However, Doctor Redpath believed there would always be a worry about Mister Boyd's sudden appearance at the hospital.

A strange man walking on the pathway stopped and sat at the other end of the bench. Doctor Redpath looked over at the man. Was this a coincidence? Could this be Mister Boyd? Despite the cold, the man's head was resting on the back of the bench like he was trying to get a little shuteye. This man was too well dressed to be Mister Boyd who Doctor Redpath imagined to be dirty and slovenly. This man was warmly dressed in a clean duck parka and newer heavy work boots. By his apparel, the doctor ascertained this man worked out of doors. This man took no notice of Doctor Redpath.

The doctor looked through the leafless trees. He could clearly see the neon sign in red letters with a blue border, *Barneys*, and underneath a smaller sign displayed, *Bar and Grill*. The doctor was thinking, maybe he should leave well enough alone. However, he wondered what he would tell Fred's mother. As he sat in reverie, the man sitting beside him stirred and snapped his head forward as he woke up from his forty winks. The doctor instinctively reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a package of cigarettes. He opened the package and without thinking offered one to the man beside him. The man looked at him in amazement, "Do I know you?"

The doctor pulled the cigarette package back and while he was removing a cigarette he answered the man, "Why no, I don't think we have ever met before."

"Then why do you ask if I want a cigarette?"

"I'm sorry if I offended you, but where I come from one automatically offers a cigarette to someone sitting beside them. I did it without thinking. I'll be careful not to do it again."

"You're not trying to pick me up?"

The doctor laughed, "No, I can assure you, my inclinations don't fall in that direction." The

doctor felt he owed the man an explanation, “I apologize to you; I have a few personal problems I’m concerned about. Without thinking, I just offered the person beside me a cigarette. I would have done the same thing no matter who you were.”

“That’s okay, I am a little jumpy today. I’ve a few problems of my own,” and reaching out he added, “I’ll take that cigarette if the offer is still good.”

The doctor opened the package and held it towards the man who took a cigarette. Doctor Redpath pulled a Zippo from his pocket and lit, first the stranger’s cigarette, and then his own. The doctor added, “I apologize again,” the man waved as to say that it was all right.

The two sat in silence slowly puffing on their cigarettes. On an impulse the doctor spoke up, “I was going to Barneys for a whiskey. Would you care to join me? I don’t like to drink by myself. Could I offer you a drink?”

The man quickly turned and stared into the doctor’s eyes as if to ask, “Was I right, are you trying to pick me up?” However, something about this stranger assured him this was just another lonely human being like he was, so he answered in the affirmative, “Okay, I could use a drink.” He reached across and offered his hand, “Joe Conrad is the name.” The doctor firmly grasped the offered hand, “My name is Horatio.”

“Please to meet you Horatio.”

The two men rose and walked towards Barney’s. The doctor had not lied, he felt much more comfortable walking into a strange bar with another man than he would walking in by himself. The pair found seats in a booth halfway down the long room. The doctor ordered a scotch and soda, and Joe Conrad had a rum with water. They quietly sat sipping on their drinks for a while before the doctor decided to make conversation, “Live in Winnipeg, do you?”

The man answered without looking up, “No, I live just south. I’ve been farming.”

That explains the clothes thought the doctor, “Grain farming, I suppose.”

“Yes, mostly wheat.” Joe then looked up at the doctor, “I suppose I may as well tell you the truth. I’m losing my farm. That’s the problem which I was telling you about.”

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that,” then he added, “Would it help to talk about it?”

The man rubbed his eyes, “I don’t see why not. It’s got nothing to do with you, but, I wouldn’t mind getting it off of my chest.”

The doctor smiled, “Go ahead then, as you say it’s got nothing to do with me, and maybe I’ll tell you about my problems in return?”

The stranger then went on to tell the doctor about how he had secured a loan for a friend of his. This man was going into business. He had no collateral, and he asked Joe if he could sign for a bank loan. Joe had known the man for years and knew he could trust him. A few years ago, the doctors diagnosed this man with a rare form of infantile paralysis that strikes adults. This man eventually lost all control of his limbs, and he died two weeks ago. When the man became sick, he could not keep up his payments on the loan. Joe made the payments for a while, but things started to get tight. He was now about to lose the farm. He sold all his animals and equipment, and last fall his crop was poor. His farm was being re-possessed. He said he was at the bank’s head office this afternoon, trying to work out a deal, but to no avail. He had only a few days left until the end of the month, when the bank would seize his property.

The doctor asked the man if he lived by himself. Joe turned to him with a sad and lonely face. His eyes were moist, “Ten years ago, my wife and child were killed in a car accident. I’m by myself.”

“I am so sorry to hear that.” The doctor did not know what else he could say. He tried to bite his tongue. He told himself, this man will have to handle his own problems, and he should just be a sympathetic ear. He was determined not to get involved. However, he felt a sudden feeling in his solar plexus. It was like a fist smacking into it. He knew this feeling. He had it many times before. He knew if he ignored it, it would haunt him. He felt he had no choice but to try to help. He looked at Joe who was sitting with his head hanging over his glass.

“Joe, I don’t want to get your hopes up. But I have friends.”

Joe looked at the doctor as if he was looking at a crazy man, “There is nothing your friends could do.”

“Never mind that, let’s go back to the bank tomorrow. I would like to know the details. If things look good, I know my friends will help.”

“What kind of friends do you have, loan sharks maybe?”

The doctor looked directly at Joe. He could see this strange man was indeed serious, “Joe, I assure you, if it is possible, my friends will help. They have influence and they have money.”

Joe sighed deeply, “Okay, what’s the difference if the bank takes the land, or your friends take it? I’ve nothing to lose.”

“Where are you staying Joe?”

Joe shrugged his shoulders, “I was going to drive home. It’s not far, thirty minutes or so.”

“You’ll stay with a my friend tonight. That way we can talk a bit about this and go to the bank first thing in the morning.”

“Who’s this friend of yours?”

“He’s a doctor. He lives in a big house by himself. He has all kinds of spare rooms. In fact, I will sleep the night there also so we may get an early start. I’m anxious to get on with this.”

Joe laughed, as he looked at Doctor Redpath, “I must be crazy, but for some reason I think you’re on the level.”

The doctor got up, “Good, you carry on with your drink. I need to make one quick phone call. I’ll be right back.” The doctor had completely forgotten about Mister Boyd. He took one quick glance around the room. Then he thought, maybe it would be best not to look for Mrs. Boyd’s husband.

Doctor Heath was not happy when Doctor Redpath told him he was bringing over a houseguest to spend the night. However, the young doctor proved to be quite gracious to the stranger. Madame Petite was surprised when she was told there would be two extra men for breakfast.

The next morning the loans manager confirmed Joe Conrad’s story about his friend’s unexpected illness, adding Mister Conrad needed to pay $2,347.57 in arrears. Doctor Redpath asked how much the full amount of the loan was. The loan manager answered it would be just over $13,000.00, if they included penalties to pay off the debt early. He would need to do some figuring to come up with the exact number. Doctor Redpath pulled out a chequebook. He filled

in the blanks and handed it to the loans manager, “Here is $15,000.00. I want you to pay off the debt in full and place the rest in Joe Conrad’s account. Please contact Mister Conrad when the papers are ready to be signed. I’ll write down my phone number in case there is a problem.” As the doctor rose to go, the loan manager looked at Joe Conrad in a questioning way. Joe also rose and with only a handshake, he said good-bye and thank-you to the loan manager.

As the two men left the bank, Joe asked the doctor about payment, “Don’t you want me to sign a note? What terms do you want?”

The doctor stopped in the middle of the sidewalk, “Joe, I am paying off the loan. We will not discuss re-payment right now. You have signed nothing, and legally you do not have to pay me back. However, the important thing right now is to get your life back in order. I suggest you go home, and in a few weeks, if it is all right with you, I will come to your farm for a visit. We can discuss terms at that time. I assure you, there will be no taking the farm away.”

Joe did not answer. He looked at the doctor as if he was in a dream; in fact, he felt he was dreaming. “Should I pinch myself?” he thought. Doctor Redpath offered his hand, which he shook, and the two men parted.

Problems and Solutions

Doctor Redpath felt better than he had in a long while. He just handed a stranger $15,000.00 and he was not the least bit concerned. He knew this would lead to greater and better things. He looked up at the sky and thanked the Cosmos. As he walked down the street, he stated right aloud, “I’m ready for anything.” He was feeling on top of the world. He thought to himself, “That’s what I needed, Adventure with a capital A.”

Doctor Redpath never did go looking for Fred’s father. He believed, if anyone asked questions, he could say he tried to contact the father. Deep down inside, he felt it would be better if he never did find him.

As Doctor Redpath looked at Mrs. Boyd’s chart, he did some mental calculations. This was nineteen-fifty-three and Mrs. Boyd was born in nineteen-twenty-five. That would make her twenty-eight and her eldest daughter was thirteen. He looked at the despondent woman. She looked like she was at forty-five. Her husband was twenty or twenty-five years older than her. He wondered what kind of life she had. “I could well imagine,” he thought to himself.

The doctor cheerfully greeted Mrs. Boyd, “Good morning Mrs. Boyd

Mrs. Boyd did not look up. She sat on the edge of her bed, wearing only a hospital gown. She seemed oblivious to the doctor. Doctor Redpath walked closer to her. She instinctively cowered but did not look up. The doctor repeated himself, “Good morning.” She mumbled something and the doctor moved still closer.

Finally, she looked up at the doctor, “When do I go home?”

The doctor sat on a chair beside the bed, “Your husband has left. We do not know where he is. You and the children will need to stay in the hospital for a while.”

“Will he be coming back?”

“No, he is not coming back.”

"Where can I go?"

"A place will be found for you. However, right now we will not worry about that. The important thing is for you to rest and to get better."

"Doctor, what's the matter with me?"

"You are overtired. All you need is rest and plenty of good food. You'll feel much better in a short while."

The woman sat on the bed looking at her hands as she wrung them continuously. She said nothing.

The doctor rose and went to the nursing station. He walked through to the dining area in front of the kitchen. The three children were having breakfast. The doctor walked to the table, "Good morning children." All three looked up but said nothing. The doctor went on, "And how are you feeling Fred? Are you ready for a race?"

"Nurse Benson says I'm putting on weight. But if I get too heavy won't that slow me down?"

The doctor smiled, "Fred, you will never get so fat when it will slow you down." The doctor now turned his attention to the oldest child, "Sylvia, your mother is very tired. She needs a lot of rest. Could you see she isn't disturbed too much?"

Sylvia turned her head in a questioning manner, "Yes Doctor."

"Good. Now I'll tell you what is going to happen today." The children became quite attentive as the doctor pulled up a chair and sat at the table, "Your father had to go away, and all of your belongings have been lost." The children said nothing. The doctor wondered if what he said registered with them. He then went on, "Nurse Benson will be going shopping today. She'll pick up some new things for each of you." and he added, "Also, she will pick up something for your mother." He watched the children closely. They all looked at him attentively, but they showed no emotion, so he decided to continue, "You will not be going to school for a while, so beginning next week, you'll be getting private lessons." Again, the children sat in silence. Doctor Redpath did not know how he should react to this sign of ambivalence. He decided to bide his time. He rose and said good-bye to the children.

As Doctor Redpath left the hospital, he wondered whom they could get as a tutor. Also, where was this family to live? Just placing them into an apartment would not do. Mrs. Boyd needed supervision. She was a broken woman. He remembered an adage, "Once a horse is broken it will never be unbroken." Was that true, could Mrs. Boyd never be unbroken?

Nurse Benson agreed to shop for new clothes. The children ate whatever the staff placed in front of them. They made no trouble and did exactly as they were requested. Doctor Redpath wondered if this is good or bad. He decided to take it one day at a time.

Doctor Redpath found Doctor Heath by himself in his office, "Are you busy, Tyrone?"

Doctor Heath looked up from his desk. He could see the older doctor was anxious to talk, "No, pull up a chair."

As Doctor Redpath sat, he came right to the point, "Did the boys find out anything about Mrs. Boyd?"

The younger doctor leaned back in his chair. He seemed a little upset, "Oh yes, we found out

plenty."

Doctor Redpath leaned in closer and looked inquisitively at the younger doctor, "Well, what is it?"

"I found out, and possibly you'll remember about three years ago, there was a Mrs. Graham at the General Hospital? You just happened to be on site when this woman was rushed in with a ruptured spleen."

"Yes, I assisted Doctor Rutherford. There wasn't anyone else nearby."

"I went to see Mrs. Graham today."

Doctor Redpath was clearly puzzled, "What has that got to do with Mrs. Boyd?"

"Mrs. Graham is Mrs. Boyd's friend." The two sat in silence, wondering who was going to speak next. Finally, Doctor Heath continued, "I'd best start at the beginning."

The young doctor went on to tell how Mrs. Boyd who was then Susie Bird and Mrs. Graham who was then Betty Fox were attending residential school together. Gina ran away from this very same school. Susie and Betty were two fourteen-year-old girls who were unhappy and rebellious. They had one thing on their mind which was to escape and find their way home. They had known of other girls who had tried to run away without success. The nuns severely punished any runaways. The nuns locked one runaway girl in a dark closet for several days without food or water.

The girls believed, if they travelled by night and hid all day, they could make their escape. They made plans and one morning when they were supposed to be working in the garden, they slipped into the bush. They had collected a stash of food, which they had hidden. They picked up the food and made their getaway. They knew they would have a head start of several hours, since nobody would miss them until lunchtime.

The older doctor interrupted with a question, "How do you know all this?"

Doctor Heath explained, "Mrs. Graham was brought to the hospital with a ruptured spleen besides other injuries." The older doctor nodded, "After the operation, when she was in this hospital recovering, her drunken husband came in and caused a raucous. He attacked a nurse with a kitchen knife and the police were called."

The older doctor sat in silence wondering where this was going to lead. The young doctor continued with his story, "The nurse was seriously injured, and Mister Graham is now in prison. However, Mrs. Graham became hysterical. The altercation had taken place right in front of her. The staff tried to calm Mrs. Graham down. However, the harder they tried the more hysterical she became." Again, the young doctor hesitated, waiting for acknowledgment.

"Yes. I don't see what this is leading to but please go on."

Doctor Heath explained how the staff had placed the hysterical Mrs. Graham in a strait jacket, and they eventually transferred her to Lord Balmoral Mental Hospital. Mrs. Graham eventually received a lobotomy. The young doctor commented, "The lobotomy seemed to work. She is now as docile as a pet Jersey cow. I last saw her this morning." Tyrone leaned back in his chair, "The funny thing is the operation did not have an effect on her memory. She remembers right back to when she was three years old. Also, the doctors at the mental hospital told me these docile people usually forget how to tell a lie. Everything they say is exactly as they remember it."

“She told you all about Mrs. Boyd?”

“Yes, between her, and what information the boys got through the hospitals and police, I think we have the basic story. Mrs. Graham was so pleased to have a visitor. We had tea together and I promised to see her again, shortly.”

“Tell me more.”

The young doctor continued with his story. He told how the girls, after running away, really did not know where they were going. They were hoping they could find a place where they could find work. They walked at night and hid during the day, but they seemed to be getting nowhere. Late one evening they saw two men standing by the side of a car. These men had pulled over to relieve themselves and to stretch their legs. The girls debated but finally they decided to take a chance, even though they were still wearing their telltale school uniforms. They walked up to the men. They asked if it was far to a town where they could find work.

Unbeknownst to the girls, these men, who were thirty-five or forty years old, were running away from their wives and families in Edmonton, Alberta. Times were tough and money was tight. One evening, after a few beers, they decided to abandon their families, and start a new life elsewhere. They were heading east. They had heard they could make good money in Ontario.

The men told the girls they would have a long walk to the closest town. They suggested the girls should climb into the back seat of the car and they would drop them off in Winnipeg. At first, the girls were hesitant, but they figured this could not be any worse than the punishment they would receive if the police caught them.

The men proved to be perfect gentlemen. They bought the girls supper, which they all ate in the car, and then they took the two girls straight to Winnipeg.

The men told the girls the school uniforms were a dead giveaway. They told them they could help them to get new clothing and to find work. The girls agreed. When they arrived in Winnipeg, the men drove straight to a house, which belonged to a relative of one of the men. He said the girls could stay with his cousin until they found a place of their own. The cousin lived in a small house on the edge of the city. He worked out of town on construction, so he was only home on the weekends. Everything worked out very well.

Once they settled into the cousin’s house, the men went out and came back with clothes, make-up, and lipstick. After putting on make-up, the girls looked older than they were. The girls immediately found work in a small cafe. The men also found work.

Everything went well for several weeks. The men were like fathers to the girls.

“Don’t tell me the rest of the story.” Doctor Redpath interrupted, “The men eventually bedded the girls, and that’s how they got into a pickle.”

The young doctor gave Doctor Redpath a very sad look, “Both girls became pregnant. When Suzie was three or four months into her pregnancy, her so-called husband walked in drunk and beat her up. When she was on the ground, he kicked her in the belly so hard she lost the baby. However, that is not all; the damage to her was so severe, the doctor had to remove her uterus. She is sterile.”

“What happened to the husband?”

“He’s Mister Graham. He’s the one who attacked the nurse with a knife.”

"I'm asking what happened to him when he caused the girl to miscarry."

"Who gives a shit? She's nothing but a fucking squaw."

Doctor Redpath almost jumped up and struck Doctor Heath. He hesitated, half ways out of the chair, leaning onto his arms as he gripped the desk so hard that his knuckles turned white. The veins stood out on his forehead. Perspiration showed on his brow, and he clenched his teeth. He started to shake. Doctor Heath ran around to the front of the desk and grabbed him, "Please sit down." Doctor Redpath obeyed but his hands remained as a pair of vices on the front of the desk.

Finally, Doctor Redpath regained his composure, "I know you don't believe what you said. You were just parroting what the public is saying. But please Doctor; in the future I would appreciate it if you didn't say such things in my presence."

That was the very first time Doctor Heath had seen his superior inflamed. He always believed Doctor Redpath had no anger. Doctor Heath knew he had been so thoughtless and flippant, "I know you are under a lot of stress. Mrs. Boyd is a worry to you. I have been much too selfish. We will keep her at the hospital."

It took a while before Doctor Redpath spoke. His voice was low and a little hoarse, "Yes, we will keep her in the hospital for a while."

The next day Doctor Heath approached Doctor Redpath. He was smiling and seemed high in spirits, "Doctor Redpath, I've great news for you."

"You do? And what could that be?" Obviously, Doctor Redpath was beginning to be his old self.

"I'm going to start a school." He went on to explain how he had talked to Madame Petite. It did not take much convincing to have her agree to switch houses with the young doctor. I told her my house is much too big and grand for me, and I suggested, since I needed something smaller, we could possibly switch houses.

"What would Madame Petite want with a big house like you're living in? Is it her vanity?"

"No, we are starting a boarding school. Madame Petite will manage the household, and we will find a tutor to work with the children."

Doctor Redpath was obviously perplexed. Had his young associate lost his marbles? "Where did this idea come from? Where are these children to come from?"

"We have three children, and we have Mrs. Boyd to help out."

Doctor Redpath could feel tears swelling in his eyes. He pulled out his handkerchief, rubbed his eyes, and blew his nose. When he started to feel a little more composed, he spoke, "There are many details to work out."

"Say less and do more. Is that not what you are always preaching? I'm just following your advice. I'm sure that everything will work out." With a wink he added, "Just you wait and see."

Joe's Payment Plan

Doctor Redpath decided to take a day off. He told Tyrone he would be relaxing the whole day; he was feeling a bit out of sorts. He did not want to mention he would be visiting Joe Conrad. Checking his map, he figured out precisely the whereabouts of Joe's farm. He would not call

ahead, thinking it is sometimes better not to give warning and just play-it-by-ear.

Joe's farmhouse was just three-hundred feet off the main highway. Spruce, maple, birch, and a huge Russian olive tree surrounded the house, which was a two-storey frame dwelling, painted white. With snow on the ground, it was hard to tell, but the doctor did notice the place showed some signs of neglect. It was quiet when the doctor got out of the car. As he walked around the back, he could hear someone chopping wood. Swinging an axe, Joe did not notice the doctor until he was almost up to him. Joe looked up, "Well this is a surprise," and he stuck his hand out which the doctor grasped and shook heartily.

Joe stuck the axe into the chopping block and invited the doctor in for tea, "I need a break anyway. I'm not as young as I use to be."

As the men sat down to tea, Joe joked with the doctor, "I suppose you've come to get your money back. Well, I can tell you, it's too late, I've signed the papers. The property is one hundred percent mine."

"Excellent, I've just come to see how things were going. You seemed a little depressed last time I saw you."

Mister Conrad began to speak, "Doctor…"

The doctor interrupted, "Call me Horatio. No one has called me that since I was a child, and I don't mind telling you I like the sound of it. It takes me back to my youth."

"Okay with me, Horatio. Now, what do you take in your tea."

"Just cream."

"You're lucky; I'm the only farmer around who likes cream in tea and coffee. I always have it in the house." As Joe sat down, he decided to get to the point, "Now, we should work out some terms."

"Terms, what terms do you mean?"

"Payments, how am I to pay you?"

"O, that. Well, I guess we should discuss it." The doctor went on to explain. He stated he was in the habit of providing loans to people, but he never expected to receive the loan back, "What I'm trying to say is, the idea is for you to pass the money on to someone else. This way it stays in circulation." He now looked Joe straight in the eye and continued, "You're a farmer, you can understand how one spreads manure on the soil to nurture the crops. Well, I look at it this way. Money is like manure. It doesn't do anybody any good unless you spread it around. That's what I'm doing. I'm spreading it around. Do you see?"

"To tell you the truth, I've never heard anything like this before. You expect me to give your money to someone else?"

"To begin with, it really isn't my money. Someone gave it to me and now I'm just passing it on." After a few minutes silence, while they sat looking into each other's eyes, he added, "I'm passing it on to you and one day you'll pass it on to someone else."

"Let me get this straight. You don't want any interest?"

"No, if you feel you should pay interest, give it to someone else."

"I don't understand this."

"You will, especially when the day comes for you to pass the money on. It can be a very difficult decision to give money away. If given to the wrong person or at the wrong time, it can do more harm than good. You must be very careful to who you give it and how you give it."

Joe seemed to be in deep thought, "Yeah, I think I know what you mean. Money can make a man, and money can ruin a man. I've seen it before."

"Then you do know what I mean. Now for the rules, there are no rules. You are to pass the money on as you see fit. You may give away small amounts, or the whole kit and caboodle in one shot. That is your choice. The only request I make is you do not tell me what you have done with the money. It is none of my business and by telling me, the money will turn to dross."

"The money will turn to dross?"

"Yes, by you reporting back to me, it will mean a loss in trust between you and me. The trust must be there for the money to do any good." Again, the couple sat in silence before the doctor added, "Once money is given away, it is gone, it is no longer belongs to the giver, and it is none of the giver's business what happens to it. Do you understand what I'm talking about?"

"Vaguely, I think I'm beginning to get it. You are right about the difficulty of giving it away. I can think of no one I know who would benefit from a gift of money."

"One day, when the time is right, you shall find the right person, or persons to pass the money on to. Now, I think we have chewed on that bone long enough. Shall we change the subject?"

Joe sat back, "Yes, you've given me a lot to digest. A week ago, I was ready to kill myself. Today, I've regained my faith in humanity. Tell me what made you realise you should talk to me on the park bench?"

"I had a gut feeling. However, we can talk about those kinds of things in the future. If you do not mind, I would like to visit occasionally. People would not believe it, but I can be a very lonely man. I occasionally need to talk, and not on a professional basis."

"You may come as often as you wish."

The doctor now sat up straight and he indeed changed the subject, "I've done some farming in my day."

"Really, I would never have guessed it." The two men spoke a while about farming. The doctor thought, one day, when the time was right, he would talk to Joe about the co-op he started.

A New Patient

A middle-aged man in a cheap suit pushed the door of the infirmary open. As he held the door open, a moderately dressed woman walked in. The man took her by the hand and seated her in one of the wood chairs, which backed onto the wall facing the nursing station. He said a few words to her and then walked to the desk. A young nurse, possibly twenty-five years of age, looked up, "Yes, may I help you?"

"Yes, I would like to see Doctor Redpath."

"Doctor Redpath is not here. However, Doctor Heath is on the ward. Would you care to see

him?"

"When will Doctor Redpath be back?"

"He is out of town. We do not expect him back for some time. May I ask what this is about?"

The man was silent, looking down at the desk as if thinking. He looked up, "The lady I'm with needs to see a doctor."

"What seems to be the problem?"

"I need to see Doctor Redpath, it's very complicated, and I need to explain it to the doctor."

"I'll ask Doctor Heath to see you."

The man nodded and walked back to where he had left the woman. He sat beside her and took her hand. They sat in silence, but waited patiently for at least thirty minutes, until Doctor Heath came to the desk. The man watched as the nurse spoke with the young doctor. They conversed for several minutes, and both looked up occasionally at the couple waiting by the front entrance. Doctor Heath scrutinized the couple. They were strangers to him. He guessed she was possibly thirty-five and he would be at least forty-five. Both were neatly but plainly dressed in low-cost clothing. He wore a brown suit with a plain beige tie, and she had on a cotton print dress with a long wool coat, which hung loose over her shoulders.

Doctor Heath walked over to the couple as the man stood up, "Good evening, I'm Doctor Heath. May I help you?"

The man held out his hand for the doctor to shake, "I know Doctor Redpath and I'm a friend for this lady. I came to see Doctor Redpath because I don't know where else to go."

"What seems to be the problem?"

The man took the doctor's sleeve and pulled him away from the woman. He spoke in a low voice, "Mrs. Sergeant has had a shock, and I don't think she should be by herself."

"Does she have family?"

"That's the point; she is living by herself and has only me. I'm her neighbour. I live by myself. It wouldn't be proper for me to spend the night with her."

"I could have a look at her, what was the shock she had?"

The man hesitated before he spoke, "She lost her husband this morning."

"Was it an accident?"

"No, you see, this morning, he was sentenced to be hung. You must have heard; he was Mister Sergeant who was on trial for murder."

"Yes, I remember now." The doctor looked at the woman. What was he to do? She was not sick or physically ill. He decided to speak to her. He looked at the man, "Could you bring Mrs. Sergeant to the room behind the desk?"

The woman was in an obvious state of shock. She was unresponsive to his questions. She sat in silence, saying nothing. However, she showed no signs of agitation or violence. The young doctor wondered what to do. In her condition, he could not send her home to be by herself, but the infirmary was not the proper place to give her adequate care. Possibly, he should send her to

the mental hospital. On second thought, he felt, maybe that would cause more harm than good. He called the nurse in, “Please have Mrs. Sergeant admitted and put to bed. I’ll be right there.”

The doctor then went out to see the strange man, “I’m sorry but you never told me your name.”

The man stood up. “I’m Leonard Frye. As I was telling you, I know Doctor Redpath, and I’m sure he will know what to do.”

“Mrs. Sergeant will be spending the night here. We are giving her a sedative. We’ll see how she is in the morning.” The doctor then added, “Have you had your supper Mister Frye?”

The man hesitatingly spoke, “Why no, I haven’t been thinking about eating.”

“We can have something to eat in the kitchen. I would like to talk to you about Mrs. Sergeant.”

As they walked into the kitchen the doctor called out, “Bennie, do you think we could have something to eat?”

A man dressed in a white chef’s uniform looked up, “Of course Doctor, I’ll fix something nice.”

The doctor, without asking, filled two cups with coffee and brought them to a table, “Please sit-down Mister Frye. Do you take cream or sugar?”

As he sat down Mister Frye answered, “Black please,” and as he reached over, he added, “Thank-you.”

As the doctor sat, he asked, “Mister Frye, I would like you to do me a favour. I want you to tell me as much as you can about Mrs. Sergeant. Tomorrow, possibly we may decide how to proceed.”

“Did you follow the trial at all?”

“No, I’m sorry, I never did. He shot someone didn’t he?”

“I guess I should tell you the whole story. Maybe you’ll understand what’s she’s gone through? You see I’m the only friend she’s got. Her husband and,” he hesitated, coughed and blew his nose, “As I was saying, she only had her husband and her little boy. Neither one of them had any family.”

“Maybe you should start at the beginning?”

Mister Frye coughed again, took a sip of coffee, blew his nose, wiped his eyes, and continued. He told the doctor about how he owned the farm right next to the farm where Mister and Mrs. Sergeant, along with their three-year-old son, had a farm.

The Sergeant’s had lived on the farm several years before the accident happened. They came from out east. They mostly kept to themselves. There was a plenty of work to keep them busy on the farm, with the animals, the crops, and the garden.

The railway line cut through a corner of the Sergeant’s land, so there was a small triangle of land on the other side of the tracks, which belonged to them. Mister Sergeant had planted a garden on this small piece of land. They had just one child, a boy who was about three years of age at the time. One day while Mister Sergeant was hoeing in the garden, his son came across the field from the house to see his father. The little boy stopped on the railway tracks to play in the gravel. His parents were not aware the boy had wandered from the house.

Every day at precisely three-forty-seven in the afternoon, the passenger train blew its whistle at

the highway two-twenty crossing. On that day, when the whistle blew, Mister Sergeant looked up from his hoeing to check his watch, and as usual, the train was on time. He put his watch back in his pocket, leaned back, and stretched as he gazed over to the house. He caught sight of his son playing on the tracks. Mister Sergeant instinctively started to run towards the boy. He shouted and waved his arms.

The train came chugging around the curve and was heading directly for the boy. The engineer must have seen the boy, he blew his whistle, and he blew it a second time. He then put the train into emergency stop. The train screeched and the drive wheels spun in reverse. It came onto the boy slower and slower but closer and closer. For a moment it looked like the train would stop just in time, but the cowcatcher caught the boy as he stood up. The boy flew into the air landing in the ditch just behind the culvert under the crossing. As he landed, his head smashed into a rock, killing him instantly.

At the hearing, Mister Sergeant rose, and looking at the engineer, he stated, “You could have stopped.” However, the court exonerated the crew of all blame. The boy should not have been on the tracks, and the crew had done their best to prevent the train from hitting the child.

Mister Frye continued, “Every day after the accident, Mister Sergeant stood in his field and watched the afternoon passenger train as it sped through his property. The engineer always averted his eyes when he saw this man. He requested a transfer to a different train, but his supervisor told him it would take a little time.

When the glacier, which covered the prairies many years ago, receded, it left behind many huge granite boulders. One may see these boulders scattered about in fields, often by themselves. Mister Sergeant had one of these boulders in his wheat field not far from the railway crossing where the train had killed his son. This rock weighed several tons, but over the span of several days, and with the help of several horses and levers, Mister Sergeant managed to roll this boulder onto the railway tracks at the spot where his son was standing on that fateful day. He finally finished this job just before three o’clock in the afternoon, and then he waited for the train.

At three-forty-seven, Mister Sergeant heard the whistle blow. He looked at his watch and then he moved behind a bush about fifteen feet from the boulder. He waited. As the train rounded the bend onto his property, he could hear the screeching as the train went into an emergency stop. The drive wheels spun in reverse and the train came in slower and slower towards the rock. The engineer was on one side of the engine, and the fireman was on the other side. Each stood in their respective doorways, ready to jump just before the engine struck the boulder. The train slid in closer and closer before coming to a complete stop, not five feet from the boulder. The engineer turned and climbed down the ladder to the ground.

As his feet touched the ground, he heard a voice, “You could have stopped.” The engineer turned to look down the barrel of a Winchester rifle, which Mister Sergeant was pointing. The engineer had no time to think before the bullet struck him between his eyes. Mister Sergeant threw the gun onto the ground, walked to the house and waited.

Mister Frye looked at the doctor, “It was premeditated murder and the judge sentenced him to be hung by the neck until pronounced dead.”

Bennie brought them each a plate and they ate in silence.

Later, when they were having a fresh coffee, Mister Frye continued.

"Well, I'm just about the only friend she has. As I told you, our farms are next to each other. Sometimes I would help him, when he needed it, and sometimes he would help me. My being a bachelor, I would be invited for Sunday dinner on occasion, and we would sometimes go to town together. That's about it."

"Tell me. Do you know what Mrs. Sergeant did before she was married?"

"Yes, I do. They were both a little older when they got married. She had been teaching school somewhere. I don't know how they met, but apparently neither one has any relatives. That's what they told me anyways."

The doctor asked, "Are you heading home tonight?"

"No, I'm more than ninety miles west from here, close to Austin. Besides, I want to stay in town until Mrs. Sergeant is doing better. I'll take a room for a few days." He then added, "I've hired a kid to look after the place while I'm gone. He won't mind if it's for one week or two weeks."

"I suggest you come home with me. We have spare beds."

"I don't want to impose on you."

"You won't be imposing, and it might be better if you had some company. In the morning we'll see how Mrs. Sergeant is doing."

The next morning, Madame Petite found there was another man staying in the house and wanting breakfast. Then, Doctor Heath announced Mister Frye would be staying for a few days and Mrs. Sergeant would also be moving in.

"Madam Petite simply stated under her breath, "He's getting to be more and more like Doctor Redpath every day."

Doctor Redpath Returns

When Doctor Redpath returned, he found quite a change in the house, which Madame Petite was converting into a school. The children and Mrs. Boyd were now living in the spacious house. Fred was putting on weight and all the children seemed very happy.

Doctor Heath was telling Doctor Redpath about Mrs. Sergeant, explaining she was their new guest. "I believe the only way for her to come out of her depression, is to find a purpose in life. We have been trying to involve her in everything around the house, beginning with helping the children with their lessons."

Doctor Redpath smiled at his young protégé, "It looks like you have everything under control. Did Leonard say when he would be back?"

"I wanted to ask you about that. How do you know him?"

"That's a long story. I'll tell you about it one day, but not today."

Doctor Heath continued with his story, "Leonard spent two weeks here. The children really took to him. He was an athlete in his younger days, and he has been working with Fred."

Sylvia peaked into the room, "Who's to tell us a story today?"

Doctor Heath looked over at Doctor Redpath while he stated, "Oh yes, Leonard was in the habit

of telling the children stories before bedtime. I thought maybe you could fill in for today. I must be off to the infirmary."

The older doctor went to protest, but the young doctor having placed him in a compromising situation, he racked his brain for a story, which could be appropriate for these young children. He decided to adlib, "Okay, Sylvia, where are the others?" He followed her into the library. The children were wearing their pyjamas, and it was obvious they were waiting for a story.

The doctor remembered no fairy tales. However, thinking about Fred wanting to be a runner, he thought about racehorses and an old myth came into his head. He told the following story:

A long time ago, a farmer had a son who was a bit of a daydreamer. The father admonished him on a regular basis for his forgetfulness.

One day the son was attending to the farmer's prized stallion. Besides being a beautiful horse, this stallion won all the races and was therefore very valuable. One evening when the son walked out of this horse's enclosure, he did not close the gate properly. That night the prized racehorse escaped.

The next morning the farmer came out to find his horse was gone. He was looking at the open gate and empty pen when a group of men walked by. One of the men observed, "The gate is open, and your prize horse has escaped. That is indeed unfortunate. It is bad luck."

The farmer looked at these men and asked, "Why should you say it is bad luck?"

The men said nothing but as they walked along, they laughed at the son's incompetence.

The farmer decided it was no use closing the gate as the horse had already escaped; he left it wide open.

A few days later, the son got up early and went to the outhouse. As he walked by the stallion's corral, he noticed the stallion had returned and he had brought with him six young but beautiful mares. The son hurriedly closed the gate and went to tell his father. The father came out and gazed upon the horses.

The same group of men, who had previously appeared, walked past and observed the horses. One of the men said to the farmer, "We see your prized stallion has returned with a harem. That is very fortunate. It is a stroke of good luck."

As on the former occasion, the farmer looked at the men and asked, "Why should you say it is good luck?"

The men said nothing, but as they walked along, they laughed at the farmer not acknowledging his good fortune.

A few days passed and the farmer's son decided he would break the wild mares. He separated one from the herd and he tried to ride her. The horse ended up throwing the son who landed in such a way he broke his leg. The doctors came and put his leg in a splint to heal. He was sitting in the sun with his father when the same group of men came by.

One of the men commented to the farmer, "We see one of the wild mares has thrown your son. He has broken his leg. That is unfortunate. It is a stroke of bad luck."

Again, the farmer looked at the man and asked, "Why should you say it is bad luck?"

The men said nothing but as they walked along, they once more laughed.

A few weeks went by when a powerful warlord came through the village with a huge army. He announced he was conscripting all able-bodied men under the age of thirty. The farmers complained they needed their sons at home; but to no avail, the soldiers rounded up their sons and conscripted them into the army. The farmer stood in his yard and gazed on his son with the splint on.

The children were all attentive while the doctor told his tale, now George asked, "What happened next?"

The doctor looked at George and said that was the end of the story. "You see, it is a story with a moral, and the moral is, there is nothing which does not have both good and bad. The lesson is if something which you feel is bad happens, you should look for the good in it. There is always good," and he smiled directly at the children, "One must always look for the good. We must turn adversity into profit."

George spoke up again, "Tell us another story doctor." The other two children joined in, and the doctor felt he had to give an encore.

"Alright children, one more story, but this is the last one for tonight."

"Sometimes people think they are not important. But they, along with every living creature on the earth, have an importance, and the seemingly most insignificant being may change the whole course of the world."

One day there was a young boy just about George's age. This boy was sitting by the riverbank when a mosquito landed on his bare leg. The boy was wearing short pants. The boy watched as the mosquito put its proboscis into his leg and drank his blood. The boy was intrigued. The mosquito drank so much blood it engorged itself. It then flew away and would eventually lay many eggs

"Why didn't he swat the mosquito?" George wanted to know.

"Well George, we are getting to that," and the doctor carried on. *One of the mosquito eggs hatched into a mosquito. This mosquito bit a person who had malaria and then he bit a little boy. The boy contracted malaria and died.*

"Is that all? That's not a nice story." The children certainly were not pleased.

The doctor carried on, "We haven't come to the lesson yet."

Sylvia interrupted, "Mister Frye didn't have lessons, how come you do?"

"All good stories should have lessons so we shall continue." The children were silent, and the doctor carried on.

In scenario two, the boy swatted the mosquito while it was on his leg.

"How can he swat it if he let it go already?"

"This is a make-believe story, so we may change anything we like. That's the beauty of make believe, we have control." The doctor then carried on.

No mosquito hatched to spread malaria to the little boy who then grew up to become a man. This man became a great general and had a huge army. There was a civil war, and he took over the leadership of the country.

The doctor looked at the children who were all sitting with puzzled looks on their faces. Sylvia asked, “Is that it? What does it mean?”

“Well, the moral of the story is every living thing is important. The little boy had the choice to change the course of the world, and he could either swat or not swat the little mosquito. So, whenever you feel small and insignificant, just think, what you are doing today, may have a great effect on the course of the world. Also, lesson number two is for you to have reverence for everything. All living creatures are important in the scheme of things. One little mosquito may change all future events of civilization.”

The doctor then got up, “Okay children, it’s time for bed.” He thought to himself, “If I’m going to be doing this on a regular basis, I’ll need some material, maybe I should re-read Aesop’s Fables?”

As the children were walking up the stairs, Fred turned to Sylvia, “That Doctor Redpath sure tells some funny stories.”

Sylvia and George answered simultaneously, “Yeah, he sure does.”

Surprises and Compromises

After the children had gone to bed, Doctor Redpath went into the library and poured himself a glass of Port. He sat and stared into the fire, motionless. Doctor Heath entered the room and stopped just inside the doorway, watching the older doctor for a minute or so before walking over to a chair across from Doctor Redpath. Sitting down, he asked the older doctor, “How was your trip to Sherbrooke?”

Doctor Redpath snapped out of his reverie, “Oh, it was good. The train ride back was a bit long though.”

“Joe was poor company, was he?”

“No, Joe was good company,” he then added, “He was good company on the way there. You see, I came back by myself.”

“You came back by yourself?”

Doctor Redpath knew he must explain, “Joe was so impressed by the farm he’s decided to do the same thing here but I’m a bit worried about it.”

“Why should you be? He strikes me as an intelligent man.”

“Well, to tell you the truth, I don’t think he realises what he’s getting himself into. It isn’t as easy as it looks. There is so much for him to learn. I have this feeling he may be overly naïve.”

“Well, he’s got you to guide him, doesn’t he?”

“That’s just the thing. I don’t think it’s right for me to get involved. It’s his project and I should stay out of it.” Doctor Redpath did not want to explain about the loan. He knew he should not be telling Joe how to use the money.

“May I make a suggestion?”

“Of course, go right ahead.”

“Why don’t we get someone from Sherbrooke to help him out?”

“Good idea, but who should we ask?” The doctor then added, “Maybe, it would be best if I keep at an arm’s length.”

Doctor Heath now got to the point of what was on his mind, “What would you say if I wanted to take some time off?”

“Take some time off. Why do you need time off?”

“I would like to take a trip.”

“What kind of trip, where are you planning to go?”

“I’ve been thinking about going to Europe for a while.”

“It wouldn’t be Switzerland, would it?”

“Actually, I could drop in there for a while. I’ll be on the continent as it is.”

Doctor Redpath looked directly at the younger doctor, “Okay, tell me what you have up your sleeve. Has this anything to do with Gina?” He could see Tyrone was getting a bit nervous, “She’s only a girl you know, not grown-up.”

“She’s the same age as my mother when you married her.”

Doctor Redpath became flustered, “Well, we know how that turned out.”

“You’re not going to tell me that the years you had with my mother weren’t good years. If it wasn’t for the war, you would still be together.”

Doctor Redpath sat in silence. Tyrone looked at him. Maybe he should not have brought his mother up. He went on, “We are to get married.”

Doctor Redpath looked up, “When did this all come about?”

“We’ve been corresponding on a regular basis; I asked her to marry me and she agreed.”

“Why don’t you wait until next summer?”

“That’s the plan. We will get married here in Winnipeg. She’ll be eighteen then, but we are so anxious to see each other, I agreed to visit her in Switzerland.”

Doctor Redpath rubbed his eyes, which were a bit wet, “The decision has been made. What can I say?” He rose and went over to the young doctor; sticking his hand out, with sincerity, he spoke, “Congratulations, you couldn’t have made a better choice. You know how I feel about Gina; she’s like a daughter to me.”

Tyrone stood and shook Doctor Redpath’s hand, “I knew you would understand.”

“Tell me, where are you two planning to live? The guest house is rather small.”

“We don’t know yet. We’ll just take it one day at a time.”

“When do you plan on leaving?”

“Next week, possibly on Wednesday.”

“Hello,” a faint voice came from the doorway; the door was open just a crack and, as it moved further open, a small head peaked in. It was young George.

Doctor Redpath spoke up in a very fatherly fashion, soft spoken and with a concerned tone, “Yes George, are you looking for someone?”

“I wanted to tell you something.”

Doctor Redpath continued, “Come in George.” Swinging the door in a bit more, George slipped into the room.

“What would you like to tell me George?”

In a very soft and timid voice, George related what was on his mind, “Madame Petite says we can’t have no Bannock. How come we can’t have none?”

Doctor Heath turned his head away, obviously suppressing a smile, and Doctor Redpath was broadly smiling as he answered, “Well, as far as I know, we have never had Bannock in this house.”

“Well can’t someone make some, we used to have it at home. I bet my mom could make it if she were allowed to use the kitchen.”

“Don’t you like the country bread Madame Petite serves?”

“Well yeah, that’s okay, but I’d like Bannock with butter and jam sometimes.”

“Well George you’ll have your Bannock, but only once a month. Would that be alright?”

“I guess so. Could we have it tomorrow?”

“I’ll talk to Madame Petite; let’s have a look at the calendar. Today is the twenty-seventh of the month. I’ll ask Madame Petite if we could make some on the first of next month. That’ll give her a few days to prepare. Possibly, we could have it on the first of every month. That way it would be easy to remember.”

George crept over and looked at the calendar. Doctor Redpath pointed to it, “You see, tomorrow is the last day of the month, so the first of March would be the day after tomorrow.”

“Okay but why can’t I have Bannock maybe once every week?”

“George, I don’t think we should push it. You see Fred wants to run in the Olympics. Too much Bannock would not be good for him. If we have Bannock once a week, we would be tempting Fred. I wouldn’t want to do that.”

“We wouldn’t have to tell Fred.”

“No, we wouldn’t, but on the other hand, too much Bannock is also bad for your health, and since you’ve been sick, I think it would be better if you stuck with country bread for a while. Would that be alright?”

George rolled up his mouth and looked down at his feet, “I guess it’ll be okay. But I’m not really that happy.”

Doctor Redpath reached over and rubbed the top of George’s head, “Come on George, we’ll go talk to Madame Petite. Possibly, we could get your mother to make the Bannock.”

George ran out of the room to tell his brother and sister about the Bannock, leaving Doctor Redpath to speak to Madame Petite by himself.

Madame Petite was not at all happy when Doctor Redpath suggested she should serve Bannock.

However, she went along with the plan. She added, “As long as you don’t expect me to make it. Just as I get used to eating a little healthier, you go and change the rules.” She then added, “Last week they wanted fizzy cola drinks. Are you going to give in to that also?”

Doctor Redpath laughed aloud, “I don’t think so. That’s where I draw the line.” He then added, “Bannock once a month isn’t going to hurt them, but I’m not going to allow them to drink any gut rot. Now, Madame what do you take me for?”

“You know as well as I do, those children have you wrapped around their little fingers, especially that little George.”

The doctor laughed aloud once more, “I’m going to talk to Mrs. Boyd. I’m sure she’d be happy to make Bannock.” He started to walk out, but he turned and added, “I’ll explain to her why we won’t have it more than once a month. Also, she is coming along very well. I think a little added responsibility will do her worlds of good.”

Doctor Redpath found Mrs. Boyd sitting in the front room at the fireplace. She was busy beading a piece of moose hide.

Doctor Redpath sat in the chair across from her, “Could I disturb you for a few minutes, Susan?” He purposely did not refer to her as Mrs. Boyd. He felt it would be best not to remind her of her previous life.

She looked up, “I’m making a pair of moccasins for Doctor Heath. He can wear them around the house.” She smiled and added, “I can talk while I work; that’s no problem.”

“You do beautiful work.”

“I started when I was maybe three. Kokum used to teach me. Doctor Heath bought me the moose hide. Some people don’t like it because it smells like smoke.”

“Susan, I wonder, could I bother you to make Bannock for the children?”

There was no response. The doctor waited and after what seemed like minutes, Mrs. Boyd replied, “I could make Bannock if Madame Petite doesn’t mind me in her kitchen.”

“That won’t be a problem. We were planning to have Bannock once a month.” He received no response so he went on, “It would be on the first day of each month.”

They sat in silence for a few minutes as Susan carried on with her work. She finally commented, “We could have Bannock more often, I don’t mind.”

“We are trying to rebuild the children’s health, and as a doctor, I wouldn’t want them to have Bannock too frequently.”

“Bannock is traditional food; I had it all the time at home.”

The doctor did not care to get into an argument, but he knew he had to explain, “I know Bannock is traditional for you. However, it is not a traditional Indian food.”

The doctor waited for a response, but Susan remained mute. She just kept right on with her work. The doctor continued even though Susan gave no indication she was listening, “Flour and baking powder were not known to the Indians when the Scottish traders first came to North America. The traders introduced these items as well as the recipe for Bannock to the Indians. White flour and baking powder, if consumed on a regular basis, will cause obesity and an unhealthy body. We know that. That is why I don’t wish to have the children to eat it daily.”

The doctor waited for a response. Susan just kept on with her work. Many minutes passed. The doctor felt like fidgeting, but he controlled himself. Finally, there was a response from the children's mother, "I don't want my children to grow up to be like me. However, sometimes I have problems, because I don't want them to forget who we are. I don't want them to be like the white men I have known. I don't know what is best."

Doctor Redpath got up. He walked over to Susan's chair and put his hand on her shoulder, "Don't worry Susan; they will never forget their mother. They will always know who they are and where they came from. I'll see to that." The doctor moved away and started to pace in front of the fire. He turned and looked at Mrs. Boyd. He could see she looked much better than the day he first saw her in her apartment. She looked younger and she had more life. Things were getting better. He consoled himself with that fact. He decided to reach out to her, "Susan, I would like to visit your home, the place where you were born." There was no response, "I wonder if I could take you and the children on a trip, to your home, for a visit."

"There's no road there, you know."

The doctor smiled inwardly, he felt he was making progress, "I could arrange for us to fly as soon as the lakes thaw. We could take a floatplane. A friend of mine has a Norseman with pontoons. I'm sure I could arrange the trip."

"The last time I flew in a plane, I went to residential school. I have bad memories of planes."

The doctor did not know how to reply. Understandably, the thought of flying made her anxious. The memory of the authorities taking her off to residential school would be painful, "Let's leave this for now. When the snow melts, we will discuss it."

He received no response, Susan just carried on with her work. The doctor quietly left the room.

On the first day of February, Madame Petite approached the children's mother, "Mrs. Boyd, I would like to ask you a favour."

"Mrs. Boyd looked up but said nothing."

"I have a confession to make." Getting no response she went on, "I confess, I too miss the taste of Bannock. I know Doctor Redpath is right, it isn't a good food for the children; but myself, I've eaten it all of my life." Again, there was no response, "If you don't mind, I would like to make Bannock with you. In fact, I think it would be a good idea if we also involved the children. They could learn. What do you think?"

Nurse thought that she could see a trace of a smile on Mrs. Boyd's face as she rose from her chair and replied, "Let's get busy if we want Bannock for lunch."

Mrs. Boyd added raisins to the batter, and she fried it in a cast iron pan, with plenty of lard. The children all agreed this was the best Bannock they had ever eaten. Sylvia looked across the table at her mother as they all ate Bannock and drank tea. She believed she had her mother back in her life again.

Mrs. Boyd looked over at Madame Petite, "Madame, tomorrow, do you think we could we make country bread together?"

Madame looked up, "It takes a full day for the batter to work. We could start it today and bake it tomorrow."

Mrs. Boyd smiled, and George spoke right up, “Can we help too?”

Madame Petite answered, “Well of course, we will do it together.”

Madame Petite’s Dilemma

After the children had gone to bed, Madame Petite cornered Doctor Redpath for a private talk. She had suggested they should have tea together in the library.

Doctor Redpath began, “What’s on your mind? Is it Gina?”

“In a way, I suppose it is. What I have say affects everybody.”

“Go ahead, I’m listening.”

“You, in no way, have a belief in God. This bothers me.”

“I don’t understand. Why should it bother you?”

“I may one day have grandchildren. I’m worried they may follow in your footsteps.”

Doctor Redpath was in a quandary, “Madame Petite, I do not believe in Santa Claus, I do not believe in the Easter Bunny, and I do not believe in a god. There is no evidence any of these exist. I have a scientific mind. If I don’t have an awareness of something, with one or more of my five senses, I do not have a belief in it.”

Madame Petite pulled out her trump card, “You believe in the Æther, do you not?”

“Yes, I do.”

“That’s what I mean. How can you believe in your Æther and ridicule me for believing in God? It just does not make sense.”

“Madame Petite, whether you believe in a god or not is none of my business. I see no reason why the children cannot be raised to think for themselves. They should be aware that different people have different ideas and opinions. They should be able to make up their own minds about what to believe, and what not to believe. Personally, I would like them to first, think. Most people have never developed an ability to think, and I believe that is a mistake. Most people never do their homework. They do not try to find out if something is true before they accept it as true. Think about it, most people do not choose a religion, they inherit one.”

“Are you implying I don’t think?”

“If the shoe fits.”

Madame Petite was clearly becoming angrier as the conversation went on. With Doctor Redpath’s last comment, her face glowed red, “If the shoe fits? You are implying I do not think.”

Madame Petite began crying. She covered her face with her hands and wept uncontrollably. Doctor Redpath sat in silence.

After several minutes, Madame Petite’s sobbing began to subside and Doctor Redpath spoke, “Have you ever read *The Bible*?”

“*The Bible*, what has that got to do with it?”

“Plenty, that’s where your belief in God comes from, does it not?”

"Of course."

"What does *The Bible* say about God? What does *The Bible* say about church? What does *The Bible* say about priests and nuns and the whole Catholic Institution?"

"God is love, God is wonderful."

"You have not read *The Bible*. If you had, you would understand God is a vicious, angry, tyrannical, and highly jealous being. He is, as described in *The Bible,* a tyrant, a cruel dictator who rules with threats of violence and death. Is this the God you wish to worship?"

"That's blasphemous. How dare you speak like that?"

"God tells his chosen people to murder their enemies, rape their enemies' little girls and women and burn their dwellings down. It is all in *The Bible.* I suggest you begin with the battle of Jericho to give you an idea of God's cruelty. We can read together if you so wish."

Madame Petite was quiet, and her anger started to subside.

The doctor continued, "Most people in this world do not believe in a god or any god, and most people do not believe in heaven nor hell. *The Bible* is a collection of fairy tales. None of it is true. We, as Canadian citizens, witness propaganda daily. This is to perpetuate control over us. However, the truth is in the open, if one cares to look. We sing, *God save our King,* and we ask God to *Send him victorious.* The King declares he reigns by the grace of God. If God does not exist, the King has no justification to reign over us. He becomes just another human being, like you and me. That's why God was created, to give kings and priests control over us. And, if we are willing, we will let them rule us. It, like everything in life, is a game of control. Might is right. It all boils down to a jungle battle. We have been conquered by a gang of thugs and thieves; and now we pray to God for our king to be victorious over others. Do we wish others to be subjected to the same servitude we are suffering from? This is ridiculous, and I will have non of it."

Madame Petite did not get up and leave, she sat quietly as if in contemplation. The doctor resumed, "Each of us has three personalities, the child, the parent and the adult. The child is easily controlled, since the child is ruled by emotion and is easily bullied. The parent is only concerned with the welfare of others. The parent is a martyr who refuses a meal so others may eat. The adult is the rational thinker. The adult looks for proof and asks why, why do you think that? Why do you believe that? Give me proof. Why should you reign over me?"

Doctor Redpath could see Madame Petite was tired. He suggested, "Come, let us go to bed and we can discuss this in the morning. We are both tired."

The next day Doctor Redpath gave a copy of the first volume of Robert Green Ingersoll's collected writings Madame Petite. It was obvious, Madame Petite had never read *The Bible,* and she had no idea what was in this book. He told Madame Petite; Ingersoll explains *The Bible* in a very easily understandable manner. He explains all the stories in simple English. Madame Petite agreed to read the book. Doctor Redpath wondered if she ever would. He was not feeling optimistic. He realised that Madame Petite was living in fear. She was so afraid of burning in hell, she was desperately trying to believe that which her common sense was telling her is nonsense. Doctor Redpath knew, Madam Petite had been indoctrinated and brainwashed thoroughly that, "He that believes shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned." How could he get her to open her eyes and understand there is no heaven nor hell, when we are

dead, we are dead. How can he get her to understand how her church has covered the earth with blood. It has filled the heart with arrogance, cruelty and murder. It has caused the religious wars; bound hundreds of thousands to the stake; founded inquisitions filled dungeons; invented instruments of torture; taught the mother to hate her child; imprisoned the mind; filled the world with ignorance; persecuted the lovers of wisdom; built the monasteries and convents; made happiness a crime, investigation a sin, and self-reliance a blasphemy. It has poisoned the springs of learning; misdirected the energies of the world; filled all countries with want; housed the people in hovels; fed them with famine; and but for the efforts of a few brave Infidels it would have taken the world back to the midnight of barbarism and left the heavens without a star.

To argue with someone who has lost their reason is like giving medicine to the dead. Thomas Paine preached this philosophy, and it kept ringing in Doctor Redpath's ears whenever he thought about Madame Petite and her "Faith". However, Doctor Redpath refused to give up hope. Deep down inside Doctor Redpath believed Madam Petite was not devoid of all reason and common sense. He thought of Gina who was climbing out of a dark hole and climbing into the daylight, struggling to move from the curse of the Dark Ages when all of Europe was enslaved by the Church who exterminated millions, and into the Age of Science which cuts all chains of slavery and frees the soul and mind. Yes, he said to himself, it is going to be hard battle, but he would persevere, he would get Madame Petite to finally admit all of her beliefs are just lies and scams.

He realised how the various churches have obtained their goal of enslaving people. They have worked alongside the governments, the kings, queens and emperors to keep the people in fear and enslavement. From his shelf he pulled a book. In this book was an act of law from Maryland which, to his knowledge, has never been repealed. Similar laws were enacted all over Christendom. He read:

> Be it enacted by the Right Honorable, the Lord Proprietor, by and with the advice and consent of his Lordship's governor, and the upper and lower houses of the Assembly, and the authority of the same "That if any person shall hereafter, within this province, wittingly, maliciously, and advisedly, by writing or speaking, blaspheme or curse God, or deny our Saviour, Jesus Christ, to be the Son of God, or shall deny the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or the Godhead of any of the three persons, or the unity of the Godhead, or shall utter any profane words concerning the Holy Trinity, or any of the persons thereof, and shall thereof be convict by verdict, shall, for the first offence, be bored through the tongue, and fined twenty pounds to be levied of his body. And for the second offence, the offender shall be stigmatized by burning in the forehead with the letter B and fined forty pounds. And that for the third offence the offender shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy.

When the state and church were one and the same, Doctor Redpath realised these types of laws put enough fear into the populace to have them cower and lose their ability to think. It was Thomas Paine who gave many of these people the courage to begin thinking and reasoning. It was Paine who brought light back into the world. Unfortunately, not everyone has been liberated. There were still many like Madame Petite.

How could he make Madame Petite understand the real Church? The institution that created the Inquisition and murdered many millions of innocent men women and

children. The institution that has imprisoned the human mind; that has been the enemy of liberty ; that has burned us at the stake, wasted us upon slow fires, torn our flesh with iron; that has covered us with chains, treated us as outcasts; that has filled the world with fear; that has taken our wives and children from our arms; that has confiscated our property; that has denied us the right to testify in courts of justice; that has branded us with infamy; that has torn out our tongues; that has refused us burial.

This religion has also robbed us of every right; and after having inflicted upon us every evil that can be inflicted in this world, has fallen upon your knees, and with clasped hands implored their god to torment us forever. Can you wonder that I, and many like me, hate the doctrines which this church has? Can you wonder that we despise your creeds, that we feel proud to know that we are beyond your power, that we are free despite you, that we can express our honest thought, and that more and more people are grandly rising into the blessed light? Can you wonder that we point with pride to the fact that Infidelity has ever been found battling for the rights of man, for the liberty of conscience, and for the happiness of all? Can you wonder that we are proud to know that we have always been disciples of Reason, and soldiers of Freedom; that we have denounced tyranny and superstition, and have kept our hands unstained with human blood?

We deny that religion is the end or object of this life. When it is so considered it becomes destructive of happiness, the real end of life. It becomes a hydra-headed monster, reaching in terrible coils from the heavens, and thrusting its thousand fangs into the bleeding, quivering hearts of men. It devours their substance, builds palaces for God, who dwells not in temples made with hands, and allows his children to die in huts and hovels. It fills the earth with mourning, heaven with hatred, the present with fear, and all the future with despair.

Virtue is a subordination of the passions to the intellect. It is to act in accordance with your highest convictions. It does not consist in believing, but in doing. This is the sublime truth that the Infidels in all ages have uttered. They have handed the torch from one to the other through all the years that have fled. Upon the altar of Reason, they have kept the sacred fire, and through the long midnight of faith they fed the divine flame. Infidelity is liberty; all religion is slavery.

In every creed man is the slave of God, woman is the slave of man, and the sweet children are the slaves of all. We do not want creeds; we want knowledge, we want happiness.

We Infidels have been told by the church that we have accomplished nothing; that we are simply destroyers; that we tear down without building again. Is it nothing to free the mind? Is it nothing to civilize mankind? Is it nothing to fill the world with light, with discovery, with science? Is it nothing to dignify man and exalt the intellect? Is it nothing to grope your way into the dreary prisons, the damp and dropping dungeons, the dark and silent cells of superstition, where the souls of men are chained to floors of stone, to greet them like a ray of light, like the song of a bird, the murmur of a stream; to see the dull eyes open and grow slowly bright; to feel yourself grasped by the shrunken and unused hands, and hear yourself thanked by a strange and hollow voice? Is it nothing to conduct these souls gradually into the blessed light of day, to let them see again the

happy fields, the sweet, green earth, and hear the everlasting music of the waves? Is it nothing to make men wipe the dust from their swollen knees, the tears from their blanched and furrowed cheeks? Is it a small thing to reave the heavens of an insatiate monster and write upon the eternal dome, glittering with stars, the grand word, Freedom? Is it a small thing to quench the flames of hell with the holy tears of pity, to unbind the martyr from the stake, break all the chains, put out the fires of civil war, stay the sword of the fanatic, and tear the bloody hands of the Church from the white throat of Science? Is it a small thing to make men truly free, to destroy the dogmas of ignorance, prejudice and power, the poisoned fables of superstition, and drive from the beautiful face of the earth the fiend of Fear?

It does seem as though the most zealous Christians must at times entertain some doubt as to the divine origin of their religion. For two-thousand years the doctrine has been preached. For more than a thousand years the church had, to a great extent, the control of the civilized world, and what has been the result? Are the Christian nations patterns of charity and forbearance? On the contrary, their principal business is to destroy each other. Millions of Christians are trained, educated, and drilled, to murder their fellow-Christians. Every nation is groaning under a vast debt incurred in carrying on war against other Christians or defending itself from Christian assault. The world is covered with forts to protect Christians from Christians, and every sea is covered with iron monsters ready to blow Christian brains into eternal froth. Millions upon millions are annually expended in the effort to construct still more deadly and terrible engines of death. Industry is crippled, honest toil is robbed, and even beggary is taxed to defray the expenses of Christian warfare. There must be some other way to reform this world. We have tried creed, and dogma, and fable, and they have failed; and they have failed in all the dead nations.

People perish for the lack of knowledge. Nothing but education, scientific education, can benefit mankind. We must find out the laws of nature and conform to them. We need free bodies and free minds, freed labour and free thought, chainless hands and fetterless brains. Freed labour will give us wealth, free thought will give us truth. We need people with moral courage to speak and write their real thoughts, and to stand by their convictions, even to the very death. We need have no fear of being too radical. The future will verify all grand and brave predictions.

The Vicar of God has been pushed from the throne of the Caesars, and upon the roofs of the Eternal City falls once more the shadow of the Eagle. All has been accomplished by the heroic few. The men of science have explored heaven and earth, and with infinite patience have furnished the facts. The brave thinkers have used them. The gloomy caverns of superstition have been transformed into temples of thought, and the demons of the past are the angels of to-day. Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrested from the gods their thunderbolts; and now, the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the sea. Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labour, converted it into steam, created a giant that turns with tireless arm, the countless wheels of toil. Science is progress, religion is regress.

Doctor Redpath thought about all these things, and, in his heart, the seeds of hope began to germinate. He smiled and he knew he would be sleeping peacefully that night.

Joe Returns

Doctor Heath, when he returned home in the evening, was surprised to find Joe Conrad in the front room. They shook hands.

The doctor asked, “Did you have a good trip to Sherbrooke?”

“That’s why I’m here. I wanted to talk to Horatio about turning my farm into a co-op.”

“You wanted to talk to Horatio?”

“Why yes, I suppose he’s Doctor Redpath to you. We have a first name agreement.”

“Oh, I see. So, you want to carbon copy the farm in Sherbrooke?”

“Yes, I don’t see why it couldn’t be done. Of course I will need Doctor Redpath’s help.” He decided to drop the first name basis around Doctor Heath. Obviously, Doctor Heath did not agree with it, and he thought, other than when they were by themselves, he would refer to Horatio as Doctor Redpath.

“It’s not as simple as it looks. Myself, I’ve spent very little time on the farm, and I’ll admit I wouldn’t know where to begin if I undertook such an endeavour. How do you plan to start?”

“That’s the problem. With Doctor Redpath, everything seems to fall into place. Apparently, he started the co-op in an accidental way.”

“Yes, my understanding is the same as yours. Are you staying for supper?”

“If Doctor Redpath is here, I would love to.”

“Yes, Doctor Redpath will be coming back. He will have a guest with him, a fellow farmer. Maybe, you know him. His name is Leonard Frye.”

“Leonard Frye, no I don’t think I do. Does he farm near Winnipeg?”

“I believe his farm is an hour and a half, or two hours west of here.”

Dinner was a very quiet affair. There was a lot of small talk, and the children told everyone what they had done that day. Mrs. Sergeant was quiet. Her husband’s execution would be in thirteen days. Doctor Redpath wondered if she did not need a stronger sedative.

After dinner, Joe Conrad and Doctor Redpath moved to the library for a talk. Doctor Redpath started the conversation. “I’ve taken the liberty to invite Mrs. Sergeant and Leonard Frye to join us.”

Joe looked up with a quizzical look on his face, “Is that necessary?”

“They are both farmers, and Leonard has expressed an interest in starting a farming commune. I think the more heads the better. Maybe they might have something to add to the meeting.”

“I see, I guess it’ll be okay. I really didn’t want to involve too many people.”

“Would you care for a glass of Port?”

“Port, I’ve never tried it. What’s it like.”

“Oh, you’ll like it. We make it ourselves you know,” he turned to Joe, “what I mean is, one section of the corporation is a winery in Portugal. We get several cases of Port from them each year.”

Joe was obviously puzzled as he glanced at the doctor, “The corporation?”

The doctor now felt he had said too much, and he tried to back track, “There are many arms to our organisation. The farm in Sherbrooke is just a part of it.”

“Oh, I see.” Obviously, by his tone, he did not understand.

“Ah, here we are. Our other two guests have arrived. We didn’t have a chance to get to know one and another before dinner. We are all farmers, so we have much in common.”

Leonard shook hands with Joe and asked, “Whereabouts is your farm?”

“It’s just south, about twenty-five miles.”

As the evening progressed, the group found they had a lot in common. They were four lonely people looking for satisfaction and purpose in life, including Doctor Redpath, who, despite his being surrounded by people, had a void in his life that was partially filled by the three children; but he still longed for the relationship he once had when he was newly married. That is, before he went to war.

Leonard and Mrs. Sergeant were impressed with what Joe had to say. Would it work? Could a communal farm like the one in Quebec be successful in Manitoba? At the end of the session, they agreed it was feasible. Together, they proclaimed, they would do it.

Doctor Redpath invited the men to have another glass of Port with him. Mrs. Sergeant, who was not drinking, said she was feeling tired and would like to go up to bed. She excused herself as Doctor Redpath was filling the glasses. Doctor Redpath then walked over and pushed the door fully shut. Turning, he faced the other two men, “Gentlemen, as you are aware, in less than two weeks Mrs. Sergeant’s husband will be executed.” There was silence, “After that event, Mrs. Sergeant will need a vacation. She will need to get away for a while.” The two men still sat in silence. They seemed reluctant to interrupt the doctor who paused and then continued, “I suggest we adjourn for two weeks. We will then all take a trip to Sherbrooke.” he looked at Joe, “I know you have just come back from there. However, I think it would be beneficial if we all went together. Nurse Rebel has agreed to join us. She will be a companion for Mrs. Sergeant. They seem to have simpatico, if you know what I mean.”

There was a profound sadness in the room as the men sat in silence, all looking deeply into the fire. The logs crackled and the flames danced up the chimney. They sat for a long while before the silence was broken. Leonard looked up, “Yes, Doctor Redpath, you’re right, we will all need a vacation, and Nurse Rebel must join us.”

A decision had been made, they would all go, and Leonard would talk to Mrs. Sergeant, but not just now, maybe in two weeks’ time. Meanwhile they would not mention anything to anyone else.

A New Beginning

Doctor Heath was not happy. He had postponed his trip to Europe so Doctor Redpath could go to Sherbrooke for a week or two. Eight weeks had passed, and the older doctor still had not returned. He looked at the letter from Gina. Obviously, she was upset. How could he blame her? He had professed his love for her and told her how anxious he was to see her, and now, he was making excuses for staying in Winnipeg. He felt Doctor Redpath was being extremely inconsiderate. Thoughts kept going through his mind, "Doesn't he realise I have a life to live? To him, he and his friends are more important than family."

In the middle of his reverie, there was a tap at his door. He got up and opened it. It was his future mother-in-law, "Oh, Madame, I was just reading a letter from Gina. She's doing fine."

"Oh yes, don't try to fool me, I know how anxious she is for you to come to her. That is why I'm here. Nurse Rebel phoned; the gang of farmers is to return next Tuesday. Maybe you want to schedule a flight to Europe."

Doctor Heath forgot his anguish. He felt immediate joy. Without thinking, he grabbed Madame Petite and, while hugging her, planted a long and very loud kiss on her right cheek, "Are you sure that you don't want to come with me?"

Madame, with very red cheeks, and a flustered look on her face, pushed him away, "Oh no, I would just be in the way. I know what it's like to be young and full of hot sauce."

Madame closed the door behind herself, and Doctor Heath began to laugh as he danced about the room. He did not know what to do next.

The group flew home on Tuesday and Doctor Heath had a flight booked for Friday.

Mrs. Sergeant was smiling and laughing as the group entered the house. Madame Petite immediately noticed a big change in her. She also noticed Joe and Leonard had obviously become the best of friends. Doctor Redpath looked younger. He grabbed Madame Petite and gave her a firm hug. She pushed back, "This is getting to be a habit with you men. You all like to take your liberties with me."

Doctor Redpath gave her a puzzled look, but he continued joking and laughing, "I see all the snow is gone. We stayed a bit longer than planned, but we had a good time." Looking at the group he added, "Did we not?" They all laughed together.

The next morning, at breakfast, they divulged their plan to everybody. Leonard and Mrs. Sergeant were to sell their respective farms. They would then move onto Joe's farm and pool all their resources. They would work together in a co-operative manner.

Madame Petite had her reservations, but she kept them to herself.

Fred asked if they could visit the farm. "Yes," Joe almost shouted, "it will be open house for everyone and, just for you Fred; we will make a running trail through the bush." Fred smiled, and Joe then turned to George, "And for you George there will be a real live pony and a Jersey calf for Sylvia." George almost jumped out of his chair. Sylvia grinned at her brothers, and Mrs. Boyd said nothing; she was looking down at her plate as she ate, but one could notice a warm smile on her lips. What was she thinking?

That evening, after the children went to bed, the adults sat down in the front room. Doctor Redpath brought out a bottle of his best Port. As usual, after a few glasses he became loquacious. he started out with, “I’m optimistic.” When no one else made a comment, he carried on, “Most people don’t understand the rational of a co-op. You see, we live in a very competitive society. For those of you who do not know, that is why I will have no interest in sports. With sports, we are teaching our children to be competitive. They learn how to fight. We talk about team building. We are not creating teams; we are organising a gang of thugs and teach them how to beat the pants off another gang of thugs. Competition is the ruin of our society. True team building is working together in a co-operative manner. A good example is what we are doing on our farm in Quebec.”

Doctor Heath was still feeling a little bit upset with what he believed to be inconsideration from Doctor Redpath, and it showed in his response, “Don’t you agree, competition can build spirit?”

Doctor Redpath spun around and looked at the young doctor, “No, I have seen competition break too many spirits to believe that. What people forget is one cannot be a winner every time. Today you may win, but I guarantee you, one day you will lose. With a co-operative effort, everyone wins every day. There are no losers.”

Doctor Heath commented, “Right now, you are fighting the authorities. If it were not for your fighting, these children would not be here today. They would probably be in foster homes.”

“I disagree; I am not fighting the authorities. You may call me a coward if you like. That does not bother me, but, as I was saying, I am not fighting the authorities; I am running away and hiding. Fight or flight, that is our choice, and I am choosing flight. I choose to turn the other cheek.”

Doctor Heath became quiet. Deep down inside he agreed with the older doctor, and he felt that playing the devil’s advocate was not fun anymore.

Doctor Redpath though, nobody was to quiet him, he continued, “In nature we find many cases of symbiosis. Various organisms live together, each taking from each other, but each also willing to give back. They live in harmony; much like the various tribes of aboriginals in the Americas lived, before the Europeans arrived. The Europeans have painted a picture of the Indians as being warring tribes. However, that was not always the case. Various tribes became warring under the guidance of their oppressors, but at one time, these tribes lived in full harmony with each other. It is time to bring back this symbiotic relationship the original inhabitants of this land had.”

As usual, during one of Doctor Redpath’s diatribes, no one else spoke. The doctor, for some reason, noticed the silence and he felt maybe he was being too outspoken. He looked over at Doctor Heath and changed the subject, “Doctor Heath, I am thanking you, and I am speaking for everyone here, we are thanking you for doing such a competent job of holding the fort while we were off on vacation.” He then raised his glass above his head before lowering it and taking a drink. Everybody who was present nodded in agreement. The doctor then continued, “Doctor Heath, again speaking for everyone, we wish you all the best on your vacation, and we are looking forward to your wedding in the very near future.”

Doctor Heath obviously was blushing as he mildly gave his thanks. He was thinking to himself, maybe Doctor Redpath does show some consideration.

Doctor Redpath now looked around the room, “I don’t know about the rest of you, but I’m tired. I’m going home to bed.” With that, he left the room.

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With everybody sitting around the table, Doctor Redpath stood up and raised his glass of fine French Claret as he spoke, “This is indeed a great event. I never thought I would live to see the day Mathew Richard was married. I have known Matt for many years. Maybe that’s the problem, I always see Matt as this mischievous little boy.” The doctor turned to Matt who had his bride sitting by his side, “Even now when I look at him with his impish smile and sparkling eyes, I wonder if he is mature enough to take a bride. However, I have no need to worry. I am greatly confident Bernice will keep him on the straight and narrow. And Matt, I can tell you, your days of adventure and wander lust are over. Let us all drink to Matt and to Bernice, his beautiful bride.”

Everyone stood up in unison. The marriage was a surprise to most people. Matt was in Sherbrooke while Bernice was studying in Europe. How did Matt manage the courtship, or was it Bernice who worked behind the scenes?

Doctor Heath stood up next, “I can speak for a man who has been happily married for two years. There is no life like it. My wish is for Bernice and Matt to have as happy a marriage as Gina and I have.”

Madame Petite jumped out of her chair, “Enough of this toasting. If we do any more, we will all be under the table.”

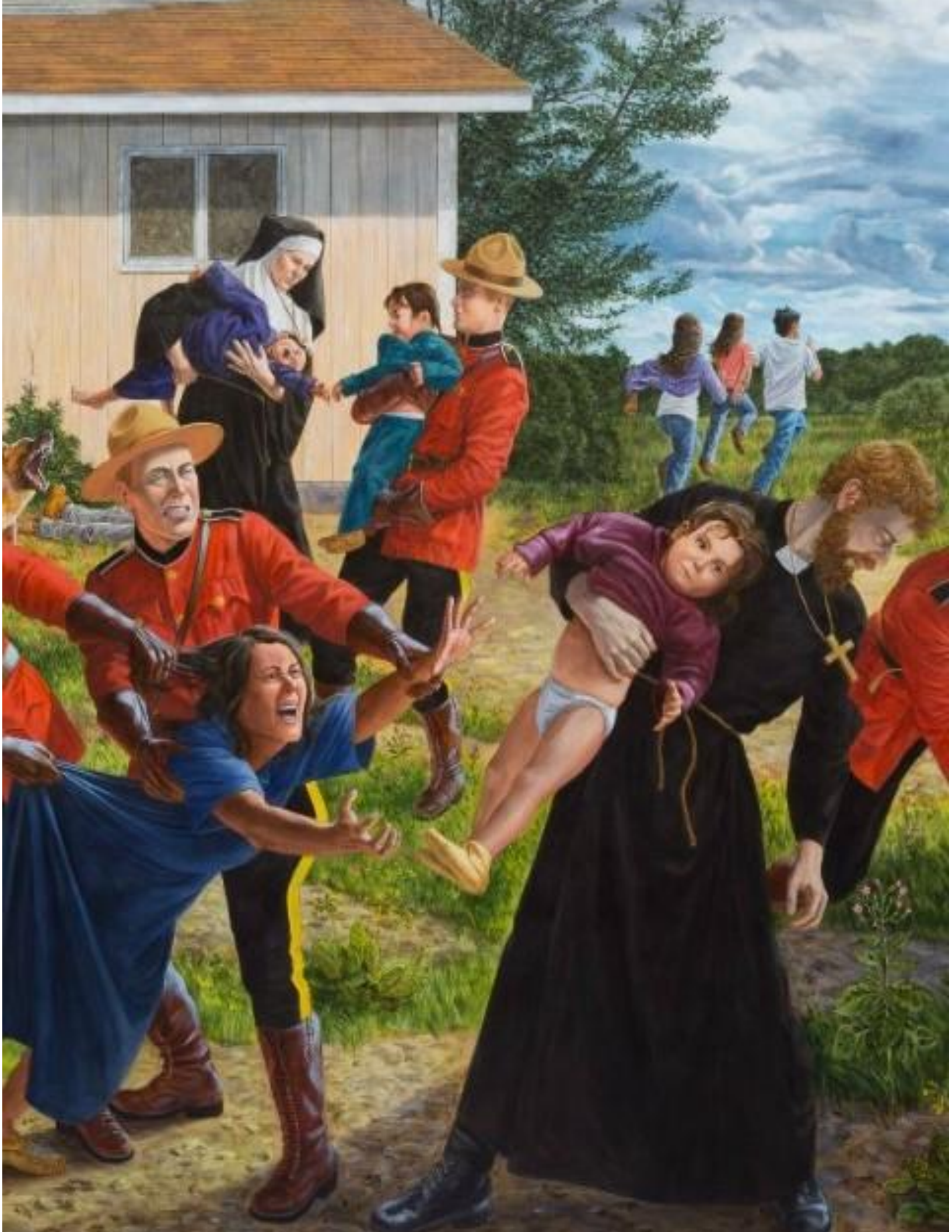
Everyone laughed and Doctor Redpath called for dessert, which was a three-tiered matrimonial cake.

Doctor Redpath sat back in his chair and looked over everyone at the table. Much had happened since Tyrone and Gina were married and now Matt and Bernice were tying the knot. He felt he had many reasons to be grateful.

Leonard and Mrs. Sergeant both sold their farms, and they moved onto Joe’s farm. The three of them formed a co-op. Mrs. Boyd and the three children moved to the farm. Mrs. Sergeant became their schoolteacher. Madame Petite decided the farm was more to her liking, so she also moved to the farm. She told Doctor Redpath, if she stayed in the big house, she would just be an interfering mother-in-law. Everyone agreed, Doctor Heath and Gina should move to the main house, since he would need a larger house in a short while. Nurse Rebel stayed in Switzerland. She started working in a clinic there. Cassius was still on the farm in Quebec. He found, at his age, it was time to settle down. Without anybody’s knowledge, he married a widow who had three children who were three, six, and eight years of age. Doctor Redpath stated, “That is just like Cassius, he doesn’t talk, he just goes out and does it.”

After Tyrone and Gina had moved into the big house, they reserved the guesthouse for Madame Petite when she came to visit her grandchildren. A year after they were married, Gina gave birth to little Olivia, and she was expecting her second child. Tyrone said, if it is a boy, he would be named Horatio. Gina said nothing. She just silently looked at Tyrone when he stated this, but, she was thinking, Horatio might make a good second name but not a first name.

Doctor Redpath tried not to show his elation when, out of the blue, Madam Petite asked if it was true that a true Buddhist is an atheist. This was indeed an indication Madam Petite was beginning to think, and he answered her truthfully; the Buddha told his followers not to rely on any deity,

they must depend on themselves to plan and run their own lives. They must think independently and set their own goals. Buddha stated, put all gods aside, they have nothing to do with your lives. Yes, he told Madame Petite, a true Buddhist can be nothing else but an atheist.

Doctor Redpath quietly smiled and thought, “What’s next?” He knew this was not the end. Yes, he thought, it is just, the beginning. All is well.